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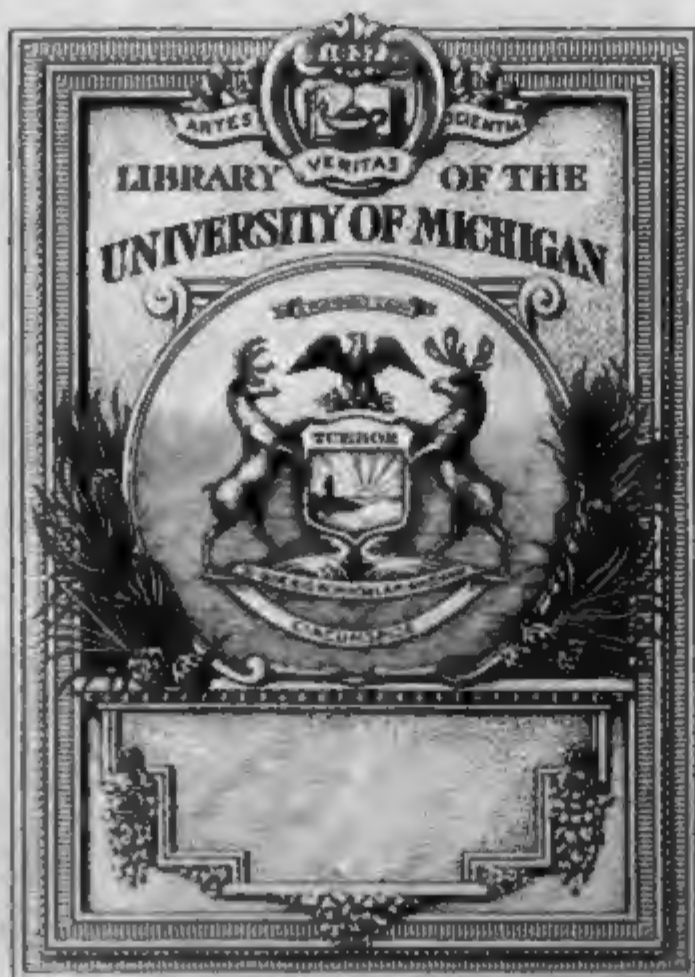
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DELIGHT AND POWER IN SPEECH

A UNIVERSAL DRAMATIC READER

BY

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"Reclaiming the Arid West,"
Etc., Etc.*

A NEW, COMPLETE AND PRACTICAL METHOD OF
SECURING DELIGHT AND EFFICIENCY IN
SILENT AND ORAL READING AND
PRIVATE AND PUBLIC SPEECH

TOGETHER WITH A LARGE AND VARIED COLLECTION
OF CAREFULLY CHOSEN

SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

WITH CHAPTERS ON "THE CULTIVATION OF THE
MEMORY" AND "AFTER DINNER SPEAKING"

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INTRODUCTION

SPEECH is one of God's greatest gifts to man, yet, comparatively speaking, how few there are whose speech is pleasing to hear, clear and understandable, impressive and stimulative to action.

From the cradle to the grave every person, perforce, uses speech, just as he eats, breathes, drinks, sleeps. It is one of the important, ever exercised functions of life. Upon it all our social, business and professional intercourse is based. Without it, life as we know it, would be impossible. With it, developed to its natural, normal, proper, and readily attainable efficiency, there are few limits to what man may aspire to attain.

Recognizing to the full the truth of the aphorism that "the things we enjoy doing are the things we do best," it is the purpose of this book so to present its subject as to create in its readers a firm resolve to so thoroughly enjoy good reading that they will do it well.

The aim is twofold: *first*, to stimulate a natural desire on the part of the student for the proper use of voice and body in the oral interpretation of literature; and *second*, to present a natural and practical scheme for the attainment of this end.

After a number of years of experience and observation the authors have come to believe that when even the most diffident pupil has once had aroused in him a real *enjoyment* in the acts of speaking and reading aloud, he is destined to become not only an intelligent, but an intelligible reader.

It is no longer necessary to argue for the recognition of vocal expression as a worthy and definite part of the curricu-

lum of High School and College. Training in the spoken word is to-day, as never before, looked upon as a prerequisite to professional and business success. Henry Ward Beecher, speaking of the rightful place of speech culture, says:

A living force that brings to itself all the resources of the imagination, all the inspirations of feeling, all that is influential in body, in voice, in eye, in gesture, in posture, in the whole animated man, is in strict analogy with the divine thought and the divine arrangement . . . and so regarded, it should take its place among the highest departments of education.

The majority of mankind, however, seems to feel that beautiful, powerful, and effective speech or the ability to read well and acceptably is the gift or attainment of the chosen few. Nothing can be further from the fact. Beauty is the normal condition in the universe in every realm of nature, and is attained by the simple effort of each thing to express itself in natural and spontaneous fashion. Likewise, clear, impressive, delight-giving, thought-provoking speech, and the power to read well are as easy to attain, and may be obtained in the same natural, spontaneous, unaffected manner.

Unfortunately in the past the teachers of these simple and natural arts befogged the whole subject by their artificialities, formalities, conventionalities and pretenses. Their text-books were filled with unnecessary and injurious rules, mandates, and requirements. And thus the pseudo-science of "Elocution," with its stilted expressions, its fixed gestures, its artificial inflections, came into being. And the students who were eager to acquire the mastery of effective speech,—than which there is no greater accomplishment,—were intimidated, frightened away by the multiplicity of rules and theories.

Let us be thankful that the day is dawning when instruction in correct spoken language comes through the easy avenues of naturalness, spontaneity, simplicity and normal enthusiasm.

INTRODUCTION



Too long have we been discouraged by the glib aphorism that there is no easy road to learning. It is not true, if by learning we mean the attainment of the real intellectual things, instead of the sham, pretentious things that men in the past too often have called learning.

The authors of this book venture the affirmation that hardly one of the great readers, public speakers of power, or orators of influence have ever taken a lesson in the so-called art of "elocution" or heeded any of its straight-jacket rules. Daniel Webster has well expressed the difference between the man with a heart full of burning thoughts demanding utterance, and the one with a mouth full of carefully chosen words, and exquisitely modulated phrases, meaning little or nothing to the soul of him:

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from afar. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. *It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it,—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour.* Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is in vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out-running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence: it is action,—noble, sublime, God-like action.

The natively-eloquent learned to speak with power because

they had a message, because they felt, were deeply moved, saw a vision, experienced a deep emotion, had a thought they strongly desired to communicate to others, and with a few fundamental, simple, readily-grasped principles before them, generally unconsciously exercised, they said their say, and convinced the world.

To state these basic principles with the simplicity and naturalness they call for, and to show the pleasure and power that come from their development is the purpose of the authors of this book.

By following these self-evident steps one who has something worth saying, whose heart is deeply stirred, will become a good reader, a fluent, convincing public speaker with little or no conscious effort. Just as a few simple exercises, regularly persisted in, produce glowing, radiant health and physical strength, so will these simple, enjoyable exercises, kept ever in mind and daily used, bring to one the glowing delight of reading to oneself with appreciation and intelligence, reading publicly with intelligibility and effectiveness, and speaking to a large or small audience with convincing power.

THE SELECTIONS OF THE BOOK

While there are many and varied text-books that deal with this important subject in a more or less modern fashion, they all use, to a greater or lesser extent, the same old selections from well-known authors and orators, which, unfortunately, were used by the teachers of the stilted, artificial, sophomoric and altogether discredited "elocution." Hence, the authors and editors of this volume have made an *almost entirely new choice* of Selections for illustrative purposes and for public reading. But few will be found that have been used elsewhere. References are made to the writings of standard authors which may be obtained in any ordinary library, but a large percentage of the prose and poetry of this collection is

taken from the more modern and popular American writers.

It is neither the intent nor the desire of the editors to limit the field of thought of their readers or students to any one field of English literature. Our aim is quite the contrary. We would so emphasize the worth of the literature of the West, however, that those who have hitherto deemed that "no good can come out of Nazareth," may be led to search for literary good in other Nazareths.

Literature is as wide as civilized human life, and according to the intensity with which life is lived, and the desire of those who live to express that intensity, will literature of strength and power be produced. The West lives intensely, rapidly, urgently, individually, hence its literature is intense, strong and powerful.

Just as sure as history records the existence of an early West—a West where the gun and knife settled men's heated controversies, a West where, for many years, there was a dearth of woman's soft voice and tender smile—just so sure are the writings of the Western poets, philosophers and storytellers of this period a vital part of our early American literature. The literature of the West, as with the literature of any country, needs only be a true, sincere, worthy expression of the life it professes to portray.

The greater one's knowledge of the literatures of the various peoples of the world, the deeper one's sympathies become, and the easier it is to grasp the divine principles of human brotherhood.

The authors also wish to call attention to what they deem another important feature of their work. It will be seen from the outline plan of the book that it is divided into four parts, viz.: Intelligible Reading, Sympathetic Reading, Melodious Reading, Oratorical Reading.

The selections have been arranged, in the main, under these respective headings, that they may accompany the explana-

tions, serve to elucidate the principles laid down, and afford copious examples for their practice.

There is also an important and practical chapter on the Development and Use of the Memory.

That this book will fill a long felt and continuously expressed want on the part of teachers of Oral Reading is the confident assurance of the editors.

In the preparation of the technical part of the book the authors have been immeasurably aided by their large and personal knowledge of, and acquaintance or friendship with, leading orators in politics, the law, the church, on the lecture platform, and at public dinners and other functions. They have also availed themselves of the same knowledge of the great interpreters in the theater. A long, intimate study of the essential characteristics which made for the success of many masters in the art of using the spoken word has been made. Thus the authors are assured that no factor that leads towards, and assures, success in dramatic or private reading or speaking has been ignored. All academic and purely theoretical matter has been rigorously excluded.

The old methods of sophomoric oratory are gone, never to return. Men and women of purpose have learned that simplicity, directness, naturalness, are the most potent factors in conveying their ideas to others. It is gratifying to know that modern methods of teaching Oral Reading and Private and Public Speaking seek to emphasize these fundamental principles and reduce to the lowest possible minimum all introductions of the artificial.

LEONARD G. NATTKEMPER,
GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

PART ONE

Intelligent and Intelligible Reading

FIRST STEP. Getting the author's thought. Discussing **INTELLIGENT** reading. Giving material for training the pupil in getting the thought from the printed page. Reading at sight and reproducing in his own words. Making outlines of simple selections, principally prose selections.

SECOND STEP. Discussion of **INTELLIGIBLE** reading. Two-fold purpose: Thought-getting and thought-giving in the author's words. General and Special preparation. Exercises in **Enunciation, Pronunciation, Articulation, Vocabulary.**

CHAPTER I

READING AND PUBLIC SPEECH

IT is the first and last object of education "to teach people how to think." When we consider the vast wealth of great thoughts felt and expressed by great men of all times and recorded for us in books, should we not give serious reflection upon *what* we read and *how* we read?

This book has to do primarily with how rightly to *speak* thoughts and feelings hidden in great literature—yet it is strictly in keeping with this purpose to give some attention to *silent* reading as distinguished from *oral* reading. For how can one hope to become an *intelligible* reader who is not first an *intelligent* one? This does not argue that an intelligent reader is likewise intelligible, for the mere comprehension of the author's thought and mood does not in itself insure a proper or adequate oral rendition of the same. In this sense we think of the former act as a necessity, and of the latter as an accomplishment.

Yet in this twentieth century we can hardly make the above limitations, for he who is to become most useful to himself and to others, must not only be able to understand what he reads, but must, at the same time, be able effectively to communicate it to others. The latter accomplishment, of course, necessitates systematic drill and practice, and the greater portion of this book is devoted to a series of lessons for carrying on such a course of instruction. In this immediate chapter, however, we are concerned more particularly with reading in general.

One of the first steps toward fitting oneself to become an impressive reader and speaker is to acquire a real love for the best literature. The only way to do this is by making the acquaintance of great authors, and the best way to come into companionship with noble writers is conscientiously to study their works. Because, at first glance, an author may seem obscure, too many are fain to put the book aside, or substitute for it one that does not require any effort to enjoy. But, after all, is it not the books over which we struggle most that yield us the most joy and the most good? When once we form the friendship of great books and catch their vision, we cannot help but pattern our lives, in a very large measure, in accordance with those fundamental and lasting principles of right living and right thinking which characterize the writings of all great men and women. Their ideals become our ideals.

It seems, therefore, that if we hope to become agreeable speakers or conversationalists we must, at the outset, realize it as imperative that we make ourselves familiar with the writings, in verse and prose, of noble minds. It is by this close association with great people, who have not only understood and felt the deeper meanings of life, but who have put their experiences and knowledge into permanent literature, that we may have our smaller souls kindled to glow brighter and longer. It is by giving an attentive ear to the voices that call to us from our bookshelves that our finer sensibilities are quickened to fuller appreciation of nature, of art, and of the joy of living.

We must realize that training in the development of oral expression is primarily a cultural course, but, at the same time, a practical one. Many people would invert the order of this statement, but all are agreed that correct vocal expression aids immeasurably in the development of taste and refinement, and, at the same time, affords, in many ways, practical assistance in daily living.

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Pure water is more likely to be drawn from a deep well than from a shallow pool. So, also, he who possesses depth of feeling and appreciation of noble thoughts and pure emotions is more likely to give adequate and satisfactory oral expression to them than he whose feeling is shallow and indifferent. Experience teaches that nothing gives greater aid to a spontaneous, irresistible flow of thought, revealing, through voice and body, the finer conceptions of the human soul, than a constant familiarity with the deep wells of the best literature.

By listening eagerly to the best words great men of all times have said to the world, we make our own natures responsive. Then, in greater or lesser measure, as readers or speakers, we translate or interpret these words for the enjoyment or uplift of others.

How can the man, the woman, of limited time and means, proceed so as to find these treasures of literature?

Let us here set down, briefly and clearly, what seems to us the most enjoyable and natural method to use. In the first place, ask yourself if you are willing to be a hard worker, self-sacrificing and humble. Unless you are, you will find that great spirits are slow to share with you their richest treasures. You must first make yourself worthy before you can expect to enter into their *sanctum*. In the words of Ruskin:

You must be willing to work hard to find the hidden meaning of the author. Ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pick-axes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to my elbows, and my breath good, and my temper?" . . . The metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pick-axes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiseling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

Then, too, you must be patient. An untrained reader is, as it were, wandering in a great forest where he sees many paths, but he knows not which to take. If he pursue a wrong path the first, second or the third time, he should not lose hope, but seek again and again. By such experiences he is sharpening his faculty of discrimination, and ere long can, in a brief space, detect which paths he should follow. No one but yourself can prescribe rightly a course of reading best suited to your particular needs. It must be a voluntary search on your own part, and an enjoyable one, if you are to get the most from it.

But here enters a serious consideration: Is what I enjoy most the best for me? The answer is Yes and No! Yes, if you enjoy most what appeals to the best in you; no, if you enjoy most what in your heart you know appeals to what is the worst in you. Therefore, the important question for you to answer is—does this book, article, essay or poem merely interest me, or does it appeal to the best in me?

Henry Van Dyke expresses the matter perfectly:

The person who wants to grow, turns to books as a means of purifying his tastes, deepening his feelings, broadening his sympathies, and enhancing his joy of life. Literature he loves because it is the most humane of the arts. Its forms and processes interest him as expressions of the human striving towards clearness of thought, purity of emotion, and harmony of action with the ideal. The culture of a finer, fuller manhood is what this reader seeks. He is looking for the books in which the inner meanings of nature and life are translated into language of distinction and charm, touched with the human personality of the author, and embodied in forms of permanent interest and power. This is literature. And the reader who sets his affections on these things enters the world of books as one made free of a city of wonders, a garden of fair delights. He reads not from a sense of duty, not from a constraint of fashion, not from an ambition of learning, but from a thirst of pleasure; because he feels that pleasure of the highest kind,—a real joy in the perception of things lucid, luminous, symmetrical, musical, sincere, passionate, and profound,—such pleas-

ure restores the heart and quickens it, makes it stronger to endure the ills of life and more fertile in all good fruits of cheerfulness, courage and love. This reader for vital pleasure has less need of maps and directories, rules and instructions, than of companionship. A criticism that will go with him in his reading, and open up new meaning in familiar things, and touch the secrets of beauty and power, and reveal the hidden relations of literature to life, and help him to see the reasonableness of every true grace of style, the sincerity of every real force of passion,—a criticism that penetrates, illuminates, and appreciates, making the eyes clearer and the heart more sensitive to perceive the living spirit in good books,—that is the companionship which will be most helpful, and most grateful to the gentle reader.

CHAPTER II

EFFECTIVE SPEECH

THERE are four definite steps in the mastery of effective speech:

It must be INTELLIGIBLE
It must be SYMPATHETIC
It must be MELODIOUS
It must be FORCEFUL

In seeking to accomplish these four aims, the pupil will not only increase his culture but his practical mental power as well.

The first step has to do with whatever makes understandable what he has to say. But before he can be *intelligible* in address, he must be an *intelligent* reader. He must train himself to master the real meaning of words. This means taking in—comprehending—and translating the thought of others. This is an important part in accomplishing the first step. The mind must be trained quickly and accurately to comprehend the printed page.

THE BASIS FOR GOOD ORAL READING

Grasp this idea firmly: Before one may hope to read *intelligibly*, he must first be an *intelligent* reader. You cannot express outwardly what you have not received and do not feel inwardly. Therefore the basis of good oral reading is understanding—intelligent silent reading. Some one has well said, "Unless a child can read, he cannot be educated." How few can read at sight a short passage and then close the book and

relate its context. Why is this the case? Because the pupil has not been properly trained to read.

THE BASIS FOR GOOD SILENT READING

In the study of the printed word we must remember that its real meaning depends altogether upon its relation to other words in the same group. For instance, the word "fire" does not mean the same thing at all times. The real meaning of this word depends upon its kinship with other members of the same group. When we say, "The house is on fire," the word "fire" means an altogether different thing from what it means when we say, "There is need of a fire in the stove this morning." We must continually take care that we do not isolate words, but that we get their *associated* meaning. For too long a time in our public schools the pupils have been taught to read *words* and not *ideas* or *thoughts*. They have been taught to read word by word and not group by group. For instance, the most elementary pupils will read as follows: "The—cat—can—run—and—play—with—the—ball." The grouping is altogether overlooked. The children are concentrating their attention upon single or isolated *words* instead of upon *thought groups* made up of several words as follows: "The cat can run—and play with the ball."

GET THE AUTHOR'S THOUGHT

Whatever one reads, he must first determine for what purpose he is reading. A definite aim or end in view must be had to serve as a motive power. The pupil who can relate the successive events in a narrative after having read it carefully, has trained his memory. But memory training is not the highest aim or end. The thing of paramount importance is: What is the application of the author's meaning? The value lies in what *use* the student can make of the knowledge.

This act of getting the author's thought draws upon the student's stock of experience. All new matter comes to the pupil in terms of his past experiences. The task of the teacher is to aid him in identifying himself with the lesson taught by the author, so that he can make practical use of it.

WE ARE NOT STUDYING STYLE

In this present step in the development of the student in effective speech the style of an author is nothing more than a means to an end and not the end itself. The test for the pupil is to see if he can put in his own words the vital meaning of the author. It should not be his purpose to attempt to improve on the writer's style. It is true that some of the world's greatest literary expressions would lose their highest significance if put in any other than their original form. This applies especially to verse form, for here the rhythmic movement is an inseparable element in the full expression of the idea. Some one has well said: "Style grows to the thought as the sea-shell to its occupant." But at this point the aim is not to teach the pupil the mechanics of literature. He must be taught to think for himself and use the knowledge he gains so that it will be valuable in his own life.

THREE DEFINITE AIMS TO GAIN KNOWLEDGE

Let us keep in mind the fact that the pupil is continually seeking information which will help him to live better. He is constantly trying to increase his cultural and practical powers. Of course book learning does not furnish all, but its contribution is immeasurable in its importance. Hence the pupil must learn to master the printed word as well as the spoken word. Here are three definite ends or aims to serve as motive power in getting the thought of the author:

First, the student must seek ideas and not words.

Second, he must seek to classify and organize facts.

Third, he must seek to turn his knowledge to some use.

EACH AIM ILLUSTRATED

To illustrate the first aim, let us take the following lines from Hamlet:

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee.

Shakespeare wished to point out the blessedness of that virtue, Independence. It is of little consequence to the pupil in this first step of his growth to make a comparison between Shakespeare's method of expressing this truth, with that of Elbert Hubbard, who, speaking of Rowan, that man who delivered an important message to Garcia in the jungles of Cuba when we had decided to go to war with Spain, said:

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instructions about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing—Carry a message to Garcia!

Is not the aim in both cases for the pupil to get the idea which the authors wish to impress upon his mind? In other words, the authors are not simply writing for art's sake, as so many would have us believe. The pupil must get the author's messages, so that they will help him in life, to be both independent or free from passion, and reliable or dependable in whatever he undertakes.

Let us advance to the second step: The classification and organization of facts mean more than the simple process of

orderly arrangement. This has to do with translating what the author presents to the pupil in terms of his past experience. This is the process of judging values. Before we pigeon-hole new information, we pass judgment upon its relative importance. The pupil has experienced the value of punctuality, courage, optimism, etc. Now, when any new truth comes under his observation, it is not turned into knowledge until it has gone through his mental gristmill. What he hears, or sees, or feels, is not usable until it has been fitted into its particular niche, and this fitting process is brought about by likening the unknown to the known.

This brings us to the third step. Frederick Harrison has said: "Man's business here is to know for the sake of living, not to live for the sake of knowing." There is no better way of expressing the third step in the development of the student in intelligent reading. After he has learned to grasp the author's thought readily, and then so reacts upon it that it becomes a part of his very being, his next step is to find an open market for the sale of his knowledge. This does not mean to sell for money in the narrow sense, but to put his understanding into actual daily life.

CHAPTER III

INVENTORY OF SPEECH EFFICIENCY

BEFORE proceeding further, let us estimate our speech efficiency. Every conscientious person can determine the strong and weak points of his speech by asking himself a few questions. Some, more sensitive than others, will very likely magnify their weaknesses and minimize their commendable qualities. Be that as it may, the vast majority will give a fair rating to both good and bad vocal habits.

This personal consultation with yourself may take a long or a short time. Some are quick to see faults in themselves—and probably slow to correct them; still others are slow to see their own errors and probably never will correct them; but all careful and honest students will discover at once where they are lacking in the proper management of voice, and will proceed to overcome their difficulties.

In rating speech efficiency it is well to make use of the common questionnaire plan. The questions fall under two separate heads, namely, the Knowing and the Doing.

THE KNOWING

1. Do I realize that I use my voice almost constantly?
2. Do I realize that success in business or society depends largely upon the convincing power of speech?
3. Do I realize how much of my speech is of no avail?
4. Do I realize the vital importance of *inflection* and the influence it has upon those who hear me?

5. Do I realize the great delight that comes through the mastery of correct vocal usage?
6. Do I realize that it is unnecessary to have a tired throat at the end of the day?
7. Do I realize that in a very large degree a pleasing personality depends upon a pleasing voice?
8. Do I realize that by attaining convincing power of speech I am promoting my efficiency?

THE DOING

1. Do I talk more than is necessary?
2. Do I pitch my voice too high?
3. Do I speak with a tense, set jaw and use a hard, metallic tone?
4. Do I talk in my throat instead of in my mouth?
5. Do I continually talk on the same key?
6. Do I talk too fast, or too slow, or too loud, or too low?
7. Do I use my voice as a medium by which I give vent to anger or displeasure?
8. Do I speak quietly and softly, and thus indicate culture and refinement?
9. Do I speak loudly in order to be persuasive?
10. Do I attract undue attention to my speech?
11. Do I enunciate with clearness and precision?
12. Do I harmonize tone with mood?

More items could be placed under these two headings, but the above are sufficient to bring the student face to face with his speech difficulties. We must know wherein we lack speech efficiency before we can remedy the lack. The following chapters present adequate exercises for needed improvement.

CHAPTER IV

ORAL READING

IF the pupil is to enjoy logical and consistent development in expression, he must be taught along psychological lines. Teachers should never lose sight of the fact that what is good for one pupil is not always good for another. It is impossible to set down a set of rules which will govern alike all pupils. Only that teacher is worthy of the name who recognizes that every pupil presents more or less a separate problem.

TEACHER'S FIRST GREAT TASK

The teacher's first important task is to render the pupil rightly disposed. Some pupils are at once extremely anxious to be governed by the wisdom of their teachers, while others are skeptical and must serve an apprenticeship in imitation. Still others are perverse and must be coerced. It is the patient and long-suffering teacher whose highest hopes will be realized.

WHAT IS EXPRESSION?

What is expression? We are told that all life is expression: The sudden summer shower, the leap of the wild cataract, the springing forth of early flowers, and the slow motion of the glacier all represent Nature expressing herself. The musician over the keyboard, the painter at his easel, the writer at his desk, represent art expressing herself. This is all true. But what about mankind as a whole, what about the vast

majority of people who are not endowed with genius? Have they no universal and common mode of expression?

GREATEST EDUCATIONAL VALUE

Here lies the great educational value of oral reading, of expressive speech. Their appeal should be universal and not confined to a talented few. It were better that those who have native ability were wholly neglected and allowed to express themselves in their own way, than that the vast majority have no training at all. It is the ungifted who should be aided rather than those who have been especially endowed by Nature.

THE DESIRE TO EXPRESS

The desire to express is common to all humanity from infancy to old age. The true aim of education should be to "draw out" that which is within us; in other words, to express ourselves—physically, mentally and spiritually. The world's great personalities are those who have the greatest freedom of expression. They have mastered the power to reveal their inmost selves. They have profited by the truth that through exercise we grow. So we should continually aim to free those channels through which we communicate ourselves to the outside world, in order that our highest faculties be unshackled and be given perfect freedom.

THE CHANNELS OF EXPRESSION

Let us consider briefly what are the chief avenues or channels of revealing what we are to others. Our first means is by movements of a part or all of the body. This we call the Physical Channel. Later in the development of man the location of sound in the throat was made. Man noted that when he experienced a certain mood, unconsciously he gave vent to

a corresponding guttural noise or sound. This is called the Sound or Tone Channel. Lastly, man invented sound symbols—words. That is, certain vocal sounds represented certain objects and ideas. This we call the Word Channel.

MERGING OF THE CHANNELS

To sum up, we have three separate ways by which we can express what we think and feel. It is very important that the pupil, as well as the teacher, keep this fact in mind. If we are to be natural and successful in giving out what we really are, these three means must coördinate, must act harmoniously. That is, the body, or Physical Channel, must parallel the Word Channel, and the Tone Channel must parallel the Physical and Word Channel. Each must bear witness to the truth uttered by the other. When the fullness of each, freighted with human meaning, overflows, there is a merging of all three. The result is natural and intense expression. Our supreme purpose is to realize this triune of man's expressive powers.

CHAPTER V

SELECTIONS FOR PART ONE

THE preceding discussions should be kept in mind while studying the following selections. The primary purpose is to seek after the author's thought. If we are able to relate clearly and fluently in our own words the content of what we have read, then we can feel assured that we have found out the meaning of the author.

First: Read the selection paragraph by paragraph. Then arrange in your mind the several points in their respective order. Now give them orally as simply and progressively as possible.

Second: Read the selection again by paragraphs and this time determine what are the important and unimportant words. Then give these important words a greater force of utterance.

Third: Do not fear to make many groups. We must first see the author's ideas and pictures in broken bits. When we have thought clearly on each part of the whole, and have each part securely in mind, we can then surely and effectively put these separate parts into one complete picture.

THE DOUGLAS SQUIRREL

BY JOHN MUIR

Go where you will throughout the noble woods of the Sierra Nevada, among the giant pines and spruces of the lower zones, up through the towering Silver Firs to the storm-bent thickets of the summit peaks,

you everywhere find this little squirrel the master-existence. Though only a few inches long, so intense is his fiery vigor and restlessness, he stirs every grove with wild life, and makes himself more important than even the huge bears that shuffle through the tangled underbrush beneath him. Every wind is fretted by his voice, almost every bole and branch feel the sting of his sharp feet. How much the growth of the trees is stimulated by his means it is not easy to learn, but his action in manipulating their seeds is more appreciable. Nature has made him master forester and committed most of her coniferous crops to his paws. Probably over fifty per cent of all the cones ripened on the Sierra are cut off and handled by the Douglas alone, and of those of the Big Trees perhaps ninety per cent pass through his hands: the greater portion is of course stored away for food to last during the winter and spring, but some of them are tucked separately into loosely covered holes, where some of the seeds germinate and become trees. . . .

One never tires of this bright chip of nature,—this brave little voice crying in the wilderness,—of observing his many works and ways, and listening to his curious language. His musical, piny gossip is as savory to the ear as balsam to the palate; and, though he has not exactly the gift of song, some of his notes are as sweet as those of a linnet—almost flute-like in softness, while others prick and tingle like thistles. He is the mocking-bird of squirrels, pouring forth mixed chatter and song like a perennial fountain; barking like a dog, screaming like a hawk, chirping like a blackbird or a sparrow; while in bluff, audacious noisiness he is a very jay.

In descending the trunk of a tree with the intention of alighting on the ground, he preserves a cautious silence, mindful, perhaps, of foxes and wildcats; but while rocking safely at home in the pine-tops there is no end to his capers and noise; and woe to the gray squirrel or chipmunk that ventures to set foot on his favorite tree! No matter how slyly they trace the furrows of the bark, they are speedily discovered, and kicked downstairs with comic vehemence, while a torrent of angry notes comes rushing from his whiskered lips that sounds remarkably like swearing. He will even attempt at times to drive away dogs and men, especially if he has had no previous knowledge of them. Seeing a man for the first time, he approaches nearer and nearer, until within a few feet; then, with angry outburst, he makes a sudden rush, all teeth and eyes, as if about to eat you up. But, finding that the big forked animal doesn't scare, he prudently beats a retreat, and sets himself up to reconnoiter on some overhanging branch, scrutinizing every movement you make with ludicrous solemnity.

Mr. Muir thus tells of an amusing experience he had with a Douglas squirrel that he found at his breakfast:

Breakfast done, I whistled a tune for him before he went to work, curious to see how he would be affected by it. He had not seen me all this while; but the instant I began to whistle he darted up the tree nearest to him, and came out on a small dead limb opposite me, and composed himself to listen. I sang and whistled more than a dozen airs, and as the music changed his eyes sparkled, and he turned his head quickly from side to side, but made no other response. Other squirrels, hearing the strange sounds, came around on all sides, also chipmunks and birds. One of the birds, a handsome, speckle-breasted thrush, seemed even more interested than the squirrels. After listening for awhile on one of the lower dead sprays of a pine, he came swooping forward within a few feet of my face, and remained fluttering in the air for half a minute or so, sustaining himself with whirring wing-beats, like a humming-bird in front of a flower, while I could look into his eyes and see his innocent wonder.

By this time my performance must have lasted nearly half an hour. I sang or whistled "Bonnie Doon," "Lass o' Gowrie," "O'er the Water to Charlie," "Bonnie Woods o' Cragie Lee," etc., all of which seemed to be listened to with bright interest, my first Douglas sitting patiently through it all, with his telling eyes fixed upon me until I ventured to give the "Old Hundredth," when he screamed his Indian name, Pillillooeet, turned tail, and darted with ludicrous haste up the tree out of sight, his voice and actions in the case leaving a somewhat profane impression, as if he had said, "I'll be hanged if you get me to hear anything so solemn and unpiney." This acted as a signal for the general dispersal of the whole hairy tribe, though the birds seemed willing to wait further developments, music being naturally more in their line.

What there can be in that grand old church tune that is so offensive to birds and squirrels I can't imagine. A year or two after this High Sierra concert, I was sitting one fine day on a hill in the Coast Range, where the common Ground Squirrels were abundant. They were very shy on account of being hunted so much; but after I had been silent and motionless for half an hour or so they began to venture out of their holes and to feed on the seeds of the grasses and thistles around me as if I were no more to be feared than a tree-stump. Then it occurred to me that this was a good opportunity to find out whether they also disliked "Old Hundredth." Therefore I began to whistle as nearly as I could remember the same familiar airs that had pleased the

mountaineers of the Sierra. They at once stopped eating, stood erect and listened patiently until I came to "Old Hundredth," when with ludicrous haste every one of them rushed in their holes and bolted in, their feet twinkling in the air for a moment as they vanished.—From "The Mountains of California," copyrighted by *The Century Company*, New York, and used by their kind permission.

Nothing small! no lily-muffled hum of a summer-bee, but finds some coupling with the shining stars; no pebble at your feet but proves a sphere; no chaffinch, but implies the cherubim. Earth's crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God.—MRS. BROWNING.

Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

—LOWELL.

Once or twice in a lifetime we are permitted to enjoy the charm of noble manners, in the presence of a man or woman who have no bar in their nature, but whose character emanates freely in their word and gesture. A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form: it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures,—it is the finest of the fine arts. A man is but a little thing in the midst of the objects of nature, yet, by the moral quality radiating from his countenance, he may abolish all considerations of magnitude, and in his manners equal the majesty of the world. I have seen an individual, whose manners, though wholly within the conventions of elegant society, were never learned there, but were original and commanding, and held out protection and prosperity; one who did not need the aid of a court-suit, but carried the holiday in his eye; who exhilarated the fancy by flinging wide the doors of new modes of existence; who shook off the captivity of etiquette, with happy spirited bearing, good-natured and free as Robin Hood; yet with the port of an emperor, if need be, calm, serious, and fit to stand the gaze of millions.—EMERSON.

Look at ourselves. Look at man; his reason, intelligence, and discoveries. Look at him diving into the depths of the ocean, calculating the eclipses of the sun and moon, and making the elements subservient to his interest and his wants. Look at his capacities; review the ten

thousand arguments that daily, nay, hourly, arise, and then tell me if there is the shadow of a doubt that a God, a retributive God, does rule the whirlwind and direct the storm.—R. RICKER.

Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no crime can destroy—no enemy can alienate—no despotism enslave. At home, a friend—abroad, an introduction—in solitude, a solace—and in society, an ornament. It chastens vice—it guides virtue—it gives at once grace and government to genius—without it, what is Man? A splendid slave—a reasoning savage!

Just before Napoleon set out for the court of Belgium, he sent to the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail, to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet-proof; and that if so, he might name his own price for such a work. The man engaged to make the desired object, if allowed proper time, and he named eighteen thousand francs as the price of it. The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and its maker honored with a second audience of the emperor. "Now," said his imperial majesty, "put it on." The man did so. "As I am to stake my life on its efficacy, you will, I suppose, have no objections to do the same." And he took a brace of pistols, and prepared to discharge one of them at the breast of the astonished artisan. There was no retreating, however, and half-dead with fear, he stood the fire, and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the emperor was not content with *one* trial; he fired the second pistol at the back of the trembling artisan, and afterwards discharged a fowling-piece at another part of him, with similar effect. "Well," said the emperor, "you have produced a capital work, undoubtedly—what is the price of it?" "Eighteen thousand francs were named as the agreed sum." "There is an order for them," said the emperor, "and here is another, for an equal sum, for the fright that I gave you."

WORK AND THE WORKER

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

There are any number of different kinds of work we have to do, all of which have to be done. There is the work of the farmer, the work of the business man, the work of the skilled mechanic, the work of the men to whom I owe my safety every day and every night—the work of

the railroad men; the work of the lawyer, the work of the sailor, the work of the soldier, the work in ten thousand ways; it is all good work; it does not make any difference what work the man is doing if he does it well. If the man is a slacker, a shiftless creature, I wish we could get rid of him. He is of no use. In every occupation you will find some men whom you will have to carry. You cannot do much with them. Every one of us will stumble at times, and shame to the man who does not at such times stretch out a helping hand, but if the man lies down you cannot carry him to any permanent use. What I would plead for is that we recognize the fact that all must work, that we bring up our children to work, so that each respects the other. I do not care whether a man is a banker or a bricklayer; if he is a good banker or a good bricklayer he is a good citizen; if he is dishonest, if he is tricky, if he shirks his job or tries to cheat his neighbor, be he great or small, be he the poor man cheating the rich man, or the rich man oppressing the poor man, in either case he is a bad citizen.—Remarks at Berenda, California, May 18, 1903.

THE MUSIC OF AMERICA

BY ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT

This is the Music of America:

Above the fret of a hundred routine duties and a thousand cares rises the clarion Soprano. It comes from the joyful throats of millions of women, blest beyond their sorrowing sisters who dwell on foreign shores. It is the voice of the clear-eyed schoolgirl, romping her happy way from a world of books into a gentler world of love; of the self-reliant sister who is facing the forces of business with spirit courageous and step that has never learned to falter; of the mother of a tender brood and, blended into the melody her own heart makes, the sweet, lisped crooning from the child at her bosom.

The Tenor notes are strong and full of golden promises. They come from souls that have climbed above the city's boldest heights. They come from the souls of self-forgetful men—a proud nation's watchers upon her towers whose eager eyes scan the far stretches that they may guard with loyalty against the perfidy of home or foreign foes. The Tenor is the united voices of the poets and philosophers, of the reformers and statesmen—yes, and of all that growing host who have scaled to the peak of some new Sinai, that the people may not forget the Almighty's will concerning them.

Listen, and you will mark the rich, rounded tones of the Contralto—from the great-hearted organizations of Charity. Mingled into one vast, sweeping tone—quivering with sympathy, vibrant with a heart's best faith—is the voice of the nurse, bending above some frail or stricken sufferer; the voice of the matron at the threshold of some gracious Door of Hope; the voice of the orphanage, the voice of the infirmary, the voice of the rescue mission, the voice of the Salvation Army, the voice of the Red Cross, the voice of the Christian Association, the voice of the Church.

And underneath the united harmony of Soprano and Contralto, under the inspiring silver thread of Tenor, there comes the wonderful support of all, the basis of a nation's Song of Hope—the splendid and terrible contribution of strong-armed, mighty-limbed Labor—the Bass. In the low, deep resonance of the singer's rare volume one may catch a vision of men, stern of visage and powerful in action, dominated by the happy unity of Will and Service, pouring down into depths of Mother Earth, that other men may have homes that radiate a social warmth; a vision of men at forge and flame, at plow and pruning-hook, at threshing-machine and throttle. The mighty voice thrills with the shriek of a million factory whistles, of sea and river craft, of rushing locomotives competing against Time and Space. . . . Underneath all, the splendid and terrible tones of a giant singer.

So, let us be glad and rejoice! The All-King, as He sits on the White Throne, marshaling His worlds, pauses. He bends a listening ear, and surely His heart is made glad with an overpowering happiness as His ears catch the strains of a grateful people's reverence—as He listens to the Music of America!—From *The Ladies Home Journal*.

THE VIRTUES OF LOVE

BY SAINT PAUL THE APOSTLE

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity

vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—I Corinthians, XIII.

THE MAJESTY OF THE OCEAN

BY "PROTEUS"

My first view of it was on a clear, but gusty afternoon of autumn. The winds had been abroad for many hours; and as I looked seaward from the high promontory, and beheld the long, rough surges rushing towards me, and listened to their wild roar as they were flung back from the caverned battlements at my feet, I felt as if the pillars of the universe were shaken around me, and stood awed and abashed before the majesty of excited nature. Since then, I have been on lofty precipices while the thunder-cloud was bursting below me—have leaned over the trembling brink of Niagara, and walked within its awful chambers, but the thrill of that moment has never returned. The feeling of awe, however, gradually gave place to an intense but pleasing emotion, and I longed to spring away from the tame and trodden earth, to that wild, mysterious world, whose strange scenes broke so magnificently upon my vision. No wonder that our first roving impulses are towards the ocean. No wonder that the romance and adventurous spirit of youth deems lightly of hardship and peril, when aroused by its stirring presentations. There is something so winning in the multiplied superstitions of its hardy wanderers—something so fascinating in its calm beauty, and so animating in its stormy recklessness, that the ties of country and kindred sit looser at our hearts,

as curiosity whispers of its unseen wonders. In after years, when the bloom of existence has lost much of its brightness, when curiosity has become enervated, and the powers of the imagination palsied, where do we sooner return to renew their former pleasing excitement, than to our remembered haunts by the ocean? We leave behind us all the splendor and magnificence of art, all the voluptuous gratifications of society—we break from the banquet and the dance, and fly away to the solitary cliffs, where the sea-bird hides her nest. There the cares, perplexities, and rude jostlings of opposing interests are for a while forgotten. There the turmoil of human intercourse disquiets no longer. There the sweat and dust of the crowded city are dispelled as the cool sea-breeze comes gently athwart our feverish brow. In the exhilaration of the scene, the blood gathers purer at the heart—its pulse-beat is softer, and we feel once more a newness of life, amounting almost to a transport. Delightful remembrances, that lie buried up under the dross of the past, are reanimated, and the charm, the peace, and the freshness of life's morning innocence again finds in our bosom a welcome and a home. The elastic spring of boyhood is in our step as we chase the receding wave along the white beach, or leap wildly into its glassy depths. In the low, billowy murmur that steals out upon the air, our ear catches the pleasant, but long unheard music of other years, like the remembered voice of a departed companion; and while leaning over some beetling crag, glorious visions pass, thronging before our eyes, as, in fancy, we rove through the coral groves, where the mermaids have their emerald bower, or gaze at the hidden beauties, the uncoveted gems, and the glittering argosies that repose amid the stilly waters. The soul goes forth, as it were, to the hallowed and undefiled temples of nature, to be purified of its earthly contamination. She takes to herself wings, and flies away to the "uttermost parts of the sea," and even there she hears the voice of the Divine, witnesses the manifestations of His power, experiences the kind guardianship of His presence, and returns cheered and invigorated to renew her weary pilgrimage.

THE GRAY DAYS

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

You don't love the gray days now. You want the sunshiny days, the roses and the carnations. Let me tell you, children, you will love the gray days just as well when they come. Some day, when the

heart is wearied, when the eyes are hot and tired and dry with weeping, when the face is burned by the noonday sun, you will know how like a kiss of blessedness from heaven comes the soft, cool touch of the mist, creeping up out of the sea or coming down over the mountain, until it folds you as the wings of a dove, and shuts you in with peace and rest and hope, and the tenderness of God. Oh, you will thank God again and again for the gray days.

THE PRESENT CRISIS

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching
breast

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the Future's
heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympathies with God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the gush of joy or shame:—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah offering each the bloom or blight
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, in whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff
must fly,
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate,
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within,—
"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

CHAPTER VI

ARTICULATION EXERCISES

The pronunciations and definitions throughout these pages are those given in "Webster's New International Dictionary," published by G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass., 1918 Edition.

Without a graceful and pleasing enunciation, all your elegance of style in speaking is not worth a farthing.—CHESTERFIELD.

IN the utterance of words we are concerned with the following terms: Pronunciation, Enunciation and Articulation. In a general way their meanings are identical, but yet there is a mark of difference characterizing each.

Pronunciation has to do with the act of uttering a single letter, syllable, word, sentence, or whole address. This concerns *correctness*.

Enunciation has to do with careful, distinct utterance so that any word or any part of a word is completely audible. This concerns *distinctness*.

Articulation has to do with the act of gracefully and skillfully manipulating those organs of speech necessary for the correct pronunciation and distinct enunciation of words. This concerns *skillfulness*.

At least a part of the following exercises should be practiced daily, preferably in the morning. A few minutes' practice is a splendid tonic for the tasks of the day.

I. FOR THE LIPS AND JAW

1. Repeat e a aw ah o oo. In doing this extend the lips and use a relaxed jaw.
2. Repeat again, giving a rising inflection to each. Then give each sound the falling inflection, and then the circumflex inflection.
3. Intone them on successive pitches. Be sure you have pure vowel quality.
4. Whisper the sounds e aw permitting the jaw, in the latter sound, to drop completely relaxed each time.

II. FOR LIPS, TONGUE AND SOFT PALATE

1. Repeat eb ab awb ahb ob oob.
2. Repeat ed ad awd ahd od ood.
3. Repeat eg ag awg ahg og oog.
4. Repeat ek ak awk ahk ok ook.

III. THE ASPIRATES, OR BREATH SOUNDS

1. Repeat the breath sound of p wh f th s t sh h k.
2. Repeat wh (when) whe wha whaw whah who whoo.
3. Repeat fe fa faw fah fo foo.
4. Repeat th (thin) the tha thaw thah tho thoo.
5. Repeat se sa saw sah so soo.
6. Repeat te ta taw tah to too.
7. Repeat she sha shaw shah sho shoo.
8. Repeat he ha haw hah ho hoo.
9. Repeat ke ka kaw kah ko koo.
10. Repeat pe pa paw pah po poo.

IV. THE SUB-VOCAL SOUNDS

1. Repeat the vocal sound of b w th v z d r zh y g.
2. Repeat be ba baw bah bo boo.
3. Repeat w (wise) we wa waw wah wo woo.
4. Repeat ve va vaw vah vo voo.

5. Repeat ze za zaw zah zo zoo.
6. Repeat de da daw dah do doo.
7. Repeat re ra raw rah ro roo.
8. Repeat zhe zha zhaw zhah zho zhoo.
9. Repeat ye ya yaw yah yo yoo.
10. Repeat ge ga gaw gah go goo.
11. Repeat th (thine) the tha thaw thah tho thoo.

V. THE LIQUID SOUNDS

1. Repeat l m n.
2. Repeat le la law lah lo loo.
3. Repeat me ma maw mah mo moo.
4. Repeat ne na naw nah no noo.

VI. THE NASAL SOUNDS

1. Repeat m-m-m-e m-m-m-a m-m-m-aw m-m-m-ah
m-m-m-o m-m-m-oo.
2. Repeat n-n-n-e n-n-n-a n-n-n-aw n-n-n-ah n-n-n-o
n-n-n-oo.
3. Repeat ng-ng-ng-e ng-ng-ng-a ng-ng-ng-aw ng-ng-ng-ah
ng-ng-ng-o ng-ng-ng-oo.

VII. COMBINATION SOUNDS

<i>Breath</i>	<i>1. Voice</i>	<i>Breath</i>	<i>2. Voice</i>	<i>Breath</i>	<i>3. Voice</i>	<i>Breath</i>	<i>4. Voice</i>
fe	ve	whe	we	se	ze	she	zhe
fa	va	wha	wa	sa	za	sha	zha
faw	vaw	whaw	waw	saw	zaw	shaw	zhaw
fah	vah	whah	wah	sah	zah	shah	zhah
fo	vo	who	wo	so	zo	sho	zho
foo	voo	whoo	woo	soo	zoo	shoo	zhoo

Here follow a number of difficult combinations especially good for the pupil who mumbles or is habitually careless and indolent. Their use is effective in producing flexibility of lips, tongue and palate. It is not advisable to spend too intensive or too long practice, however, upon these so-called tongue-twisters lest verbal utterance becomes a laborious,

mechanical process. But there are some who need just such exercises, and those who desire rapid and distinct articulation cannot practice them too much, provided their exercise is interesting or amusing.

Betty Botter bought some butter.
 "But," she said, "this butter's bitter;
 If I put it in my batter,
 It will make my batter bitter;
 But a bit of better butter
 Will but make my batter better."
 So she bought a bit o' butter
 Better than the bitter butter,
 And made her bitter batter better.
 So 'twas better Betty Botter
 Bought a bit of better butter.

—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

"Thunder," thought Theresa.

"Thieves!" throbbed Theodore.

Theresa thumped, threatened, thwarted those three thieves, throwing the thick thesaurus—that thrilled them! Theodore thanked Theresa.

I like to write about Marie,
 For *glee* and *she* and *be* and *see*
 And *we* and *plea* and *free* and *me*
 All go nicely with Marie.

—*Chicago Herald.*

How much wood would a wood chuck chuck
 If a wood chuck could and would chuck wood?
 He'd chuck as much wood as a wood chuck would
 If a wood chuck could and would chuck wood.

A thatcher of Thatchwood went to Thatchet a-thatching.
 Five flippy Frenchmen foolishly fanning fainting flies.
 Eight eager, earnest, eccentric Englishmen eating eleven elusive eagles.
 High up the hill he heaved a huge hoe.
 A cheap, changeable, child-like chimpanzee champion playing checkers
 with Charles.
 Black bugs' blood. (Repeat quickly.)

When a twiner a-twisting will twist him a twist,
For the twining his twist he three twines doth entwist.
But if one of the twines of the twist doth untwist
The twine that untwisted, untwisteth the twist.

As much of the dew that the dew drops drop, if dew drops do drop dew.

A tutor, who tooted a flute, tried to tutor two tooters to toot. Said the two to the tutor: "Is it harder to toot, or tutor two tooters to toot?"

A shy little she said shoo
To a fly and a flea in a flue.
Said the flea, "Let us fly."
Said the fly, "Let us flee."
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
With barest wrists and stoutest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

Bring a bit of buttered bran bread.
Lucy likes light literature.
Around the rough and rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran.
A lovely lily lying all alone along the lane.
Can a stammerer flatter a flatterer?
The bald lawyer saw all in the hall.
Ask at last the flask for the task.

To the Windmills said the Millwheel:
"As the wind wills do you still wheel?"
"Yes, we still wheel when the wind wills!"
To the Millwheel said the Windmills.

She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish-sauce shop in the Strand welcoming him in.
Sisyphus sold six pairs of shining steel, slippery scissors.

What noise annoys a noisy oyster most? A noisy noise annoys a noisy oyster most.

A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. (Not *whole hump*.)

A sad dangler. (Not *angler*.)

A languid dame. (Not *aim*.)

His crime moved me. (Not *cry*.)

He will prate to anybody. (Not *pray*.)

Chaste stars. (Not *tars*.)

Irish yews. (Not *shoes*.)

"Give the cat stale bread!" "The cat's tail, mamma?"

"Silence, child!"

Fill the sieve with thistles, then sift the thistles in the sieve.

A glowing gleam glowing green.

The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.

Flesh of freshly dried flying fish.

Six thick thistle sticks.

Two toads tried to trot to Tedbury.

Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip.

Strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

Much water makes the meal-mill wheel work well.

Eye her highness, how high she holds her old haughty head.

The soup must be heated before he eat it.

Hugh Go goes for the girls that he sees;
 Pa Go goes 'cause it limbers his knees;
 Ma Go goes for the ease 'neath the trees;
 Nanny Go goes for the coasters that please;
 Letta Go goes for Galligher's squeeze.
 So, go where the Goes go.

Max with a wax match.

The sea ceaseth—it sufficeth sufficiently that the sea ceaseth.

Six slick slim slippery slimy sleek slender sickly saplings.

Owen Moore went away
 Owing more than he could pay;
 Owen Moore came back one day
 Owing more.

There was a young fellow named Tait
Who dined with his girl at 8:08.
As Tate did not state,
I cannot relate
What Tate and his *tête-à-tête* ate at 8:08.

A farmer had a seeder for the seeding of the seed. It was a cedar seeder, and said he: "I never seed a seeder that could exceed this yere cedar seeder for the seedin' of the seed."

SIMON SHORT'S SON SAMUEL

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers' speeding storms, spreading sunshine, successively saw Simon's small shabby shop still stanch; saw Samuel's self-same squeaking sign still swinging, silently speechifying: "Simon Short, Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker, shoes sewed, soled superfinely."

Simon's spry, sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout, sturdy sons, Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Shadrach, Silas—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spice; Simple Samuel sold saddles, stirrups, screws; sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls; skeptical Saul sold silver salvers; selfish Shadrach sold salves, shoestrings, soap, skates, saws, sausages, sawdust; slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since, Simon's second son, Samuel, saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs, sweet, sensible, smart Sophronia Spriggs. Sam showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophronia Sprigg's society; sung several serenades slyly. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly singing such shameful, senseless songs. "Strange, Sam should slight such splendid summer sales! Strutting Spendthrift! Shatter-brained simpleton!"

"Softly, softly, sire!" said Sally. "Sam's smitten; Sam's spied some sweetheart."

"Sentimental schoolboy!" snarled Simon. "Smitten! stop such stuff!" Simon sent Sally's snuffbox spinning, seized Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattered several spools. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease!" Scowling Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Summoning Sam, she spoke sweet sympathy.

"Sam," said she, "Sire seems singularly snappy; so, sonny, stop strutting streets, stop smoking segars, spending specie superfluously, stop sprucing so, stop singing serenades, stop short! Sell saddles sensibly. See Sophia Sophronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly; she's stable. So, solicit, sue, secure Sophia speedily, Sam."

"So soon? So soon?" said Sam, standing stock-still.

"So soon, surely," said Sally, smiling, "'specially since Sire shows such spirits."

So Sam, somewhat scared, sauntered slowly, shaking stupendously. Sam soliloquizes: "Sophia Sophronia Spriggs — Spriggs — Samuel Short's spouse—sounds splendid. Suppose she should say—shoo? She shan't! She shan't!"

Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts, singing softly. Seeing Sam, she stopped starching, saluted Sam smilingly. Sam stammered shockingly: "Spl-spl-splendid summer season, Sophia."

"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia.

"Sar-sartin, Sophia," said Sam! (Silence seventeen seconds.)

"Selling saddles, still, Sam?"

"Sartin," said Sam, starting suddenly. "Season's somewhat sudorific," said Sam, stealthily staunching sweat, shaking sensibly.

"Sartin," said Sophia, significantly. "Sip some sherbert, Sam?" (Silence sixty seconds.)

"Sire shot sixty sheldrakes, Saturday," said Sophia.

"Sixty? sho!" said Sam. (Silence seventy seconds.)

"See Sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia, sociably scattering such stiff silence.

Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally, "Sophia, Susan's sunflowers seem saying, 'Samuel Short, Sophia Sophronia Spriggs, stroll serenely, sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Sparkling springs shall sing soul-soothing strains; sweet songsters shall silence secret sighings; super-angelic sylphs shall—'"

Sophia snickered, so Sam stopped.

"Sophia," said Sam solemnly.

"Sam," said Sophia.

"Sophia, stop smiling. Sam Short's sincere. Sam's seeking some spouse, Sophia!"

Sophia stood silent.

"Speak! Sophia, speak! Such suspense stimulates sorrow."

"Seek Sire, Sam, seek Sire!"

Sam sought Sire Spriggs. Sire Spriggs said, "Sartin."

So Sophia Sophronia Spriggs serenely signs Sam's screeds "Sophia Sophronia Spriggs Short."

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. Now if Theophilus Thistle, the *successful* thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of *his* thumb, see that *thou*, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of *thy* thumb.

There was a man named Bill. The said Bill owned a bill-board and he also owed a board-bill. Bill's board-bill fell due, but owing to the fact that Bill's bill-board held all his money, the said Bill was unable to settle the board-bill. Bill's landlady was much bored with Bill, with Bill's board-bill and with Bill's bill-board. Bill also became bored with himself, bored with his landlady, bored with his board-bill, and bored with his bill-board. So Bill, bored and bored and bored by her who was also bored and bored and bored, sold his bill-board and paid his board-bill; and thus Bill who was often bored and the board that was often billed and the bill that often bored—Bill, bill-board and board-bill, together with the thrice-bored board-bill lady served to make history, the reading of which continues to bore all owners of bill-boards and owners of board-bills to this day.

Though doubtless written with some immediate political purpose, with which we have no concern, the student of a perfect enunciation will find the following a most helpful exercise.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

BY THREL FALL

Woodrow Wilson works wonders while
Windy worldlings weary welkins with
What were whilom winful warcries.
While wayward Washingtonians without
Wit whimper wearisomely, while witless
Wretches whine weasel words with will,
While woebegone weaklings wobble,

Waver, wizen; while weasened warlocks
 Who want weapons wickedly weave webs,
 Woodrow who would wither weltering
 World war works wholesouledly. Woodrow
 Warps world-peace woof with western
 Wisdom, whipsaws wayfaring wastrels
 Who would wantonly wreck. Woodrow
 Whangs werewolves, watches whisperers,
 Whales welchers. Woodrow warily
 Wheedles world-hardened wiseacres
 Who wrangle. Woodrow without
 Weakening whacks wooden-headed
 Whippersnappers who warble. Woodrow's
 Welcome World Weal wins war-weary
 Womankind, wan widows whose warriors
 Were wasted, wink warmly, winsome
 Wenches whoop wildly, waltzing
 Walkyrie-like, worthy wives warble
 Whimsically. Woodrow withal wakes
 World wants which were withered.
 Whangdoodles with warlike ways
 Would well 'ware Wilson.

—*Los Angeles Times*, March 20, 1919.

THE FAR-FAMED FAIRY TALE OF FENELLA ¹

(1) A Famous Fish Factor Found himself Father of Five Fine Flirting Females—Fanny, Florence, Fernanda, Francesca, and Fenella. (2) The First Four were Flat-Featured, ill-Favored, Forbidding-Faced, Freckled Frumps; Fretful, Flippant, Foolish, and Flaunting. (3) Fenella was a Fine-Featured, Fresh, Fleet-Footed Fairy; Frank, Free and Full of Fun. (4) The Fisher Failed and was Forced by Fickle Fortune to Forego his Footman, Forfeit his Forefather's Fine Fields, and Find a Forlorn Farmhouse in a Forsaken Forest. (5) The Four Fretful Females, Fond of Figuring at Feasts in Feathers and Fashionable Finery, Fumed at their Fugitive Father. (6) Forsaken by Fulsome, Flattering Fortune-hunters, who Followed them when Fish Flourished, Fenella Fondled her Father, Flavored their Food, Forgot her Flattering Followers, and Frolicked in Frieze without Flounces.

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by George Wharton James, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

(7) The Father, Finding himself Forced to Forage in Foreign parts for a Fortune, Found he could afford a Fairing For his Five Fondlings. (8) The First Four were Fain to Foster their Frivolity with Fine Frills and Fans, Fit to Finish their Father's Finances; Fenella, Fearful of Flooring him, Formed a Fancy For a Full, Fresh Flower. (9) Fate Favored the Fish-Factor For a Few days, when he Fell in with a Fog; his Faithful *Filly's* Footsteps Faltered, and Food Failed. (10) He Found himself in Front of a Fortified Fortress. Finding it Forsaken, and Feeling himself Feeble and Forlorn with Fasting, he Fed upon the Fish, Flesh and Fowl he Found, Fricasseed and Fried; and when Full, Fell Flat on the Floor. (11) Fresh in the Forenoon he Forthwith Flew to the Fruitful Fields, and, not Forgetting Fenella, he Filched a Fair Flower; when a Foul, Frightful, Fiendish Figure Flashed Forth, "Felonious Fellow!—Fingering my Flower—I'll Finish you! Go, say Farewell to your Fine, Felicitous Family, and Face me in a Fortnight." (12) The Faint-hearted Fisher Fumed and Faltered, and Fast was Far in his Flight. (13) His Five daughters Flew to Fall at his Feet, and Fervently Felicitate him. (14) Frantically and Fluently he unfolded his Fate. (15) Fenella, Forthwith, Fortified by Filial Fondness, Followed her Father's Footsteps, and Flung her Faultless Form at the Foot of the Frightful Figure, who Forgave the Father, and Fell Flat on his Face; For he had Fervently Fallen in a Fiery Fit of love For the Fair Fenella. (16) He Feasted and Fostered her, till, Fascinated by his Faithfulness, she Forgot the Ferocity of his Face, Form and Feature; and Frankly and Fondly Fixed Friday Fifth of February, For the affair to come off. (17) There were present at the wedding, Fanny, Florence, Fernanda, Francesca, and the Fisher. (18) There were Festivity, Fragrance, Finery, Fireworks, Fricasseed Frogs, Fritters, Fish, Flesh, Fowl and Furmenty; Frontignac, Flip, and Fare Fit For the Fastidious; Fruit, Fuss, Flambeaux, Four Fat Fiddlers, and Fifers; and the Frightful Form of the Fortunate and Frumpish Fiend Fell From him, and he Fell at Fenella's Feet, a Fair-Favored, Fine, Frank Freeman of the Forest! (19) Behold the Fruits of Filial affection!—*Comic Times*.

MY M-MADE MEMORY MEDLEY

MENTIONING MEMORY'S MARVELOUS MANIFESTATIONS ¹

(1) Memory Means Mind—Mind Means Memory. (2) Memory

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by George Wharton James, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Most Mysteriously Makes Mental Memoranda. (3) Matured Metaphysical Meditation Manifests Memory Man's Mighty Maker's Manifoldly Marvelous, Magnificent Masterpiece. (4) Memory Makes, Molds, Modifies, Moves, Maintains Mind; Memory Moves Man's Mouth; Memory Manages Man's Manipulations. (5) Multitudinous Misfortunes Mark Meager Memory, Municipal Mismanagement, Maritime Mishaps, Mercantile Miscalculations. (6) Meager Memory Means Mystification, Misconception, Misunderstanding, Mournful Mental Malady. (7) Many Men Meditating Merge 'Mid Mystification, Mostly Meaning Mismanaged Memory. (8) Meager Memory Makes Many Men Mere Mute Mummies. (9) Mold Memory, Manage Memory; Make Memory-Meditations Mind-Making Material. Mere Mechanical, Muttering Memory Makes Many Men Mere Meaning-Minus Magpies. (10) Memory Managed Methodically, Manifests Marvelous Might. (11) Many Maddened Masters Murmuringly Mistrust Meritedly Mistrusted Menials' Muddly Memories. (12) Menials' Message Mangling Misconduct, Magical Modern Memory Methods Most Materially Mitigate. (13) Memory Methods Master Most Marvelous Medleys. (14) Miss Market-Much Might Memorize Meat, Mustard, Mushrooms, Melons, Marmalade, Milk, Mullets, Mops, Matches, Medicine, Myrrh, Musk, Muslin, Music; Moreover Many Miscellaneous Momentous Messages. (15) Many Men Much Misunderstand Memory Methods, Making Mental Mazes Much More Mysterious; Making Mere Mole-Mounds Mule Maddening-Mountains; Making Minutest Mites Mighty Mammalia. (16) Many Men Mentally Merely Move Mobward, Mingling Mimicked, Meaningless Murmurs 'Midst Misty-Minded Men's Maniacal Mutterings, Menacing Memory Method's Mutilation. Mildly, Manfully, Mockingly, Memory Men March, Maintaining Majesty. (17) Mercenary Motives, Mistaken Monetary Management May Make Many Meanly Miss Mentally Masticating Memory Methods. Moral Men Manifesting Manly Motives May Mention Memory's Marvelous Malleability, Making Memory's Maximum Man's Mental Meridian! (18) Murky-Minded, Misanthropic, Monopolizing Men May Malevolently Mutter Many Mischievous, Malice-Molded Maledictions, Mockingly Mistrusting Memory Methods. (19) Memory Methods Master Minutely Many Manuals, Mosaic Maxims, Mediæval Memorables, Masonic Mysteries, Mechanical Movements, Mineral Mixtures, Medicinal Metamorphoses, Musical Measure, Mathematical Materials, Mercantile Managements, Momentary Mementos. (20) Memory Methods Might Make Monarchs, Ministers, Members, Mayors, Magistrates, Mouth Most Might-

ily, Minus Manuscripts. (21) Memory Methodically Manifested Makes Man Muscularly, Mentally, Morally, Mercantilely, Much More Manly. (22) Memory May Make Metropolitan Manufacturers Manufacture Many Most Magnificent Materials, Merely Marking Mentally Modistes' Modified Matchless Models. (23) Memory Makes Money-Moving Merchants Mass Many More Money-Mounds. (24) Memory Makes Morose Men Much More Mannerly. Memory Makes Men's Motto "Mutely Miss Mischievous Meddling." (25) Memory, Marking Man's Misguided Mind, Makes Man Merciful. Mingled Mortifications, Minus Merciful Memory, Make Minor Mistakes Miscreant Misdemeanors. (26) Memory, Methodized, Makes More Magnetic, Meltingly Melodious, Meekminded, Modest, Marriageable Maidens. (27) Memory Makes Mothers Manage Minutest, Multitudinously Miscellaneous Matters Meritoriously Maternally. (28) Memory Makes Model Men Matchlessly Master Mimicry. Memory Makes Mimics Mimic Minutely. (29) Mind—Memory! Mockingly, Maddeningly, Manages, Masters, Manacles Men's Mere Muscular Might. (30) Memory Molds Men's Musings; Millionaires' Musings May Mark Moldering Marble Monuments, Mutely Mentioning Magnificent Munificences. (31) Military Men, Musing, May Mark Muskets, Matchless Marksmen, Mortars, Majors, Men, Movements, Maneuvers. (32) Milkmaid's Musings May Mark Mist-Moistened Meadows, Mirthful Milkmen Merrily Milking, Millers, Mills, Men Mowing, Moving Mud-Mounds, Minding Mares, Managing Managers, Malting; Master's Mansion, Master Making Market Memos.; Mistress Making Mince-meat; Miss Millie "*Musicking*"; Master Mathew Meeting Miss May Marry-Me. (33) Man's Misconduct Makes Meditation—*Memory*—Mental Misery. (34) Murderers' Morbid Minds Meek Morpheus Molests, Making Midnight's Mysterious Musings Merciless Mental Martyrdoms. (35) Methodical Memorizing Means Mating Mentally—*Mark!* Minister Manuscript—Manuscript Mission—Mission Money—Money Missionary—Missionary Mohammedan—Mohammedan Meditate—Meditate Misconduct—Misconduct Mediator—Mediator Messiah! Mark, Moreover, Memory Methods Make Mixed Mental Masses Most Marvelously Manageable. Meager Memory, Moderate Memory, Mighty Memory, Method May Magnify Much. (36) Mentioning My M-Made Memory Medley, May Make Many Melancholy Moping Men Manifest Much Merriment. (37) Many Merely Muttering My M-Made Memory Medley May Make Multitudinous Mistakes. (38) My Memory Men May Memorize My Matchlessly Mouth Martyrdomizing M-Made Memory Medley!!!—WILLIAM STOKES.

If one has a little spare time, he can use it to good advantage in making alliterative exercises for himself. It will enlarge his vocabulary, discipline him in the use of unfamiliar words, and, at the same time, afford him opportunity for linguistic practice for the improvement of his pronunciation, enunciation and articulation. For instance, here are a few crude attempts made by one of the authors when he was lying on a sick-bed and desired a change of mental occupation.

MIGHTY MAJESTIC MIND

MAN'S MUSCULAR, MENTAL, MORAL MASTER

Mind magnificently masters man. Mind majestically manages man's muscular, mental, moral movements. Man moves materially. Material movements mean motions made muscularly, mechanically. Man's mechanics move as man's mind mandates. Mere mechanical-man, muscular-man, means microcosmic majesty, but man's moral mentality, mysteriously manifests man's Mighty Maker's magnificent, matchless majesty. Mind manifestations mean mentation, mystery, method, municipal management, music, melody, multifarious manufactures, market manipulations, Marconi messages, macadamization, motor movements, mechanical mastery, metallic mixtures, muscular motions mentally mandated, maritime maneuvers, magnetic mastery. Men's mental missteps mean misery, morbidity, moroseness, many moon's mournful meditations. Man's mind mismanaged means mental mirages, miserable miserliness, mean marriages. Many men marry mistakenly, merely marking mean mentality, moral mismanagement. Miserable marriages mean morbid mouthings, misleading marital mirages, moral missteps, monotonous months, mean moments, miserable meetings. Mean, malicious, morally morbid, meddling marplots make many marriage mates miserable, mouthing mendacious misstatements, manufacturing mean messages, making matrons mutely meditate mauling mysterious maidens who merrily manipulate meager-minded men. Methodistical, Menonite maidens, meditating many men's malodorous matrimonial mishaps, mercilessly meditate maidenhood, mocking marriage misfits. Maidens morally, mentally, muscularly married, majestically move matronward, meeting motherhood merrily. Mighty Majestic Mind made Maiden Mary's motherhood mysteriously materialize. Moral

man's meditations magnify Maiden Mary's marvelous motherhood. Mans', matrons', maidens' managed mentations mean mentally-manipulated meritorious monogamous marriages, making mates materially merry, managing maternity modernly. Moreover, man's managed mentations mean mercantile might, maritime majesty, masterly mechanics, monkish manuscripts, marble mansions, moon maps, martial maneuvers, military marchings, magnificent masquerades, mail movements, mystic materializations, mathematical mazes, Maypole maidens, molded medals, modern medicine, megalithic monuments, musical megaphones, melodramatic monologues, man's melioration, mellow memories, Mennonite missionaries, merciful mandatories, Messianic masses, metaphysical messages, mighty metaphors, metaphrastic metamorphoses, metallic mercuries, marvelous metropolises, Methodistic morals, monks' meditations, Mohammedan mosques, miniature minarets, masterful ministers, miraculous mirrors, martial mobilizations, multiplied musicians, marble mosaics, meaningful mottoes. Mendelssohn made manifold music, monkish masses, modulated madrigals, mincing minuets, military marches. Moor mountebanks make money monkey-shining. Melancthon's managed mentality materialized moral mottoes, manuscripts, mandates, mental manna for mighty monarchs, manifold multitudes. Macbeth's moral missteps materialized manichean morbidity, malignant moroseness, murderous manifestations, maniacal madness. Merry Maryland's melody moves men's, matrons', maidens' muscular movements mightily. More meditation might materialize many more m-made mental meanderings.

SOUL SUBLIME

Spirit sees spirit surely. Spirit shuns sensuous symbols, shibboleths, signs, sins. Spirit seeks serenity, sociability, salvation, supreme spiritual standards, splendid sympathy, starlike success. Sin, sensuality, sear, singe, scorch, send suffering, sorrow, sadness. Spirit, soul, soaring supremely, senses slumber soundly. Senses sleep, spirit solves. Soul subjects senses securely—sight, sound, smell, space—storing spirit secrets, sweet sounds, soulful sympathy. Spirit sends soul starward seeking spirit's shoreless, shining seas sublimely serene. Soul survives sense's subjugation. Soul seeks successful solutions such staggerers as syncopation, syncretism, syndicalism, symbiosis, symmetricalism, synesthesia, synovitis, syringomyelia, strumæ, stronglyidæ, strobilation, stock swindling, solfatara, solaria, Sivaism, Shintoism, sisymbriums, siphonophora, shunning shilly-shallying, sloppy senti-

mentality, slippery sneakiness, sulky slovenliness, secret sinfulness, shekel stealing, saucy slandering.

One might write a "Wordy Wabble on Women," telling how "women wheedle wary woodmen woefully in western, wild Wyoming and Washington. Warring, waspish women wear war-paint wielding willow wands whackingly when weary Willies wantonly waste wages," and so on. Or he could picture Dauntless Daniel daringly defying Desperate Desmond. A war correspondent might have gained fame a few years ago had he headed his German letter: "Blatant Billy Blusteringly, Belligerently, Bellows Braggingly," and later he might have told how "British bulldogs beat Billy's bragging, brutal, bullying battalions; beneficently, benignly, beautifully backing beleaguered Belgium's bruised, but brave batteries. Billy bemoaned beaten battalions, but Bulldog Britain beamed benignly, bantering Billy's Brunswick backers, bagging Billy's belongings, bogging Billy's boasted footsteps. Britain's bulldogs made bragging, boasting Billy bow bendingly before bully belligerents."

Let not the intellectual student deem this kind of exercise too frivolous. It will be of far greater benefit to him than he is aware, especially if he will read and reread his alliterations, with clear understanding, in accordance with the principles laid down in the earlier part of Chapter I.

Of a different type, but equally useful as exercises in composition, and intelligent and carefully articulated reading, are such compositions as the following. Let the student try to make up something of the kind descriptive of a battle, a rain-storm, an earthquake, etc.

A man whose vocabulary seems to be unlimited when he desires to describe conditions, and whose nights were made sleepless by a switch engine, recently wrote as follows to the railroad company:

Is it absolutely necessary, in discharge of his duty day and night, that the engineer of your yard at the upper terminal bridge should make his engine ding and dong and fizz and spit and clang and bang and buzz and hiss and bell and wail and pant and rant and yowl and grate and grind and puff and bump and click and clank and chug and moan and hoot and toot and crash and grunt and gasp and groan and whistle and wheeze and squawk and blow and jar and perk and rasp and jingle and twang and clack and rumble and jangle and ring and clatter and yelp and croak and howl and hum and snarl and puff and growl and thump and boom and clash and jolt and jostle and shake and screech and snort and snarl and slam and shake and throb and crink and quiver and rumble and roar and rattle and yell and smoke and smell and shriek like hell?—*Labor Clarion*, 1916.

THE HABIT OF SWALLOWING THE "G"

The Problem

It is strange why so many people fail to sound the "ing" ending clearly when in reality to do so requires less effort than not to. There is no better way of describing it than the swallowing of the "g."

Let us take the word "running" and determine the action of the tongue in the proper and improper enunciation of the "ing."

1. Repeat it as "runnin'" and note the position of the tongue tip at the end of the word. You will find it pressed against the roof of the mouth just back of the upper front teeth. You will also note that the vowel sound "i" is changed to "u."

2. Now repeat "running." You will discover the mouth is more open, and the tongue tip just back of the *lower* front teeth, and the pure vowel quality of "i" is retained.

Evil Effects

There are three serious effects upon the person who persists in swallowing his "g's":

1. It causes a restricted throat, and consequently a tired one.

2. It causes a stoppage of pure tone, and consequently develops nasality.

3. It shows a lack of care and culture.

Practice Exercises

Repeat the following exercises with distinctness and precision:

1. Beng, bang, bawng, bahng, bong, boong.
2. Deng, dang, dawng, dahng, dong, doong.
3. Feng, fang, fawng, fahng, fong, foong.
4. Geng, gang, gawng, gahng, gong, goong, (Hard "g" sound.)
5. Heng, hang, hawng, hahng, hong, hoong.
6. Jeng, jang, jawng, jahng, jong, joong.
7. Keng, kang, kawng, kahng, kong, koong.
8. Leng, lang, lawng, lahng, long, loong.
9. Meng, mang, mawng, mahng, mong, moong.
10. Peng, pang, pawng, pahng, pong, poong.
11. Qeng, qang, qawng, qahng, qong, qoong.
12. Reng, rang, rawng, rahng, rong, roong.
13. Seng, sang, sawng, sahng, song, soong.
14. Teng, tang, tawng, tahng, tong, toong.
15. Veng, vang, vawng, vahng, vong, voong.
16. Weng, wang, wawng, wahng, wong, woong.
17. Yeng, yang, yawng, yahng, yong, yoong.

HOW THE WATER COMES DOWN AT LODORE

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

Receding and speeding, and shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting, and threading and spreading,
 And whizzing and hissing, and dripping and skipping,
 And brightening and whitening, and quivering and shivering,
 And hitting and splitting, and shining and twining,
 And rattling and battling, and shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring, and waving and raving,

And tossing and crossing, and flowing and growing,
And running and stunning, and hurrying and scurrying,
And glittering and flittering, and gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning, and foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping, and working and jerking,
And gurgling and struggling, and heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering:
And falling and crawling, and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
And so never ending but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending;
All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And in this way the water comes down at Lodore.

—*Abridged.*

OVERCOMING THE RISING INFLECTION

One of the most effective elements of convincing speech is the *inflection*.

By *inflection* is meant the glide of the voice to a higher or lower pitch. This glide may be quick and short, or long and slow. It may be a rising or falling glide, or both.

Complaints are constantly being made against the improper use of the "rising inflection." This misuse of one of the most

invaluable agencies for forceful utterance is persistently indulged in by the majority of students. It is a common fault.

Its disastrous effect does not lie merely in ineffectiveness of speech, yet that in itself ought to be sufficient cause for its cure, but rather in its destructibility of the pupil's will-power and self-confidence. The pupil who has persisted in answering with a question mark in his voice is indelibly marked. He is likely to be dependent instead of independent and dependable; he is groping in the dark for a crutch in order to keep his mental balance.

The most flagrant causes for such improper and inexcusable speech may be enumerated under two heads:

On the Part of the Pupil

The pupil is not sure of the answer.

The pupil wishes to please the teacher.

The pupil is not sure he has answered enough.

The pupil fears he will make a mistake.

The pupil waits for the teacher to verify his answer.

The pupil is not sure of what he intends to say.

The pupil does not believe what he says. He is in doubt.

The pupil does not concentrate.

The pupil is careless and lazy.

On the Part of the Teacher

The teacher throws out suggestive hints of the answer and the pupil answers in guesses.

The teacher's question has not been clearly put.

The teacher has not definitely planned the lesson and consequently uses the rising inflection too often.

The teacher does not demand definite and clear thought from pupils.

The teacher accepts slovenly work.

The teacher grows calloused to the sound of the inflection because of its never ceasing recurrence.

Is it not a lamentable fact that our schools have not given the proper attention to eradicating this common and inexcusable fault? Even in business and society the cultured ear is continually annoyed by the common use of this abomination.

It is almost unbelievable that, out of twenty-five teachers recently examined, but two were able to distinguish the good and bad qualities of their own voices. Few teachers have ever given serious thought to their own voices as invaluable instruments in the carrying out of their duties.

At one time one of the authors made a careful study of the effect of the teacher's voice upon pupils. He visited the same grade at the same hour on the same day in two different weeks and in two different school-rooms. This is what he found.

In the first room the children were extremely nervous, restless, unhappy and irritable. In the other room they were quiet, restful, obedient and happy. In the first room the teacher used a hard metallic tone, and usually spoke in quick, short "jabs" of speech. There was little modulation of voice and she seemed to be talking continuously, for when she was silent her harsh tones seemed to continue reverberating in his ears.

In the second room the teacher had splendid poise and a pleasing, well-modulated and natural tone. Her voice as well as her general manner had a soothing effect upon the children, for, at the end of the day, they, as well as herself, were not tired.

How often we hear people around us say of a public speaker: 'Why doesn't he speak so that people can hear him? or more clearly and distinctly? etc.

During the training of would-be officers for our speedily required army quite a number were passed as incompetent because their voices were inadequate to give command. Only recently one of the authors was present at a high school military drill. The boy in command had a high, piping voice, of

which he had little control, and he was openly laughed at by his fellows to his intense mortification and disgust. A good voice, properly trained and obedient to the will of the personality behind it is an invaluable asset in life to every one.

If one does not possess it, he must gain it, and to accomplish this theory is of little or no avail. The student must practice diligently and persistently. The following exercises are carefully selected for the purpose of giving power and voice control.

Exercises in Inflectional Agility

The Rising, Quick, Short Glide

Note: The italicized words are to be given quick, short, rising inflection.

Attention.

Get on your mark! get set! *go!*
Company, *halt!*
Get ready, aim, *fire!*
Hands *up!*
Halt! who goes there?
Strike *one*, strike *two*; *out!*
All *aboard!*

Good night!

Sail *on!* Sail *on!* and *on!*
O James! come *here!* come *here!*
Charge, Chester, *charge!*
On, Stanley, *on!*
Hats *off!* hats *off!* I say.
Now's *the day* and now's *the hour!*

"Yo, *ho*, lads! yo *ho*, yo *ho!*
Joy, joy *to all*, for we must *go*,
Yo *ho*, lads! yo *ho*, yo *ho!*"

"I love, *ah!* how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting *tide.*"

"To *arms!* they *come!* the *Greek!* the *Greek!*"

"Remember *March*, the ides of *March* *remember.*"

"Give us, O give us, the man who *sings* at his work!"

The Counting Exercise

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

(This exercise can be carried on indefinitely.)

Indicate the Inflected Words in the Following Excerpts

We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States of America.

Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing an exact man.—FRANCIS BACON: "Of Studies."

He prayeth well who loveth well
 Both man, and bird, and beast.

—S. T. COLERIDGE: "Ancient Mariner."

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
 So near is God to man,
 When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
 The youth replies, "I can."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Falling, Quick, Short Glide

Note: Italicized words are given quick and short falling inflections.

Hold that *line*, hold that *line*, hold that *line hard*.

Good *night* (a provincialism, meaning disgust or hopelessness).

"Hence! *home*, you idle creature; get you *home*!"

"I am a *Jew*."

"Laughed at my *losses*, mocked at my *gains*, scorned my *nation*, thwarted my *bargains*, cooled my *friends*, heated mine *enemies*."

Indicate the Inflected Words in the Following Excerpts

Quoth the raven, "Never more."
 O death, where is thy sting!
 No stir in the air, no stir in the sea.
 Leave me to my fate.
 My heart is awed within me.
 Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
 Full fathom five thy father lies.

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

—TENNYSON.

"The noise that twenty or thirty lions can make, deliberately bent on making it and roaring all at once, is unbelievable. They throw their heads up and glory in strength of lungs until thunder takes second place, and the listener knows why not the bravest, not the most dangerous of beasts has managed to impose the fable of his grandeur on men's imagination."—TALBOT MUNDY, in "The Ivory Trail."

We're foot—slog—slog—slog—sloggin' over Africa!
 Foot—foot—foot—foot—sloggin' over Africa—
 (Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up and down again!)
 There's no discharge in the war!

Seven—six—eleven—five—nine-an'-twenty mile to-day—
 Four—eleven—seventeen—thirty-two the day before—
 (Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up and down again!)
 There's no discharge in the war!

Don't—don't—don't—don't—look at what's in front of you
 (Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up an' down again!)
 Men—men—men—men—men go mad with watchin' 'em,
 An' there's no discharge in the war!

—KIPLING.

The Rising Long and Slow Glide

Note: The italicized words are given a long, slow, upward glide.

"Now, then," cried Squeers, from the bottom of the stairway, "are you going to sleep *all day, up there?*"

*Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well*
—SCOTT.

*Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.*
—SHELLEY.

*Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.*
—SHAKESPEARE.

Indicate the Inflected Words in the Following Excerpts

There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age.

They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth.

He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory;

a display that reflects the highest honor on himself—luster upon letters—renown upon parliament—glory upon the country.—BURKE, on “Sheridan.”

Better to smell the violet cool	Better to sit at a master's feet
Than sip the glowing wine;	Than thrill a listening state;
Better to hark a hidden brook	Better suspect that thou art proud
Than watch a diamond shine.	Than be sure that thou art great.

The Falling Long and Slow Inflection

Note: The italicized words are given a long, slow, downward glide:

Whoever would *have thought of that!*
 Yes, it is gone *forever and ever.*
 Well, *did you ever!*

Under the one, *the Blue;*
 Under the other, *the Gray.*

No, sir! these walls, these columns
 Shall fly
 From their firm base *as soon as I.*

These are the sins I fain
 Would have thee *take away:*
Malice, and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
 Scorn of *the lowly*, envy of *the great*,
 And discontent that casts *a shadow gray*
 On all the brightness of *the common day.*

Indicate the Inflected Words in the Following Excerpts

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
 Upon the monarch's silken stool;
 His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
 Be merciful to me, a fool!"

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble, and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her.

He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man
deserved less at her hands.

Tell me not in mournful numbers.

I told you so. And you will, will you?

The Hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man!

It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after an hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

—LONGFELLOW.

Exercises Containing a Variety of Inflections

Let each pupil decide for himself what he believes to be the most effective and proper inflections in the following. In doing this it is well to have him state his reason. This act of reasoning will aid him in concentrating upon the thought matter.

The cold feeble dawn of a January morning was stealing in at the windows of the common sleeping room, when Nicholas, raising himself on his arm, looked among the prostrate forms in search of the boy Smike.

"Now, then," cried Squeer, from the bottom of the stairway, "are you going to sleep all day, up there?"

"We shall be down directly, sir."

"Down directly! You had better be down directly, or I'll be down on some of you in less time than directly. Where's that Smike?"

Nicholas looked round again.

"He is not here, sir."

"Don't tell me a lie. He is."

"He is not. Don't tell me."

Squeers bounced into the dormitory, and, swinging his cane in the air ready for a blow, darted into the corner where Smike usually lay at night. The cane descended harmlessly. There was nobody there.

"What does this mean? Where have you hid him?"

"I have seen nothing of him since last night."

"Come, you won't save him this way. Where is he?"

"At the bottom of the nearest pond for anything I know."—CHARLES DICKENS.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel-raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concenter'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

—SCOTT.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No: *men*—high-minded *men*,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.

—SIR WILLIAM JONES.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god!—
SHAKESPEARE.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—SHAKESPEARE.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
—SHAKESPEARE.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress's eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacle on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

These are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help bear the traveler's load,
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

—VAN DYKE.

These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadows of cloud that swiftly pass,
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth,—
And best of all, along the way, friendship and mirth.

—VAN DYKE.

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

—BROWNING.

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unawares,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now!

—BROWNING.

Day!
 Faster and more fast,
 O'er night's brim, day boils at last:
 Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
 Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
 For not a froth-flake touched the rim
 Of yonder gap in the solid gray
 Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
 But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
 Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
 Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
 Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

—BROWNING.

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
 When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
 Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
 Such whispering to and fro.
 And "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked;
 "'Tis time to start, you know."
 "Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
 "I'll follow as soon as you go."
 Then, "Ha! Ha! Ha!" a chorus came
 Of laughter soft and low
 From the millions of flowers under the ground—
 Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

—From "*Nature in Verse*." By kind permission of
Silver, Burdett and Company, Publishers.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

—TENNYSON.

Such a starved bank of moss till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across: violets were born!
Sky—what a scowl of cloud till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud: splendid, a star!
World—how it walled about life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out: that was thy face!

—BROWNING.

The brooklet came from the mountain,
As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver
Over the sands of gold!

Far away in the briny ocean
There rolled a turbulent wave,
Now singing along the sea-beach,
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,
Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness
That turbulent, bitter heart.

—LONGFELLOW.

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

Marcellus. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Bernardo. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Marcellus. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Bernardo. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Horatio. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Bernardo. It would be spoke to.

Marcellus. Question it, Horatio.

Horatio. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!

Marcellus. It is offended.

Bernardo. See, it stalks away!

Horatio. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! [*Exit Ghost.*]

Marcellus. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bernardo. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than phantasy?
What think you on't?

—SHAKESPEARE.

Gloucester. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Gloucester. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys . . .
Unmannered dog! stand thou, when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Brutus. What, Lucius! ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near the day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?

Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Lucius. I will, my lord.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Note: The following is good for the direct question and direct answer:

- Question.* Hold you the watch to-night?
Answer. We do, my lord.
Question. Arm'd, say you?
Answer. Arm'd, my lord.
Question. From top to toe?
Answer. My lord, from head to foot.
Question. Then saw you not his face?
Answer. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Question. What, look'd he frowningly?
Answer. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Question. Pale, or red?
Answer. Nay, very pale.
Question. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Answer. Most constantly . . .
Question. Stay'd it long?
Answer. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred. . . .
Question. His beard was grizzled? no?
Answer. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
 A sable silver'd.

—SHAKESPEARE (dialogue between Hamlet, Marcellus and Bernardo).

“Yo ho, my boys!” said Fezziwig. “No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson!”

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race-horses.

“Hilli-ho!” cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk, with wonderful agility. “Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho! Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!”—DICKENS.

What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

I thank thee, good Tubal!—good news, good news! ha, ha!—Where? In Genoa?

EXERCISES DEVELOPING FORCE AND RATE OF SPEECH

The Problem

Here is a classification of people who speak peculiarly, or incorrectly, *as far as voice is concerned*, with exercises for correction.

1. There are those who speak too fast.
2. There are those who speak too slow.
3. There are those who speak too low.
4. There are those who speak too loud.
5. There are those who speak too short with no melody of tone.

Yet all of these may enunciate and pronounce their words well. Besides developing distinctness, we must gain *control* and *adaptability* of speech. It is strange, yet true, that many speakers never increase the force or volume of their voices when addressing a large assembly. They use the same quiet, even tone appropriate in addressing a single person. What is the result? They generally bore the audience, even though their thoughts may be brilliant. There is no excuse for this, as a few hours' study and practice will change it. Above all things one who attempts public speaking must speak so that he can be heard. It is essential, therefore, to give ourselves actual practice exercises which demand force of utterance. Each student should demand of himself daily oral drill upon certain exercises until he has mastered his own particular difficulty.

The best means of accomplishing this is to use material from good literature. In the following pages, under several heads, is a variety of splendid exercises for practice. Commit all, or at least a part, to memory. Thus, while developing your speaking power, you will be cultivating a taste for the best that our literature affords.

To Develop Rapid Speech

Note: In developing rapid speech be careful to retain clearness and precision of utterance.

Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like hail-stones,
 Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a shower,
 Now in two-fold column Spondee, Iamb, and Trochee,
 Unbroke, firm-set, advance, retreat, trampling along,—
 Now with a sprightlier springingness, bounding in triplicate syllables,
 Dance the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences on;
 Now their voluminous coil intertangling like huge anacondas,
 Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.

—BROWNING.

(The above should be rendered in not less than eighteen seconds.)

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile—
 You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—
 You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,
 And play it in an Equatorial swamp.
 I travel with the cooking-pots and pails—
 I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork—
 And when the dusty column checks and tails,
 You should hear me spur the rearguard to a walk!
 With my "Pilly-willy-winky-winky popp!"
 (Oh, it's any tune that comes into my head!)
 So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop;
 So I play 'em up to water and to bed.

—KIPLING.

Under his spurning feet, the road,
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flow'd
 And the landscape sped away behind
 Like an ocean flying before the wind;
 And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire,
 Swept on, with his wild eye full of ire.
 But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
 He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away.

—READ.

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
 Rescue my castle before the hot day
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.
 Boot, saddle, to horse, and away! —BROWNING.

A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
 That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
 The fate of a nation was riding that night;
 And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
 Kindled the land into flame with its heat. —LONGFELLOW.

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
 There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar? —SCOTT.

And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser,
 Wherein all plunged and perished!
 —BROWNING.

To Develop Slow Speech

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all the pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

—KIPLING

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-dealers trade—
Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?
Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-scented glade
When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap through?
It is there that I am going with my camphor, net, and boxes,
To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—
To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-foxes,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world he's overdue!
'Send the road is clear before you when the Springfret comes
o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

—KIPLING.

Who hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water unbounded—
The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the comber
wind-hounded?
The sleek-barreled swell before storm, gray, foamless, enormous, and
growing—
Stark calm on the lap of the Line or the crazy-eyed hurricane blowing—
His Sea in no showing the same—his Sea and the same 'neath each
showing—
His Sea as she slackens or thrills?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise—hillmen desire their Hills!

—KIPLING.

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
 Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
 When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
 Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

On a quiet autumn morning, in the land which he loved so well, and, as he held, served so faithfully, the spirit of Robert Edward Lee left the clay which it had so much ennobled, and traveled out of this world into the great and mysterious land.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
 With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
 The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
 The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
 A year ago on this very day.

—BROWNING.

Toll for the brave!
 The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore!

—WILLIAM COWPER.

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

—TENNYSON.

Toll! Toll!
 Toll! Toll!
 All rivers seaward wend.
 Toll! Toll!
 Toll! Toll!
 Weep for the nation's friend.
 Every home and hall was shrouded,
 Every thoroughfare was still;
 Every brow was darkly clouded,
 Every heart was faint and chill.

Oh! the inky drop of poison
 In our bitter draught of grief!
 Oh! the sorrow of a nation
 Mourning for its murdered chief!

Toll! Toll!
 Toll! Toll!
 Bound is the reaper's sheaf—
 Toll! Toll!
 Toll! Toll!
 All mortal life is brief.
 Toll! Toll!
 Toll! Toll!
 Weep for the nation's chief!
 —CARMICHAEL.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
 Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the
 moonlight,
 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
 —LONGFELLOW.

To Develop Loud Speech

The great bell swung as ne'er before:
 It seemed as it would never cease;
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was "War! War! WAR!"
 —T. B. READ.

Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court.
 Where is that infernal boy?
 As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.
 A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse.
 Jove with us, Jove with us!
 Forward, the Light Brigade.
 A light! A light! A light! A light!

The words leapt like a leaping sword:
 "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford or swim.
 Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb by the cliff.
 Does the tempest cry "halt"? What are tempests to him?
 The Service admits not a "but" or an "if."
 While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear without fail,
 In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

—KIPLING.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome home again!
 Hail! Hail! Oh, sacred forms, how proud you look!
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!
 How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!

.

Ye are the things that tower, that shine,—whose smile
 Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
 Of awe divine, whose subject never kneels
 In mockery, because it is your boast
 To keep him free! Ye guards of liberty,
 I'm with you once again! I call to you
 With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
 To show they still are free!

—KNOWLES ("William Tell").

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered.

—TENNYSON.

Hurrah! the land is safe, is safe; it rallies from the shock!
Ring round, ring round, ye merry bells, till every steeple rock!
Let trumpets blow and mad drums beat! let maidens scatter flowers!
The sun bursts through the battle smoke! Hurrah! the day is ours!

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head:
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.
A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

To Develop Melody of Speech

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference,—as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery: these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—SHAKESPEARE.

I dip and I surge and I swing
 In the rip of the racing tide,
 By the gates of doom I sing,
 On the horns of death I ride.
 A ship-length overside,
 Between the course and the sand,
 Fretted and bound I bide
 Peril whereof I cry.
 Would I change with my brother a league inland?
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!
 —KIPLING ("The Bell Buoy").

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark;
 I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
 I float till all is dark.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
 "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
 Only this, and nothing more."

—POE.

Heigh, ho! heigh, ho! unto the green holly: most friendship is feign-
 ing, most loving mere folly: then, heigh, ho! the holly! this life is most
 jolly.—SHAKESPEARE.

Waken, lord and ladies gay,
 On the mountains dawns the day;
 All the jolly chase is here
 With hawk and horse and hunting-spear;
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
 Merrily, merrily mingle they,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay.

—SCOTT.

And the humming-bird, that hung
Like a jewel up among
The tilted honey-suckle-horns,
They mesmerized, and swung
In the palpitating air,
Drowsed with odors strange and rare,
And, with whispered laughter, slipped away,
And left him hanging there.

.
By the brook with mossy brink
Where the cattle came to drink,
They thrilled and piped and whistled
With the thrush and bobolink,
Till the kine, in listless pause,
Switched their tails in mute applause,
With lifted heads, and dreamy eyes,
And bubble-dripping jaws.

—RILEY.

It was a lover and his lass
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino!
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

—SHAKESPEARE.

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'er-run
With the deluge of summer it receives.

—LOWELL.

O wonderful! How liquid clear
The molten gold of that ethereal tone,
Floating and falling through the wood alone,
A hermit-hymn poured out for God to hear!

—VAN DYKE.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I;
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,
 The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it,
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
 As up and down the beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I.

—CELIA THAXTER.

If all the skies were sunshine,
 Our faces would be fain
 To feel once more upon them
 The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music,
 Our hearts would often long
 For one sweet strain of silence,
 To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
 Our souls would seek relief,
 And rest from weary laughter
 In the quiet arms of grief.

—VAN DYKE.

When May bedecks the naked trees
 With tassels and embroideries,
 And many blue-eyed violets beam
 Along the edges of the stream,
 I hear a voice that seems to say,
 Now near at hand, now far away,
"Witchery—witchery—witchery."

—VAN DYKE.

Oh, the throb of the screw and the beat of the screw
 And the swinging of the ship as she finds the sea.
 Oh, the haze of the land as it sinks from view,
 The land that is dear since it harbors you.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.

Wee folks, good folks,
Trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall
 Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea-bud crown
 Low adown and around,
And I should look like a fountain of gold
 Springing alone
 With a shrill inner sound,
 Over the throne
 In the midst of the hall;
Till that great sea-snake under the sea
From his coiled sleep in the central deeps
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate
With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

Who would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?

I would be a merman bold,
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower;
And holding them back by their flowing locks.
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kissed me
Laughingly, laughingly;
And then we would away, away
To the pale-green sea-groves straight and high,
Chasing each other merrily.

—TENNYSON.

CHAPTER VII

CORRECTION OF SPEECH DEFECTS

IN addition to the ordinary faults and failings in speech possessed by many in common, there are the special and specific defects, such as stammering, stuttering, lisping, and the like. Every defective is to be pitied, as many professions and occupations are of such a nature as practically to bar men and women who cannot speak well. There are the social and ethical handicaps, also, to be considered, as well as that of economics. The defective speech of a child renders him the butt of his playmates' rude and often brutal jokes. The sensitive is thus driven away from society. He becomes a solitary and not infrequently his life is ruined.

Speaking of the stutterer, one who is not afflicted by this disease (for so authorities have determined it to be), cannot realize what a terrible life he lives. Dr. Scripture, of Columbia University, New York City, who is one of the greatest authorities on this subject, says: "One boy often threw himself on the floor, begging his mother to tell him how to die. Another boy asked for a letter to his father, telling him to keep the other children from laughing at him. Many stutterers become so sensitive that they imagine everybody is constantly making fun of them. The life of a stutterer is usually so full of sorrow that it can hardly be said to be worth living."¹

The speech delinquent is shy, timid, super-sensitive, constantly harboring the thought that people are laughing at him. He gradually shuns society, lives unto himself, and in many

¹ Scripture, "Stuttering and Lisping," p. 3.

instances becomes morally depraved. He contracts a morbid outlook upon life in general, and often is driven to criminality. This statement is no exaggeration. The Board of Education in New York City, after thorough investigation, found that “one school child in four suffers from speech defect,” and that “among boy criminals, nine in ten suffer from the same malady.”

In the Grand Rapids schools classes for the sole purpose of correcting speech defects were organized.

The mechanical arrangement was as follows: Twelve classes were arranged for in five different schools with *a half hour a day* for each class. The children were grouped according to age, kind of defect, etc., and a teacher with special training for the correction of speech was sent from school to school to give the instruction.

Our plans for this year (1918) are practically the same as for last excepting that we have more special teachers and will be able to reach a greater number of schools and give more time to individual cases. . . . During the school year of 1916-17, we had under instruction 107 children and obtained the following results:

	Normal	Almost Normal	Improved	Total
Stuttering	8	10	18	36
Organic Lispng ..	12	4	3	19
Negligent Lispng..	24	5		29
Neurotic Lispng..	3	4	5	12
Nasality	3			3
Miscellaneous	3	1		4
Indistinct	2	1	1	4
	<hr/> 55	<hr/> 25	<hr/> 27	<hr/> 107

This year we will have under instruction of our special teachers about 250 children, and in addition to this we hope to work for correction and prevention of speech-defects in general by giving instruction in voice culture and corrective phonetics to all of the children of the primary grades. This work will be done by the grade teachers under the supervision of the speech department.¹

¹ Pauline B. Camp, “Correction of Speech Defects in a Public School System.” “The Quarterly Journal of Public Speaking” for October, 1917, p. 304.

THE PROBLEM

A person with a slight impediment in his speech, due probably to some minor organic disorder, could be much helped by the average teacher, if the latter would give this subject of speech serious consideration. Of course there are cases where, from birth, the child's speech organs have been impaired, and again, disease or some surgical operation may have caused interference with their proper functioning. In such cases as these a speech specialist is needed and often medical aid as well.

We do not presume to suggest with any degree of authority just what to do and what not to do in such extremities, but rather to present a few fundamental and tried principles which have proved successful in many cases. There are two classes whose speech defects are due to some mental cause—the Stammerers and the Stutterers.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE STAMMERER

The stammerer finds it extremely difficult to begin to make any audible vocal sound. He stares blankly at you with a very slight, if any, suggestion that he is trying to speak. For the time being he is a mute, with no power to speak, and yet with every means of speaking. This is a pitiful condition in which to be.

The next stage finds the stammerer able, after a snapping of his fingers, or bending of his knees, or lifting up of a foot, or swinging his arms, or after some similar bodily action, to speak along smoothly with no suggestion of an impediment for a considerable period of time, after which he again lapses into silence. The following characteristics are common to most stammerers:

1. He is inclined to speak too fast when started.
2. He has no control over his breathing.

3. He often endeavors to speak during inhalation instead of during exhalation.
4. He is extremely sensitive, always fearing that he is making a mistake.
5. His face usually carries an expression of bitter sorrow and despair.
6. He is usually intensely grateful to any one for a kind word of help.
7. He tries with the utmost skill to conceal his defect.
8. He is usually weak physically.
9. He is usually of a nervous temperament.
10. He usually possesses splendid courage and high ideals, which too often are destroyed because he cannot accomplish them with this weight of halting speech about his neck.

THE STUTTERER

The stutterer, unlike the stammerer, is able to make an audible sound at will. His difficulty lies in his inability to say more than one sound until he has repeated the initial sound from six to fifteen times. It seems that he must get up a certain amount of speech momentum: "B-b-b-bring me th-th-th-that b-b-b-book." Or, "W-w-w-well, I think it is a v-v-v-very fine day."

In a large measure the causes of stuttering and stammering are identical. Stammering is stuttering in the superlative degree. What is true of the stammerer is also true of the stutterer, with the exception that the stutterer is less melancholy, and less conscious of his defect.

For both, or either, practice in simple exercises is very necessary, but before specific training is given, the defective should be interviewed concerning his health. If a boy or girl is not given sufficient food and proper food (and such is often the case), there is small chance for speech improvement. Oft-

entimes it is found that these speech delinquents are playing too hard and wasting the nervous energy which should be utilized in mastering their vocal impediment.

The most successful way of handling these problems is to have the defectives placed in separate classes according to their particular needs and ages. Then get a physician's diagnosis of each individual case. This diagnosis generally gives the special teacher the knowledge necessary for intelligent correction. The teacher must be patient, gentle, sympathetic and yet determined. She herself must possess ease and real enjoyment in speaking.

Practice Exercises

1. Speech defectives must first learn how to relax. They should spend at least ten minutes daily at home lying flat on their backs concentrating the mind on separate parts until the whole body is completely relaxed. This relaxation exercise can and should be carried on daily. At school, a similar though modified exercise should be attempted.

2. They must master diaphragmatic breathing. This exercise should follow the relaxation exercise, for the best results are obtained while lying on the back; the next best while sitting erect.

- (a) Inhale slowly, filling lower lobes of lungs first, and then the upper part of chest. While doing this count ten mentally; exhale, counting ten mentally. Repeat five times.
- (b) Inhale ten counts again, hold breath five counts, exhale ten counts. Repeat five times.
- (c) Inhale slightly, then purse lips to impede the air as it passes out; now give one short puff with spasmodic contraction of abdomen. Repeat five times, inhaling slightly before each puff.
- (d) Inhale deeply, then give one long puff with continuous

contraction of the abdomen. Repeat five times, inhaling deeply before each puff.

3. Tone production should follow breathing exercises.

- (a) Count orally 1-1-1-1-1 with spasmodic abdominal contraction. Repeat five times. Be sure that breath is taken in after each count.
- (b) Count orally 1-1-1-1-1 with continuous abdominal contraction. Repeat five times.
- (c) Inhale deeply and count orally 1 to 10, stressing every other count. Some students cannot do this unless the teacher keeps time with ruler as a baton, striking some object. Others can only do this by walking slowly, repeating a count on every other footfall. Repeat five times.
- (d) Select a lyric with marked rhythm and read in concert in sing-song style. Repeat each stanza five times, giving marked pulsation to each accented syllable. Tennyson's "Song of the Brook" is especially good for this purpose.
- (e) Take a simple prose selection and mark it off in thought groups, and then read slowly and measuredly in concert, giving a fairly long pause between each group. Hamlet's "Instructions to the Players," and Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" are splendid for such work.

When the defective has learned to speak fluently memorized work, then he should be taught confidence in simple conversational exercises. This work should be, so far as possible, voluntary on the part of the pupil. Let the class form a circle, each one sitting with a sense of ease and relaxation and then, as they are inclined, take part in conversing on some simple, interesting topic. Some will have to be urged to participate while others find great delight in such work.

In regard to training in enunciation, this work has been

found to be more successful when given late in the development of the defective. After he has gained confidence in speech ability and cultivated, to some degree, real enjoyment in voice production, he is better prepared to consider this more or less purely technical training. In very extreme cases, however, it will be found necessary to begin speech instruction with him as you would teach a child. Such students must be taught the proper control of lips, tongue and jaw, as though they had never learned speech at all.

Experts who have devoted a lifetime to the study of speech evils and their remedy find a large variety of causes for them, as well as immense diversity in manifestation. One may seem to be born with a tendency to stammering, stuttering or lisp-ing; another can trace the habit to a fright, to imitation, to some exhaustive disease, to nervous timidity, to self-consciousness. But whatever the cause, or however the evil manifests itself, it is a living nightmare, a dreadful, ever-present burden to its victim. Hence parents and teachers should seriously endeavor to correct the habit as speedily as it is discovered. For if it be long-continued it is almost sure to produce shyness, timidity, lack of necessary self-reliance, even moroseness, sullenness and other consequences of perpetual unhappiness.

At the outset let it be understood clearly that all harshness, unkindness, or severity of treatment in word or deed, adds to the evil and renders it more difficult of eradication. The victim of the habit is to be sympathized with, and lovingly encouraged. Yet promptness, firmness and persistency are essential in the production of a cure. The following suggestions should be put into practice, but seldom or never in the presence of strangers, or at any time when they would heighten the sufferer's embarrassment. They must also be followed with happy cheerfulness.

1. When a victim of one of these habits begins to stammer or stutter, stop him immediately, and say pleasantly but firmly

and crisply, "Stop!" Then command: "Take a deep breath! Now hold it! Now think of what you want to say—each word!" Then allow the stutterer to let out his breath; then inhale again deeply, and begin his speech. If he fails, see that he begins again. Practice this as often as you can. Exercises can also be made up, following the same procedure, that will be of incalculable benefit, as, for instance, taking a deep breath, then repeating as much of the alphabet as is possible before breathing again.

2. Cultivate slowness of speech. Insist upon words being spoken slowly, with great distinctness and clearness of articulation. The moment stuttering begins, issue the commands: "Stop! Deep breath; think; breathe out, breathe in; now!" Let the teacher say his words very slowly and constantly encourage the pupil to do the same.

3. Cultivate the habit of rapid thinking. This can be done by a series of exercises played as games if necessary. For instance: "The Game of Names." The teacher says, "Flower!" The pupil replies, "Rose." If the teacher has a list ready he can call out his names as quickly as possible, such as, Animal, Tree, Water, Bird, Dog, etc., while the pupil responds, Horse, Oak, River, Sparrow, Bulldog, etc. The interest can be increased by repeating a generic term, requiring a different species for answer. Flower, Animal, Tree, Water, etc., can have a score or more of different answers.

Another exercise in prompt thinking is that of "Association of Ideas." The teacher gives out a name—whatever occurs to him—as, for instance, "Tree." The pupil immediately responds, "Leaves." Then the teacher may add, "Autumn," and the pupil, "Poetry," and so on. Or the associations may all be required from the pupil. The words used as *starters* should be carefully chosen, of course, to meet the mental condition of the pupil; such words as Baby, Doll, Mamma, Bed, House, etc., being good for children of tender years.

Another excellent exercise is that of "Contrasts or Differences," where the teacher says, "Boy," and the pupil responds, "Girl." "Black" calls forth "white," "heavy" is responded to by "light," etc.

Equally good is "Finishing Quotations" or "lines"—provided, of course, the pupil is old enough for such a mental exercise. For instance, the teacher says, "Everything is not gold," while the pupil should respond, "That glitters." "My country," would bring out "'Tis of thee," or "Right or wrong."

Anything that quickens the intellect and demands ready response is of material help, but the teacher must not forget that, in this mental-promptness exercise, slow and deliberate speech also are essential on his part and that of the pupil.

4. Whenever it is found that a pupil stammers or stutters over a word beginning with a consonant, as, for instance, "bread," require him to drop out the initial letter and say "read," or even "ead." Such words as pie, Tommy, tub, butter, top, bank, tumble, tell, nut, lap, can be used. Let him say, "ie," "ommy," "ub," etc. Then when he is sure of this part of the word, let him, after taking a deep breath, try the full word, saying it again, but always slowly and distinctly.

5. Teach the pupil to sing his sentences. Begin with some simple salutation, as, "Where are you going?" and let it be sung to the notes:



Then let a response be sung reversing the music, "I'm going home." "How do you do?" "Where are your father and your mother?" "How far is it to the market?" are sentences that can be sung. The teacher should invent his own music and words, but insist upon slow, deliberate utterances of tone

and word. This is a wonderful help in certain kinds of cases.

6. There are certain simple exercises or calisthenics that materially aid in strengthening the muscles of the head, neck, throat, jaw, etc. The teacher can utilize these according to his best judgment. Any book of calisthenic or physical exercises will suggest those most useful.

7. But above all, in seeking a cure of these distressing evils, use the psychical or spiritual remedy. Give the pupil confidence that God never intended him to be cursed by a stammering, stuttering, or lisping tongue. He is the child of an Infinite and Loving Father. All good is his, if he will learn how to take it. Urge him to restful, trustful reliance upon the tender help of the Great Power outside of himself, in conjunction with the efforts you and he together are making to effect a cure.

To the teacher who needs thorough preparation upon this subject we can commend heartily Dr. E. W. Scripture's book "Stuttering and Lisping," published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

CHAPTER VIII

ENUNCIATION AND PRONUNCIATION

THE study of the subject of enunciation should come comparatively late in the development of the pupil, say, beginning with the fifth grade. There are other fundamentals that the pupil should be well grounded in before any definite concentration of effort should be put upon enunciation.

The majority of children and adults are backward in mastering the art of correct speaking, therefore, if the teacher begins by expecting the pupil to be accurate in enunciation, which is really one of the finishing touches, he is in danger of deadening forever the desire for self-expression and enjoyment in speaking.

Pronunciation should precede any drill in enunciation. The pupil is quick to grasp correctness in right pronunciation, and desires it fully, but he cares little for enunciation. Most pupils will shy just a little when you tell them that the proper way to pronounce, or rather to enunciate the word *education* is ed-u-ca-tion and not ed-ji-ca-tion. Or, take the vowel (a) as in ask, which should be pronounced (a̰). Invariably the untutored will give the vowel the extreme flat sound of (ă) as in hăt, and will think that he is affected if he give it the proper soft, broad sound. He will likely think this even if you compromise with the sounds.

So our policy has been to forego acute criticism in enunciation until the student has acquired considerable momentum in speech-desire. In other words, we are more interested, during

his early studies, that he develop and cultivate the desire and will to express, than that he express himself accurately. Then, later, we gradually call his attention to his slovenly speech. Above all things let us beware of quenching the sacred fire of spontaneity, for without that all speech loses its charm and power. Is it not better that the student be stimulated to speech action, even though it be imperfect in some—even in many—respects, than that he be conscious of all his defects and never speak at all?

Clearness and precision in enunciation and pronunciation mark the genuineness and strength of one's character. Even the brightest person, if he mispronounce his words, is accused of mediocrity and is suspected of being unaccustomed to the society of refined and cultured people. There should be daily systematic drill in childhood when correct speech habits are most quickly and firmly established. Another great advantage of early training is that this is the period when the student is least self-conscious.

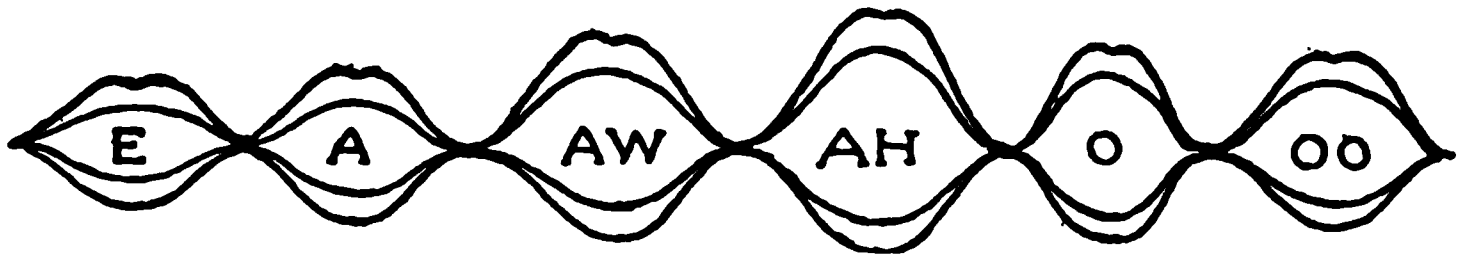
There are three essentials for clear and exact enunciation and pronunciation: First, an acute ear; second, diligent practice; and third, constant vigilance. These three essentials should be kept constantly in mind in carrying out the following exercises. We should first see that the student's ear can detect the correct, pure resonances, and then pursue vigorous practice in them. At first this kind of exercise is tedious and irksome, but with accomplishment comes keen pleasure.

Let us begin with the vowel sounds. For the word exercises we shall take words often mispronounced as well as poorly enunciated. Thus we shall be doing two important things: cultivating the ear, and improving word production.

EXERCISE ONE

The vowels are either long, short, or diphthongal. The res-

onances of the long vowels begin at the back, passing through the middle, to the front of the mouth. Thus:



The above represents the approximate and relative openings of the mouth in long vowels.

You notice the mouth aperture is narrow at the back, wide in the middle and narrow again at the front. For practice AW and AH and OO are the most valuable because the two chief difficulties of the student are; first, to open his mouth wide enough, and second, to keep his speech forward on the lips. Usually his speech is throaty. Practice the following in concert and individually in order to secure freedom in controlling the mouth:

1. Repeat E A AW AH O OO consecutively on the same pitch.
2. Change the pitch and repeat on each note of the scale.
3. Give a decided rising inflection to each vowel sound.
4. Give a decided falling inflection to each vowel sound.
5. Give a decided circumflex inflection to each vowel sound.
6. Blend them altogether by the straight inflection in a singing tone.
7. Laugh them He He He He, Ha Ha Ha Ha, Haw Haw Haw Haw, Hah Hah Hah Hah, Ho Ho Ho Ho, Hoo Hoo Hoo Hoo.

EXERCISE TWO

In pronunciation there is a right and a wrong way. Some people are so desirous of appearing exact in this matter that they often introduce superfluous sounds. For example, such

persons pronounce evil — ē'vīl, instead of ē'vl; towards — tō-wōrdz' instead of tō'-erdz.

This habit of introducing an extra sound that is unnecessary reflects upon the learning of the individual quite as much as the neglecting of a sound that is necessary. Let us not attempt to foster extravagant niceties of speech, but let us cultivate in ourselves and our pupils an appreciation of, and a desire for, pure, substantial, and impressively spoken English, showing them that the real beauty of our language lies in its simplicity and its inherent, convincing power.

EXERCISES IN ENUNCIATION AND PRONUNCIATION

Take up the exercises below in the following manner: First, discover the correct position of tongue, lips and jaw for producing the particular sound under consideration. Second, repeat the sound many times. See that you use your organs of speech properly in regard to the positions indicated at the beginning of each vowel exercise. After the repetition of each sound, let lips, tongue and jaw relax to normal position. Third, in repeating the words be sure the *ictus* or vocal stroke is properly and decidedly placed.

The main purpose is to develop pure vowel resonance, but inflectional freedom may be cultivated at the same time, if great care is taken not to interfere with the correct vocal positions of tongue, lips and jaw. Beware of a tendency in this direction. (See discussion of Inflection in another part of this book.)

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

In showing the correct pronunciation of words in the following exercises, the simplest method has been adopted. The words are rewritten with a set of letters which have invariably the same sound and are familiar to everyone.

Webster's New International Dictionary and *Phyfe's Words Often Mispronounced* are the principal authorities consulted.

The authors are greatly indebted to these works for help in determining correct pronunciation. The following table gives the diacritical marks used in the following pages:

ā.....fāde	ī.....glīde
ā.....fār	ī.....īdea
ā.....āsk	ī.....īt
ā.....hāl	ō.....gō
ā.....hāre	ō.....ōbey
ā.....hāt	ô.....absôrb
ā.....prefāce	ö.....höt
a (no mark) final	ū.....blūe
ē.....ēve	û.....ûnite
ē.....dēpend	û.....sûrge
ě.....bět	ű.....bűt
ě.....hěr	ōō.....ōōze
e.....recent	őő.....bőök

The Vowel Sound as in "Awe"

Note: Tongue sags low and should not move; contact¹ is just a little over half way back of the middle of the mouth; mouth wide; lips well rounded.

alder—a'lder, not äl'der.

almost—a'most, not al'must.

also—a'so, not öl'so.

always—a'wāz, not al'wuz.

auction—ak'shun, not ök'shun.

audience—a'dī-ens, not ö'jens.

cauliflower—ka'li-flow-er, not kö'li-flour.

caldron—ka'l'drun, not kö'l'drun.

Chaucer—Chau'ser, not Chöw'ser.

Chicago—Shi-ca'gō, not Shi-kö'gō.

cornet—kôr'net, not kôr-net'.

exorbitant—egz-ôr'bi-tant.

falcon—fô'kn, not föl'kun.

for—fôr, not fur.

ordeal—ôr'děl, not ôr-děl'.

ordinary—ôr'dīn-ā-rī.

The Vowel Sound as in "Star"

Note: Tongue sags and is widened; contact is low and in center; mouth open wide; lips relaxed almost normally.

¹ By contact is meant the point of greatest resistance of the vocal organs to the column of air.

arctic—ärk'tĭk, not är'tĭk.

arduous—är'dū-ūs.

armistice—är'mĭs-tĭs, not
är-mĭs'tĭs.

bazar—ba-zär'.

soprano—sō-prā'nō, not sō-prän'ō.

staunch—stānch, not stānch.

taunt—tānt, not tānt.

tzar—zär.

encore—än-kor', not ěn'kor.

en route—än rōōt', not ěn rout.

far—fär, not fūr.

father—fä' thēr.

tarlatan—tär'la-tan, not tarl'tan.

Parsifal—pär'sif-äl.

partisan—pär'ti-zän.

particularly—pär-tik'yū-lēr-lĭ.

The Vowel Sound as in "Ask"

Note: Tongue sags and is a trifle narrower than the above resonance in ä; mouth open wide; lips relaxed

asked—åskt, not äskt, nor äst.

aversion—å-vēr'shun, not
a-ver'zhun.

bass (fish)—bås, not bäs.

bath—bāth, not bāth.

glass—glås, not gläs.

grant—grānt, not gränt.

grasp—grāsp, not gräsp.

mast—māst, not mäst.

chant—chānt, not chänt.

contrast (vb.)—kon-trāst', not
kon'träst.

draft—drāft, not dräft.

draught—drāft, not dräft.

isinglass—ī'zĭng-glås, not
ī-zŭn'gläs.

pianist—pi-ān'ĭst, not pe'a-nist.

aft—āft, not äft.

casket—kās'ket, not kās'ket.

The Vowel Sound as in "Can"

Note: Tongue sags and widens; contact is front; mouth open moderately wide.

accept—äk-sĕpt', not ěk-sept'.

accurate—äk'kū-rat, not äk'kēr-ĭt.

algebra—äl'je-bra, not äl'je-brā.

ally—äl-li', not äl'li (n) and (vb).

and—änd, not ũn, nor änd.

bade—bäd, not bāde.

calcium—käl'sĭ-ŭm, not
käl'shĭ-ŭm.

camera—kām'e-ra.

canyon—kăn'yun.

catchup—käch'up, not kěch'up.

chasm—kăz'm, not kăz'um.

exact—egz-ăkt', not eks-ăkt'.

flannel—flăn'něl, not flăn'něn.

harass—hăr'ăs, not har-răs'.

maritime—măr'ĩ-tĩm, not
mâr'ĩ-tĩm.

olfactory—öl-făk'tō-rĩ, not
öl-făk'trĩ.

The Vowel Sound as in "Fade"

Note: This is a diphthongal or double sound beginning on arch of tongue in middle of mouth and moving forward to just back of upper front teeth; mouth is open wide for first resonance but narrows for second.

aeronaut—ă'ěr-ō-năt.

amiable—ă'mĩ-a-bl.

apparatus—ăp-pa-ră'tūs, not
ăp-pa-ră'tus.

apricot—ă'přĩ-cőt, not ă'přĩ-cőt.

chaos—kă'ōs.

Danish—dă'nĩsh, not dă'nĩsh.

data—dă'ta, not dă'ta

disgrace—dĩs-grăs'.

heinous—hă'nūs, not hě'nūs.

naked—nă'kěd, not ně'kěd.

acorn—ă'kürn, not ă'körn.

patriotic—pă'třĩ-öt-ĩk, not
păt'řĩ-öt-ĩk.

plague—plăg, not plěg.

slake—slăk, not slăk.

wary—wă'řĩ, not wă'ri.

ignoramus—ĩg-nō-ră'mūs, not
ĩg-nō-ră'mūs.

The Vowel Sound as in "Led"

Note: Tongue arched; contact at top of arch; mouth moderately open; lips relaxed.

access—ăk'sēs, or ăk-sēs'.

address—(n) and (vb) ad-drēs'.

cemetery—sēm'ē-těr-ĩ, not
sēm'ĩ-trĩ.

centennial—sěn-těn'nĩ-al.

equipage—ěk'wĩ-pāj, not
ě-kwĩp'ěj.

equitable—ěk'wĩ-ta-bl, not
ě-kwĩ'ta-bl.

every—ěv'ěr-ĩ, not ěv'řĩ.

evident—ěv'ĩ-děnt, not ěv'ĩ-dünt.

excellent—ěk'sěl-ěnt, not
ěk'slünt.

preface—(n) and (vb) přěf'ās.
legislature—lěj'ĩs-lăt-yŭr.

exit—ěks'it, not ěgz'it.

exist—ěgz-ist', not ěks'ist.

irreparable—ir-rěp'a-ra-ble, not
ir-rě-păr'a-bl.

generally—jěn'ěr-al-ĭ.

instead—in-stěd', not in-stĭd'.

The Vowel Sound as in "We"

Note: Tongue arched to upper forward position; mouth aperture narrow. This is a single vowel resonance.

adhesive—ăd-hě'sĭv, not ăd-hě'zĭv.

aerial—ă-ě'rĭ-al.

appreciate—ap-prě'shĭ-ăt, not
ap-prě'sĭ-ăt.

esprit—es-prě'.

evil—ē'vl, not ē'vĭl.

fealty—fě'al-tĭ.

fetish—fě'tish.

genii—jě'nĭ-ĭ.

grievous—grě'vŭs, not grě'vĭ-ŭs.

guarantee—găr-ăn-tě'.

ideal—ĭ-dě'al, not ĭ'dĕl.

immediately—im-mě'dĭ-at-lĭ.

remediable—re-mě'dĭ-a-bl.

tedious—tĕ'dĭ-us, or tĕd'yus.

débris—dă-brě'.

hysteria—hĭs-tĕ'rĭ-a, not
hĭs-târ'rĭ-a.

The Vowel Sound as in "Creed"

Note: The tongue is arched upward; tip at base of lower front teeth. This is a double sound. The mouth has a tendency to narrow on the second resonance.

believe—bĕ-lĕv', not blĕv.

cleanly—(adv) klĕn'lĭ.

congenial—kon-jĕn'yal, not
kon-jĕn'nĭ-al.

evening—ĕ'vn-ĭng, or ĕv'nĭng.

grease (n)—grĕs.

grease—(vb)—grĕz, or grĕs.

idea—ĭ-dĕ'a, not ĭ'dĕ-a.

sleek—slĕk, not slĭk.

The Vowel Sound as in "Glide"

Note: This is a double sound. Open mouth on first resonance with contact low and middle, but narrower aperture on second with contact high and front. Tongue is moderately low on first resonance and then arches and widens on second.

bicycle—bī'sīk-l, not bī-sīk'l.
blithe—blīth (th is sub-vocal).
decisive—dē-sī'siv, not dē-sī'zīv.
defile—(n) dē-fīl', not dē'fīl.

device—dē-vīs.
devise—dē-vīz.
enquiry—ĕn-kwī'rī, not
 ĕn'kwīr-ī.
horizon—hō-rī'zōn.

defile—(vb) de'fīl.
demise—de-mīz', not de-mez'.
demoniacal—dem-o-nī'ak-al, not
 de-mo'nī-ak-al.
derisive—de-rī'siv, not de'ri-siv.

incisive—īn-sī'siv.
incisor—īn-sī'zēr.
indictment—īn-dīt'mēnt, not
 īn-dīk'ment.
acclimate—āk-klī'māt, not
 āk'klīm-āt.

The Vowel Sound as in "It"

Note: Tongue arched forward high; tip behind lower front teeth; mouth open wide; contact high and forward.

bivouac—bīv'wāk.
breeches—brīch'ēz.
bristle—brīs-l, not brīst'l.
chivalrous—shīv'al-rūs.

delivery—dē-līv'ēr-ī, not
 dē-līv'rī.
grisly—grīz'lī, not grīs'lī.
gristly—grīs'lī, not grīz'lī.
infinite—īn'fīn-īt, not īn-fī'nīt.

civil—sīv'īl, not sīv'l.
commiserate—kōm-mīz'er-āt, not
 kōm-mīs'ēr-āt.
conflict—(vb) kōn-flīkt'; (n)
 kōn'flīkt.
considerable—kōn-sīd'ēr-a-bl, not
 kōn-sīd'ra-bl.

itinerary—ī-tīn'ēr-a-rī.
licorice—līk'ō-rīs, not līk'rīsh.
mischievous—mīs'chī-vūs, not
 mīs-chē'vūs.
sinister—sīn'īs-tēr, not sī-nīs'tēr.

The Vowel Sound as in "On"

Note: Tongue sags; mouth moderately open; lips rounded; contact low and back of center.

accost—āk-kōst', not āk-kōst'.
broth—brōth, not brōth.
choler—kōl'ēr, not kō'lēr.

column—kōl'ūm, not kōl'yūm.
combatant—kōm'bāt-tānt, not
 kom-bāt'tant.

chronological—krön-ō-lög'ik-cal.

comparable—köm'pā-rā-bl, not
köm-pār'ā-bl.

conversant—kön'vēr-sant, not
kön-vēr'sant.

dross—drös.

honest—ön'ěst, not ôn'nüst.

economic—ē-kō-nöm'ik or
ĕk-ō-nöm'ik.

honorable—ön'ör-a-bl, not
ön'ra-bl.

hollow—höl'lō, not hōl'la.

hostage—hös'tāj, not hōs'tāj.

homage—höm'āj, not hōm'ij.

hovel—höv'ěl, not hūv'ěl.

The Vowel Sound as in "Go"

Note: Tongue sags; mouth moderately wide; lips well rounded; contact midway back. This is a single sound "given to all open syllables."

associate—äs-sō'shī-āt, not
äs-sō'sī-āt.

comptroller—kön-trō'lēr.

Corot—kō-rō'.

chorist—kō'rīst, not kōr'īst.

corporeal—kōr-pō'rē-āl.

cognomen—kög-nō'měn.

decorum—dē-kō'rüm, not
dē-kōr'üm.

commodious—köm-mō'dī-ūs.

deplorable—dē-plō'ra-bl, not
de-plōr'a-bl.

ivory—ī'vō-rī, not īv'rī.

oral—ō'ral, not ôr'al.

diplomatist—dī-plō'mā-tīst.

stony—stō'nī, not stūn'ī.

forensic—fō-rěn'sīk, not
fōr-ĕn'sīk.

trophy—trō'fī.

indecorum—īn-dē-kō'rüm, not
īn-dĕk'ō-rüm.

The Vowel Sound as in "Home"

Note: This is a double sound. The first resonance is identical to the above single (o) as in (Go), but for the second resonance the contact is the upper back part of mouth with widening of the tongue.

Azores—ăz-örz', not ā-zōrz'.

cote—(n) kōt, not kōt.

brooch—brōch, not brōoch.

divorce—dīv-ōrs', not dīv-ōrs'.

console—kön-sōl'.

homely—höm'lī, not hūm'lī.

corps (military)—kōr; (pl.) kōrz.

oaths—ōthz (sub-vocal) not ōths.

sword—sōrd, not sōrd nor s-wōrd.
won't—(will not)—wōnt.
yolk—yōlk or yōk, not yēlk.
recourse—rē-kōrs'.

sheen—shōn.
shew—shō.
vaudeville—vōd'vīl.
von—fōn, not vōn.

The Vowel Sound as in "Us"

Note: Tongue sags; open mouth; contact about half way back and midway between the upper and lower jaw.

adult—a-dūlt', not ăd'ūlt.
cunning—kūn'nīng, not kūn'nīn.
government—gūv'ēr-n-mēnt, not
 gūv'ēr-mēnt.
hundred—hūn'drēd, not hūn'dērd.
promulgate—prō-mūl'gāt.
pumice—pūm'is.

illustrate—īl-lūs'trāt, not
 ill'ū-strāt.
mongrel—mūng'grēl, not
 mōng'grēl.
muskmelon—mūsk'mēlōn, not
 mūsh'mēlōn.
nuptial—nūp'shal, not nūp'shal.
pumpkin—pūmp'kīn, not pūnk'īn.
supple—sūp'l, not sōō'pl.

The Vowel Sound as in "Use"

Note: Tongue arched; mouth well open; contact back of upper front teeth for first resonance, then to upper back part of mouth for the second; lips well apart for the first sound and then well rounded and extended for the second with a slight sagging of the tongue. This is a double sound.

blue—blū, not blōō.
rude—rūd.
rural—rū'rāl, not rūr'l.
nuisance—nū'sāns, not nōō'sāns.

newspaper—nūz'pā-pēr, not
 nūs'pā-pēr.
Tuesday—Tūz'dā, not tōōz'dā.
minutely—mī-nūt'lī.
tube—tūb, not tōōb nor tyub.

tulip—tū'līp, not tōō'līp.
usually—ū'zhū-a-lī, not ūzh'lī.
virtue—vērt'ū, not vēr'chōō.
stupid—stū'pīd, not stōō'pūd.

virtually—vēr'tū-al-lī, not
 vert'choo-li.
virulent—vīr'yū-lēnt.
vituperate—vī-tū'pēr-āt.
ablution—āb-lū'shūn, not
 ā-blōō'shūn.

The Vowel Sound as in "Choose"

Note: Tongue sags slightly with tip at base of lower front teeth; mouth well open; lips well rounded and extended; contact at upper back part of mouth. Notice that this (oo) resonance is the same as the second resonance in (u).

booth—bōōth (sub-vocal).

Booth (name)—bōōth.

food—fōōd, not fōöd.

roof—rōōf, not rōōf.

spoon—spōōn, not spōōn.

forsooth—fōr-sōōth', not fōr-sōōth'
(sub-vocal).

poor—pōōr, not pōōr.

root—rōōt, not rōōt.

coupon—kōō'pōn, not kŭ'pon.

room—rōōm, not rŭm nor rōōm.

broom—brōōm, not brōōm.

hoof—hōōf, not hōōf.

coop—cōōp, not cōōp.

tour—tōōr, not tŭr.

tournament—tōōr'na-měnt or
tŭr'na-měnt.

troubadour—trōō'ba-door, not
trōō'pa-dŭr.

PART TWO

Identification of the Reader with the Story, or Sympathetic Reading

FIRST STEP. Getting the author's MOOD. Catching the author's vision. Emotional response. Distinguishing between ordinary reading and reading with author's emotional appreciation. Emphasizing value of MOOD. Discussing control of emotion. Repressed feeling versus expressed feeling.

SECOND STEP. Word meaning—relation of word to group. Associative meaning of words. More vocabulary. Study of tone color. Use of Onomatopœia.

THIRD STEP. Study of Moods. Variety of Moods. Change and inter-change of Moods in a selection. Human nature and Mood. Colloquial expressions of the same Mood in classical language.

"Blessings upon all the books that are the delight of childhood and youth and unpervverted manhood! Precious are the sympathetic tears which dim the page and which it is so wholesome to encourage in early life as a check to the growth of selfishness and egoism."—HIRAM CORSON, "The Voice and Spiritual Education," p. 163.

CHAPTER IX

GETTING THE AUTHOR'S MOOD

HINTS TO THE STUDENT

BEFORE the pupil is ready for this second step, *Sympathetic Reading*, he must have mastered part one, *Intelligible Reading*. The first step was concerned primarily with the development of the intellect, but the second step appeals primarily to the emotions, one's sympathetic response to *mood*.

The outlines for the study of a selection, given later, will be found very helpful as a basis and guide for study and analysis.

MEMORABILIA

BY ROBERT BROWNING

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!

But you were living before that,
And also you are living after;
And the memory I started at—
My starting moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world, no doubt,
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
Well, I forget the rest.

THE JOY OF THE HUMAN VOICE

How much squandering there is of the voice! How little there is of the advantage that may come from conversational tones! How seldom does a man dare to acquit himself with pathos and fervor! And the men are themselves mechanical and methodical in the bad way who are most afraid of the artificial training that is given in the schools, and who so often show by the fruit of their labor that the want of oratory is the want of education.

How remarkable is the sweetness of voice in the mother, in the father, in the household! The music of no chorded instruments brought together is, for sweetness, like the music of familiar affection when spoken by brother and sister, or by father and mother.—HENRY WARD BEECHER, from "Lectures on Oratory."

The one great object in reading is to get at the mind of the author. What did he mean? What did he intend me to feel as I read? What is his real message? How can I best reach the mind and heart of the author, the poet, the dramatist, through his written words?

This is the real mission of literature, and he is a poor teacher who fails to impress the heart of his students with its importance. Too often teachers spend the valuable time of their students with matters of entirely subsidiary importance, such as the style of the author, questions as to when, where and how he wrote, his figures of speech, his methods of composition, and the like. All these are of importance to those who are learning to write, and are of interest to others, but the prime reason for all literature is that the author has something of greater or lesser importance to say, which he wishes to reach the mind and heart of his reader.

Take, for instance, Browning's exquisite short poem above.

What good does it do the student to engage his attention with Browning's style, his verse forms, etc.? To him the matter of prime importance is that he shall know what Browning *meant*.

This is the vital question in all reading.

That literature which is a mere collection of fine words, beautifully arranged in perfect sentences, is "as sounding brass and a clanging cymbal." To have any real significance it must be surcharged with high, lofty, pure, stirring human emotion; and to feel the same emotion that the writer felt as he penned poem, essay, novel, story or drama is the aim of every intelligent and thoughtful reader. One of the best possible ways of accomplishing this is by reading aloud—even when one is alone. One writer boldly affirms that we can never know the vital, spiritual message of a writer until we have put his words upon our tongue and sent them winging away in speech, freighted with the meaning that has reached our minds.

In reading carefully this poem of Browning, observe if the very nature of the theme does not demand the various modulations of the human voice to give it adequate interpretation. Repeat the first two lines, thinking of their purpose, and then see if you do not feel somewhat of an emotional thrill which must be akin to that which was felt by Browning when he thought of his great teacher, that marvelous poet, Shelley.

Is it possible really to get the heart throb of this poem unless we sing it out through the voice? The major portion of time spent in literary study should be through oral interpretation. Let a pupil read to you, and instantly you can detect whether or not he understands what he is reading. Corson said he believed the time is coming when examinations in literature will be wholly oral. He goes on to say:

Reading must supply all the deficiencies of written or printed language. It must give life to the letter. How comparatively little is addressed to the eye, in print or manuscript, of what has to be ad-

dressed to the ear by the reader! There are no indications of tone, quality of voice, inflection, pitch, time, or any other of the vocal functions demanded for a full intellectual and spiritual interpretation. A poem is not truly a poem until it is voiced by an accomplished reader, who has adequately assimilated it—in whom it has, to some extent, been born again, according to his individual spiritual constitution and experiences. The potentialities, so to speak, of the printed poem, must be vocally realized. What Shelley, in his lines "To a Lady, With a Guitar," says of what the revealings of the instrument depend upon, may be said with equal truth of the revealings of every true poem; it

"Will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before,"

by those who endeavor to get at its secrets.—HIRAM CORSON, "The Voice and Spiritual Education," p. 29.

In this same connection let us add what Goethe has said:

Persuasion, friends, comes not by wit nor art,
Hard study never made the matter clearer.
'Tis the live fountain in the speaker's heart
Sends forth the streams that melt the ravished hearer;
Then work away for life, heap book upon book,
Line upon line, precept upon example;
The multitude may gape and look
And fools may think your wisdom ample—
But would you touch the heart, the only method known,
My friend, is first to have one of your own.

MOOD-ANALYSIS

The following is an illustration of what might be called the "mood-analysis" of a selection. For the sake of convenience the sentences in the excerpt are numbered. The important thing for the student to bear in mind is to see that the author's purpose is completely grasped, and then render it in the proper mood.

First: Read the selection paragraph by paragraph. Then

arrange the several points in their respective order. Now give them orally as simply and progressively as possible.

Second: Read the selection again by paragraphs and this time determine what are the important and unimportant words. Then give these important words a greater force of utterance.

Third: Do not fear to make many groups. It is imperative to grasp the author's ideas and pictures in separate detail. When each of these has been well thought over, we are then ready to put these separate parts into one complete and harmonious whole.

Fourth: Determine the mood which dominates each separate picture or detail, then see how these fit into each other, like the parts of a picture puzzle, perfecting the thought as a whole and making it a living, harmonious, mental or spiritual conception.

THE MAN WHO WEARS THE BUTTON

BY JOHN MELLEN THURSTON ¹

1. Sometimes in passing along the street I meet a man who, in the left lapel of his coat, wears a little, plain, modest, unassuming bronze button. 2. The coat is often old and rusty; the face above it seamed and furrowed by the toil and suffering of adverse years; perhaps beside it hangs an empty sleeve, and below it stumps a wooden peg. 3. But when I meet the man who wears that button I doff my hat and stand uncovered in his presence—yea! to me the very dust his weary foot has pressed is holy ground, for I know that man, in the dark hour of the nation's peril, bared his breast to the hell of battle to keep the flag of our country in the Union sky.

4. Maybe at Donaldson he reached the inner trench; at Shiloh held the broken line; at Chattanooga climbed the flame-swept hill, or stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights. 5. He was not born or bred to soldier life. 6. His country's summons called him from the plow, the

¹ Lawyer, Senator from Nebraska, 1895—born at Montpelier, Vt., 1847.

forge, the bench, the loom, the mine, the store, the office, the college, the sanctuary. 7. He did not fight for greed of gold, to find adventure, or to win renown. 8. He loved the peace of quiet ways, and yet he broke the clasp of clinging arms, turned from the witching glance of tender eyes, left good-by kisses upon tiny lips to look death in the face on desperate fields.

9. And when the war was over he quietly took up the broken threads of love and life as best he could, a better citizen for having been so good a soldier.

10. What mighty men have worn this same bronze button! Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, and an hundred more, whose names are written on the title-page of deathless fame. 11. Their glorious victories are known of men; the history of their country gives them voice; the white light of publicity illuminates them for every one. 12. But there are thousands who, in humbler way, no less deserve applause. 13. How many knightliest acts of chivalry were never seen beyond the line or heard of above the roar of battle.

14. God bless the men who wear the button! 15. They pinned the stars of Union in the azure of our flag with bayonets, and made atonement for a nation's sin in blood. 16. They took the negro from the auction-block and at the altar of emancipation crowned him—citizen. 17. They supplemented "Yankee Doodle" with "Glory Hallelujah," and Yorktown with Appomattox. 18. Their powder woke the morn of universal freedom and made the name "American" first in all the earth. 19. To us their memory is an inspiration, and to the future it is hope.—From an address at a banquet of the Michigan Club of Detroit, February 21, 1890.

(To find the designated mood of any sentence in the above selection refer to its corresponding number below.)

1. Pleasant meditation.
2. Pity and compassion.
3. Veneration and pride.
4. Heroism and triumph.
- 5 and 6. Loyal self-denial.
- 7 and 8. Heroic self-sacrifice.
9. Admiration and enterprise.
10. Compassion.

11. Praise and honor.
- 12 and 13. Contrast.
14. Supplication.
15. Heroic patriotism.
16. Justice.
17. Unity.
18. Sublimity.
19. Gratitude.

Now take Joaquin Miller's magnificent and stirring poem "Columbus" and analyze it in the same fashion. Here is the analysis made of it by an intelligent reader on his own initiative, without any knowledge of the method we would have each student master and follow:

A STUDENT'S ANALYSIS OF "COLUMBUS"

First dwell upon the outlines of the history of Columbus, his early struggles and mastery of hardships. Recall that it was in his day that the new idea of the rotundity of the earth was being largely discussed. Watch the growth of this idea in his thought, until there springs up the confident assurance that if this idea be true it must be possible to reach India—or any other land—by sailing around the earth in *either* direction. Confident of his idea, his scientific mind demands knowledge, demonstration. He seeks help to find out. Is rebuffed on every hand. Called crazy, insane, a fool, a lunatic. The idea persists. It grows into an obsession. *He* knows, and now his soul demands that he compel *other people* to know. The more rebuffs the greater his determination. Get hold here of the great fundamental thought that moves the universe, that works all the marvels that man has accomplished, viz., that when you link up with Truth, you are linked up with God—the Supreme Power of the Universe—and there cannot be any failure to a man so connected. All Columbus

had to do was to *persist*. He did so, and finally Isabella and Ferdinand were convinced, the money needed was raised, the ship provided, and the happy, joyous Columbus sets sail to demonstrate to the world that which his soul had already convinced him was true.

Now remember the ignorance of the world at large on the subject. Recall that his sailors were densely ignorant and fearfully superstitious, but Columbus had never given that a thought.

He sets sail, full of delight, happiness, confidence. Now refer to the poem. 1. He and his sailors alike knew that the islands of the Azores and the Gates of Hercules were behind them. 2. Here, however, is a difference in the knowledge of Columbus and his sailors. He, with the eye of scientific confidence, could see ahead, though there was nothing in sight but shoreless seas, not even the ghost of shores. The sailors saw nothing but the uncharted and unknown seas. Do you not feel their awe and superstitious fears? Can you not picture their fearful whisperings together as they sail further and further into the unknown? The mate is the means of communication between them and the admiral. 3. Observe the *dread* of sailors and mate. The stars with which they are familiar disappear and new and strange ones appear, adding new fuel to their superstitious fears. 4. The mate asks Columbus how he shall reply to these fears. His mood is one of fear and growing alarm excited into the action of questioning. 5. Now ask yourself: What would be Columbus's natural reply? Remember he has given years of thought to this subject. He has no question as to the success of the voyage. Expecting to sail on uncharted seas, they have no fears for him. He *knows* what he will find when he has gone far enough around. The fears and questions of the mate are absurd, preposterous. There is but one answer: Calmly and confidently he gives it, "Why, say, Sail on! and on!" Matter of fact, almost indif-

ferent, totally unconscious of the seething fears bubbling up every moment afresh in the hearts of his sailors. What kind of intonation in his voice would such a question call forth?

6. For the time being the questionings of the men are satisfied, and they *sail and sail* (don't hurry in giving this repetition) *as winds might blow*. The fears and questionings now begin afresh. 7. The fear is indicated in the word *blanched*, and in the mate's words. 8. Being away from familiar scenes, and all other men, his and his sailors' small minds fear that even God has lost sight of them. The winds are lost, God is not here. 9. Hence there is increasing urgency in his second appeal to the admiral. But Columbus (10), seeing the vision that has been familiar to him for many years, and preoccupied by his dream, neither sees any reason for fears, *nor does he yet become aware of the fear* expressed in the mate's voice. His reply, therefore, is the quiet, scarcely heard voice of the dreamer, given much lower and quieter than his ordinary talking voice, but with the deep intensity of a man who has but one purpose.

Pause now for a few moments to allow this quiet urge of the admiral to *sink in*. Don't hurry. Then let the next stanza open with some degree of haste and excitement. 11. The mate's tone now is one of definite, open remonstrance. It is all very well for his admiral to say "Sail on!" He—the mate—has to come in direct conflict with the men. *They* are growing mutinous. They are growing *ghastly wan and weak*. Even he, 12, had begun to think of home and, in spite of himself, tears, 13 (for is not this suggested in "a spray of salt wave"?) washed his swarthy cheek. Hence now, his question is more definite. He seeks to "pin" the admiral down to a fixed time, 14. He gives him until *dawn* to see land. But the admiral, feeling that each dawn sees him *nearer to the goal* of his heart's desire, and impatient that the foolish fears and unreasoning terrors of his men should even threaten the pos-

sible thwarting of this desire, replies sternly, impatiently and somewhat fiercely, 15. He shall say at break of day, land or no land, fears or no fears, *but one thing*, and he puts such emphasis upon it that no one can misunderstand.

Here, again, pause. Let this firm determination "seep" into the minds of the hearers. A few moments is long enough, but to speed on immediately to the fourth stanza is to lose a striking effect. Then, in perfectly natural, quiet voice, continue the story: *They sailed*. 16. Observe the repetition of this statement. Why is it repeated? A thoughtful author doesn't repeat for nothing. Here, by the repetition, 17, Joaquin Miller seeks powerfully to impress upon his reader that after they had sailed a long, long way further, they *still* sailed on. Hence, is it not apparent there must be quite a little pause between the first "they sailed" and the second? Try the effect of this and see the result.

Now, 18, the mate, forced by his own and his sailors' fears, though assured of the displeasure of the admiral at his voicing of these fears, braves his anger by calling his attention to the coming storm on the sea, 19, and he becomes more agitated as he expresses his own fears, 20. Yet he knows the courage of the admiral, and consciously or unconsciously pays him the tribute of bravery. At the same time, as hope has almost fled from the bosoms of himself and his shipmates he asks the question, pleadingly, agonizingly: "*What shall we, 22, do when hope is gone?*" In the answer all of Columbus's exasperation, despair, determination, are compressed. Has he studied, prayed, pleaded, striven for years, and come thus far to be balked by the fears of a few craven cowards? Is he *now*, just now, when success must be close within his reach, to fail? No! by the Eternal, he shall not fail! The childish cries of his men shall not avail. He will compel them to go on, and, as though he were maddened beyond control his words "leap like a leaping sword," 23, and cleave the air with ringing

sound that strikes down all opposition, *Sail on! Sail on! SAIL ON! AND ON!*

Let the crescendo come with all the power, force, voice, of which you are capable. Prepare for it. Get the lungs full of air. Put all the intensity and passion of a lifetime's hopes, desires, ambitions, into it, and feel as though you had these cowardly sailors by the throat and were determined upon pouring your will into their craven souls.

Again pause, before going to the last stanza. Elbert Hubbard and his wife, both of whom were public speakers and readers of high order, regarded this sixth stanza as an anti-climax. Personally, I do not. Properly given, it is a most powerful climax to a most powerful poem. Ask yourself: After the expression of an overwhelming emotion, what natural reaction is felt? One of weariness. Add this thought to the thoughts expressed in the words. Long and endless vigils, harassment from his men, *doubts in his own soul*, which, however, he dare not voice. 25. That night was so dark because, crushed by long-continued opposition, and his body weakened by constant watchfulness, and the urge of his passion, even *he lost hope*. But thanks be to God, there are men like Columbus, who, even when hope seems gone, when there is no light whatever in "*that night of all dark nights*" still persist. For, is it not darkest just before dawn? Suddenly our minds are transferred to the lookout man. He sees a speck, 26. Wonderingly he looks at it again and again, until he is assured it is a light, so he gives the warning cry: "A light!" 27. Now notice the repetition of the word light. Four times it appears. Why? Most critics account such repetitions as proofs of an author's weakness, but they little know Joaquin Miller who so regard his repetitions. Let your brain work awhile. Remember, Columbus and his sailors have been weeks away from land, sailing on unknown, uncharted seas. They are becoming used to seeing no land, nothing but seas upon

which even the winds have lost their way. Yet the lookout sees a light. He satisfies himself. He gives the signal call: "A light!" For dramatic purposes we can imagine that every one on the vessel hears it. Incredulously they call out a query: "A light?" It cannot be! But, sure of himself, and seeing it more clearly each moment, the lookout assertingly replies, "A light! I tell you!" Then, all doubt removed, filled with joy, their fears dispersed, their bodings and apprehensions removed, the sailors hysterically and joyously unite in the cry: "A light!" and the reason for the four "a lights!" is made clear.

Now, the poet, 28, changes the thought and rapidly introduces figures of speech. The light on the first land seen by Columbus ultimately grows to the "starlit flag of freedom" of the United States, the flag of the people, the flag of a true republic, the flag of genuine democracy. But it grew further, 29. That light, and that flag, grew to be "Time's burst of dawn." In other words, until all men, everywhere, in every way, are *free*, mankind is still in the night. The dawn comes only when men can be themselves, as God intended they should when he created them. Hence triumphant joy should be expressed in speaking of this flag, and what it means to the world.

Then, calmly, quietly, bring the mind back to the admiral. What did he gain? 30. "A world." And he gave that world its grandest lesson, that of persistence in following the vision of the higher and larger things, *On, Sail on!*

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores¹
 Behind the Gates of Hercules;
 Before him not the ghost of shores,²
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate³ said: "Now must we pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone.
 Brave Adm'r'l, speak, what shall I say?"⁴
 "Why, say,⁵ 'Sail on! Sail on and on!'"

They sailed and sailed ⁶ as winds might blow
Until at last the blanched mate ⁷ said :
"Why, now, not even God would know,
Should I and all my men fall dead.⁸
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone,
Brave Adm'r'l, speak, what shall I say?" ⁹
He said,¹⁰ "Sail on! Sail on and on!"

"My men grow mutinous day by day; ¹¹
My men grow ghastly wan and weak!"
The stout mate thought of home;¹² a spray ¹³
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight ¹⁴ naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day,¹⁵
Sail on! Sail on! Sail on and on!"

They sailed.¹⁶ They sailed.¹⁷ Then spake¹⁸ the mate :
"This mad sea ¹⁹ shows his teeth to-night,
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth,²⁰ as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l,²¹ say but one good word;
What shall we ²² do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:²³
"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn,²⁴ he paced his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night ²⁵
Of all dark nights! And then a ²⁶ speck—
A light! ²⁷ A light? A light! A light!
It grew,²⁸ a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.²⁹
He gained a world,³⁰ he gave that world
Its grandest less'n: "On! Sail on!"

A SUGGESTIVE OUTLINE FOR THE STUDY OF A SELECTION

I. *Mastery of Main Theme*

The first step in the study of any selection is to gain an idea of it as a whole. This can best be done by reading the selec-

tion in its entirety. If there should be strange words, let them pass for the time being. Thus we grasp the predominant mood and significant setting or situation.

II. *Progressive Analysis*

Read the selection, silently, a second time. The aim now is to make a mental note of the several parts which make up the whole. This demands close concentration, in order that we may unify matters and prevent abrupt transitions. We are to break up the whole into parts, and each part represents a thought group.

1. Punctuation makes the meaning clear, and the clear meaning determines the various groups. Example: "It came, rushing in torrents like an avalanche of rock." We do not pause after "came," although it is so punctuated. Question: Do you find like instances in the selection under consideration? Where?

2. The length and frequency of the *pause* which sets off the groups is dependent upon the context and upon the listeners. If the context is serious, or if the listeners are uneducated, there will of necessity be many groups. And obversely, if the context is not serious or difficult, or if the audience is educated, there will be fewer and longer groups.

Question: What is the situation in the present selection?

3. In the study of the chief word in the group we must remember that its real meaning depends upon its relation to the other words in the same group. For instance, the word "fire" does not mean the same thing at all times. The meaning of this word depends upon its kinship with other members of the same group. When we say, "The house is on fire," this word "fire" means an altogether different thing than when we say, "There is a fire in the stove this morning." Let us take care that we do not isolate words, but that we get their associative meanings.

Questions: What are the important words in the various groups? What is the real meaning of each? Why? Give five synonyms of each.

III. *Reference to Experience*

We are now prepared to call upon our storehouse of past experiences in order that we may identify ourselves more closely with the author's meaning. We are to react upon what we read. The more vividly we can bring what we read from the page into our own actual experience, the more deeply are we impressed with its meaning. We translate the unseen, the unfelt and unbelieved by likening it to what is already seen, felt or believed. If experience is lacking, we draw upon our imagination.

1. If we are reading a description, we will see this scene in terms of a past like experience.

2. If we are reading a narration, we will feel it in terms of a past like experience.

3. If we are reading something we have not believed, we will accept it in terms of what we have already believed.

Question: What experiences does this selection call upon from me? What purposes do they serve?

IV. *Classification*

There are three divisions into which all selections may be put. A selection may be written to make something CLEAR; it may be for the purpose of inspiring, or elevating one's thoughts and feelings—to make IMPRESSIVE; it may be for the purpose of enforcing some great truth—to make BELIEF. This classification is based upon the author's purpose.

Questions: Where the author's purpose is to make CLEAR some obscure point or idea.

1. What significant words are used?

2. Is there any obscurity? Why?

3. What illustrations or comparisons are made?
4. Think earnestly of an experience which will aid you to see clearly the author's purpose.

Where the author's purpose is IMPRESSIVENESS

1. Is the emotion aroused pleasurable?
2. Have you had an experience which resembles what is referred to?
3. What mood is predominant? Is it:
Impassioned, grave, sad,
Triumphant, exalted, solemn,
Humorous, satirical, pathetic,
Inspiring, enheartening, discouraging?
4. What are the minor moods? Supply your own descriptive mood if none of the following are adequate:
Fanciful, enthusiastic, cheerful,
Dreamy, sentimental, witty,
Pensive, tender, serene, quiet,—or suggestive of
Awe, loneliness,
Admiration, suspense, joy, anger,
Fear, rage, sympathy, grief, sorrow, surprise, anxiety.

Where the author's purpose is BELIEF. The author does more than make us see, or feel.

1. What actual experience have you had that resembles the thing the author would have you believe?
2. Do you accept as truth what you have read?
3. What particular thought carries the most conviction?
4. Do you think others should believe what the author says?
5. Is it clear and impressive, and do you believe it?

V. *Setting*

This has to do with time, place, objects, sounds, movement, or anything that gives local color to the selection.

Questions :

1. Is it modern or old?
2. Where is the scene laid?
3. Are descriptions given in detail or mere suggestion?
4. Is dialect used?
5. Will personation aid in rendering the selection?
6. Does the power and beauty of the selection lie in narration, description, or in character drawing?
7. Name some definite things, sounds or objects described, that give color or atmosphere.
8. Is the movement:
Slow, swift, light, heavy,
Tripping, graceful, spirited,
Powerful, easy, varied?

VI. *Vocalization*

Let our guide be as Shakespeare has so well put it:

Let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word; the word to the action; with this special observance—that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature.

1. Read the selection as ordinary conversation.
2. Now read again as enlarged conversation, or, as it were, for the ears of many.
3. Ask yourself the following questions:
 - (1) Do I make proper use of Pitch?
 - (2) Do I make proper use of Pause?
 - (3) Do I make proper use of Inflection?
 - (4) Do I make proper use of Tone Color?
 - (5) Do I make proper use of Stress?
 - (6) Do I make proper use of Movement?
4. At all times let us remember that our purpose is not to give a pleasing performance, but faithfully to interpret the author's meaning.

A CONDENSED OUTLINE FOR THE STUDY OF A SELECTION FOR ORAL PRESENTATION

I. INTELLIGENT IMPRESSION

A. *General Preparation*

Read silently the entire selection. The purpose is to gain an impression of the selection as a whole.

1. What was the author's purpose in writing this selection?
2. What specific intent did he have:
 - a. To make something clear?
 - b. To make something impressive?
 - c. To establish a truth?
 - d. To stimulate to righteous action?
3. Consult the dictionary for the meaning of strange words.
4. Look up the historical references.

B. *Special Preparation*

Read the selection silently a second time. The aim is to make a mental note of the respective importance of the several parts which make up the whole.

1. What is the definite idea, or definite picture, or definite feeling the author would have us get?
2. In what part of the selection is the author's aim most forcibly presented?
3. What is the relative value of the thought-groups?

II. INTELLIGIBLE EXPRESSION

A. *General Preparation*

Before rendering a selection orally it must be given a setting. This has to do with time, place, objects, sounds, movements, or anything that tends to give local color.

1. Is the selection colloquial or dramatic?
2. Is dialect used?
3. Will personation be necessary?

4. Give an original word-picture of the characters and situation.
5. To what reference to experience does it make?
6. What is the predominant mood?

B. *Special Preparation*

Read the selection aloud for the first time. In doing this, ask yourself:

1. Am I reading with correct thought-groups?
2. Do I make proper use of the pause? (Remember the length and frequency of the pause depends upon the nature of the subject and the audience.)
3. Am I enunciating clearly?
4. Is my voice melodious? That is, do I make proper use of pitch and inflection?
5. Am I conscious of the change and interchange of moods?
6. Do I make proper use of stress and movement?
7. Do my tones fit the color-words?
8. Am I faithfully and adequately interpreting the author's meaning?

PROSE SELECTIONS

Humorous

Pathetic

Dramatic

Dialect

THE JOY OF READING

Who can estimate the joy, comfort and inspiration reading has afforded to the human race, how many weary hours it has solaced, how many distracted minds it has quieted, how many harassed souls it has soothed into forgetfulness? Who has not felt the thrill of discovery when he has found a new author, a new poet who peculiarly affected his mind, his soul, his risibilities, his ambitions, his life? I shall never forget when I found Charles Warren Stoddard's "Apostrophe to a Skylark." It was buried in one of his books and few seemed ever to have read it. There was joy incalculable in putting it side by side with Shelley's classic "Ode" and comparing the two conceptions. Thousands of souls have been inspired by reading to higher, nobler, more worthy endeavor. So, like Sancho Panza, we bless God and thank Him for the man who invented reading.—GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS

NATHAN FOSTER

BY PAUL L. DUNBAR

Nathan Foster and his lifelong friend and neighbor, Silas Bollender, sat together side by side upon the line-fence that separated their respective domains. They were both whittling away industriously, and there had been a long silence between them. Nathan broke it, saying:

"'Pears to me like I've had oncommon good luck this year."

"Wall, you have had good luck, there ain't no denyin' that. It 'pears as though you've been ee-specially blest."

"An' I know I ain't done nothin' to deserve it."

"No, o' course not. Don't take no credit to yourself, Nathan. We don't none of us deserve our blessings, however we may feel about our crosses; we kin be purty shore o' that."

"Now, look, my pertater vines was like little trees, an' nary a bug on 'em."

"An' you had as good a crop of corn as I've ever seen raised in this part of Montgomery county."

"Yes, an' I sold it, too, jest before that big drop in the price."

"After givin' away all yer turnips you could, you had to feed 'em to the hogs."

"My fruit trees jest had to be propped up, 'an I've got enough preserves in my cellar to last two or three winters, even takin' into consideration the drain o' church socials an' o' charity."

"Yore chickens are fat and sassy, not a sign o' pip on 'em."

"Look at them cows in the fur pastur. Did yer ever see anything to beat 'em fer sleekness?"

"Wall, look at the pasture itself; it's most enough to make human beings envy the critters. You didn't have a drop of rain on yer while you was gettin' in yer hay, did yer?"

"Not a drop."

"An' I had a whole lot ruined jest as I was about to rick it."

"Silas, sich luck as I'm a-havin' is achilly skeery; it don't seem right."

"No, it don't seem right for a religious man like you, Nathan. Ef you was a hard an' graspin' Sinner, it 'ud be jest makin' you top-heavy so's yore fall 'ud be the greater."

"I don't know but what that's it, anyhow. Mebbe I'm a-gettin' puffed up over my goods without exactly knowin' it."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so. Them kind o' feelin's is mighty sneakin' comin' on a body. O' course I ain't seen no signs of it in you; but it 'pears to me you'll have to mortify yore flesh yit to keep from being purse-proud."

"Mortify the flesh?"

"O' course, you can't put peas in yore shoes er get any of yer frien's to lash you, so you'll have to find some ɔther way of mortifyin' yer flesh. Wall, fer my part, I don't need to look fur none, fur I never had too many blessin's in my life, less'n you'd want to put the children under that head."

Silas shut his jack-knife with a snap and, laughing, slid down on his side of the fence. In serious silence Nathan Foster watched him go stumping up the path toward the house.

"Silas seems to take everything so light in this world; I wonder how he can do it."

With Nathan, now, it was just the other way. Throughout his eight and forty years he had taken every fact of life with ponderous seriousness. Entirely devoid of humor, he was a firm believer in signs, omens, tokens, and judgments. He was a religious man, and his wealth frightened and oppressed him. He gave to his church and gave freely.

As usual, he had taken his friend's bantering words in hard earnest and was turning them over in his mind.

The next morning when Nathan and Silas met to compare notes, Nathan began:

"I have been thinking over what you said last night, Silas, about me mortifyin' my flesh, and it seems to me like a good idee. I wrasselled in prayer last night, and it was shown to me that it wa'n't no more'n right fur me to make some kind o' sacrifice fur the mercies that's been bestowed upon me."

"Wall, I don't know, Nathan; burnt-offerings are a little out now."

"I don't mean nothin' like that; I mean some sacrifice of myself, some—"

His sentence was broken in upon by a shrill voice that called from Silas Bollender's kitchen door:

"Si, you'd better be a-gittin' about yore work instid o' standin' over

there a-gassin' all the mornin'. I'm shore I don't have no time to stand around."

"All right, Mollie; speakin' of mortifyin' the flesh an' makin' a sacrifice of yoreself, Nathan, why don't you git married?"

Nathan started.

"Then you'd be shore to accomplish both. Fur pure mortification of the flesh, I don't know of nothin' more thoroughgoin' er effectiver than a wife. Also she is a vexation to a man's sperit. You raaly ought to git married, Nathan."

"Do you think so?"

"It looks to me that that 'ud be about as good a sacrifice as you could make; an' then it's such a lastin' one."

"I don't believe you realize what you air a-sayin', Silas. It's a mighty desprit step that you're advisin' me to take."

Again Mrs. Bollender's voice broke in:

"Si, air you goin' to git anything done this mornin', er air you goin' to stand there an' hold up that fence fur the rest of the day?"

"Nathan, kin you stand here an' listen to a voice an' a speech like that an' then ask me if I realize the despritness of marriage?"

"It's desprit, but who'd you advise me to marry,—Silas, that is, if I made up my mind to marry,—an' I don't jest see any other way."

"Oh, I ain't pickin' out wives fur anybody, but it seems to me that you might be doin' a good turn by marryin' the Widder Young. The Lord 'ud have two special reasons fur blessin' you then; fur you'd be mortifyin' yore flesh an' at the same time a-helpin' the widder an' her orphans."

"That's so." He couldn't admit to Silas that he had been thinking hard of the Widow Young even before he had of mortifying his flesh with a wife.

Once decided, it did not take him long to put his plans into execution. But he called Silas over to the fence that evening after he had dressed to pay a visit to the widow.

"Wall, Silas, I've determined to take the step you advised."

"Humph, you made your mind up in a hurry, Nathan."

"I don't know as it's any use a-waiting; ef a thing's to be done, I think it ought to be done and got through with. What I want particular to know now is, whether it wouldn't be best to tell Lizzie—I mean the widder—that I want her as a means of mortification."

"Wall, no, Nathan, I don't know as I would do that jest yit; I don't believe it would be best."

"But if she don't know, wouldn't it be obtainin' her under false pretenses if she said yes?"

"Not exactaly the way I look at it, fur you've got more motives fur marryin' than one."

"What! Explain yoreself, Silas; explain yoreself."

"I mean you want to do her good as well as subdue your own sperit."

"Oh, yes, that's so."

"Now, no woman wants to know at first that she's a vexation to a man's sperit. It sounds scriptual, but it don't sound nooptial. Now look at me an' Mis' Bollender. I never told her until we'd been married more'n six months; but she didn't believe it then, an' she won't believe it till this day."

"Wall, I'll agree not to tell her right away, but if she consents, I must tell her a week or so after we are married. It'll ease my conscience. Ef I could tell her now, it 'ud be a heap easier in gittin' round the question. I don't know jest how to do it without."

"Oh, you won't have no trouble in makin' her understand. Matrimony's a subject that women air mighty keen on: They can see if a man's a-poppin' the question ef he only half tries. You'll git through all right."

Somewhat strengthened, Nathan left his friend and sought the widow's home. He found her stitching away merrily under the light of a coal-oil lamp with a red shade.

"La, Nathan, who'd a' expected to see you up here? You've got to be such a home body that no one don't look to see you out of yore own field and garden."

"I jest thought I'd drop in."

"Wall, it's precious kind of you, I'm shore. I was a-feelin' kind o' lonesome. The children go to bed with the chickens."

"I jest thought I'd drop in."

"Wall, it does remind me of old times to see you jest droppin' in, informal like, this way. My, how time does fly!"

"Widder, I've been thinkin' a good deal lately; I've been greatly prospered in my day; in fact, my cup runneth over."

"You have been prospered, Nathan."

"Seems 's ef—seems 's ef I ought to sheer it with somebody, don't it?"

"Wall, Nathan, I don't know nobody that's more generous in givin' to the pore than you air."

"I don't mean in jest exactly that way. I mean, widder—you're the

morti—I mean the salvation of my soul. Could you—would you—er do you think you'd keer to sheer my blessin's with me an' add another one to 'em?"

The Widow Young looked at him in astonishment; then the tears filled her eyes as she asked, "Nathan, do you mean it?"

"I wouldn't a-spent so much trouble on a joke, widder."

"No, it don't seem that you would, Nathan. Well, it's mighty sudden, mighty sudden, but I can't say no."

"Fur these an' many other blessin's make us truly thankful, O Lord," said Nathan devoutly. And he sat another hour with the widow making plans for the early marriage, on which he insisted.

The widow had been settled in Nathan's home over a month before he had ever thought of telling her of the real motive of his marriage, and every day from the time it occurred to him it grew harder for him to do it.

One night when he had been particularly troubled he sought his friend and counselor with a clouded brow. They sat together in their accustomed place on the fence.

"I'm bothered, Silas."

"What's the matter?"

"Why, there's several things. First off, I ain't never told the widder that she was a mortification, an' next she ain't. I look around at that old house o' mine that ain't been a home since mother used to scour the hearth, an' it makes me feel like singin' fer joy. An' I hear them children playin' round me—they're the beatenest children; that youngest one called me daddy yistiddy—well, I see 'em playin' round and my eyes air opened, an' I see that the widder's jest another blessin' added to the rest. It looks to me like I had tried to beat the Almighty."

"Wall, now, Nathan, I don't know that you've got any cause to feel bothered. You've done yore duty. If you've tried to mortify yore flesh an' it refused to mortify, why, that's all you could do, an' I believe the Lord'll take the will fer the deed an' credit you accordin'ly."

"Mebbe so, Silas, mebbe so."—Copyright by *Dodd, Mead & Co.*, New York, and used by arrangement.

DOING A WOMAN'S WORK

By MCKILLIP-STANWOOD

"Breakfast ready yet?" asked Jack Telfer, as he set two pails of foaming milk on the bench and turned to wash his hands.

"Almost," replied his wife. "But, say, Jack, won't you fix the calf pen while you're waiting? It won't take but a minute. The calves got out twice yesterday and tramped all over the flower beds and garden. I had an awful time getting them in. I tried to fix it, but I don't think I did a good job."

"I can't stop now. I guess it's all right. If they get out, why chase them in; you have nothing else to do, and I'll fix it up right when I get time. I want my breakfast now. I can't fool around here till noon. I've got to cultivate the peaches to-day."

"I've nothing else to do," repeated his wife, as she dished up the tempting breakfast. "Well, I like that, Jack Telfer. I wish to goodness I hadn't any more to do than you have."

"Why, what under the sun have you to do? You have only Toodles and me to look after and this little house to keep. I could do all the work you do with one hand tied behind me and then find time to throw at the birds. You see, I know what I am talking about, for I can cook and do housework as well as any woman."

"You've never displayed any talent in that direction since I've known you. It's like pulling teeth to get you to do a chore around the house. Not that I want a man to do housework, for I don't; that's a woman's business. But when she has every step to take and a dozen things to do at once, a little help occasionally comes mighty handy."

"Well, the reason I don't help around here is because there isn't much to do. The work you have is a snap, my girl, and a mighty soft one, too. Why, my mother had nine children and did all her own work and cooked for harvest hands and threshers and used to help the neighbors out if they got in a pinch."

"Well, my dear husband, I do not doubt but your mother was a very smart woman. She must have been to have raised so promising a son. But women are not all alike, my dear."

"Now, your work is a sort of paper-flower work compared with what I have to do. It would be a picnic for me to stay in the house, wash dishes, play with the baby and do such things."

"All right, suppose you have a picnic to-day. I can drive the cultivator just as well as you and you can cook and keep house a great deal better than I; at least you think you can. I'll hitch up and cultivate the peaches and you can tie one hand behind you and do the work to-day and see how much time you have to throw at the birds. What do you say?"

"Say," laughed Mr. Telfer as he pushed back from the table. "Why, I say I'm willing, but if you don't get enough riding in the hot sun—"

"The hot sun," interrupted his wife, "is no worse than the hot stove I cook over. Will you do it?"

"You bet I'll do it, but you must tell me what's to be done so you can't throw it up to me for ever after that the reason I got through so soon was because I didn't do half the work."

"First," said Mrs. Telfer, "there's the milk to skim and the calves to feed and the churning to do. Skim the milk on the north shelf in the cellar; the dishes to wash, and don't forget to scald the churn and the milk things. Then you can iron; the clothes are all dampened down in the basket. You need not iron any but the plain things, I'll do the others. Pit the cherries I picked last night and make a pie for dinner. And, oh, yes, you will have to kill a chicken and dress it, for you know you said last night you wanted chicken and dumplings for dinner to-day, and now is your chance.

"Stew some prunes for supper to-night, make the bed, sweep and dust and get the vegetables ready for dinner. Oh, I guess you know about what there is to do. I must be off now, for it is nearly 6 o'clock." And she was gone.

"Well, it's early yet; guess I'll smoke and read the *Rural World* awhile. There's an article on hogs I wanted to read; it seems nice to have time to do what you please."

After he had read a long time he at last knocked the ashes into his hand and stretched lazily.

He went down cellar and skimmed the milk, then he fed the calves, laughed at the way his wife had tried to fix the calf pen, went in and took off the table cloth and piled the dishes and empty milk things on the table.

"Guess I'll wash up before I churn. No, I won't, either. I'll churn first; then I'll clean up all at once. Oh, I've got a head on me. I ought to have been a woman."

He brought from the cellar a large new pan of thick cream and set it on the table, then he went to scald the churn, but the fire was out and the dish water Mrs. Telfer had put on before breakfast was nearly cold.

"Blame it all, I've got to go to the barn for peach pits; not one in the basket. But I'll kill the chicken while I'm out there and save an extra trip. If Jennie would only use some management about her work she'd have plenty of time."

The large pit basket was soon filled, but the chicken was another proposition. Every time he selected one to catch it seemed to know it was a marked bird and would shy off to the edge of the flock. At

last he had to run one down, and he wrung its neck with a great deal of satisfaction. As he entered the house the clock struck nine.

"Wheu! Where has the morning gone? I must get a move on me. Guess I'll make the pie first so it can bake while the water is heating."

He prepared the cherries. Then he made the pie; made it as well as a woman could. He had pushed the dishes back on the cluttered table to make room for his bread-board, and just as he had the crust nicely stamped down around the edge of his pie, with a fork, a tousled head of yellow curls appeared in the doorway, one chubby hand holding up a long, white nighty, the other rubbing a sleepy eye.

There was surprise on the baby face at the sight of his father. Papa meant fun for Toodles, and, running to him, he put up his little arms, saying, "Papa, high me; high Toodles, papa; high Toodles." And his father, dusting the flour from his hands, tossed the baby to the ceiling again and again while the little fellow screamed with delight.

In the midst of this jolly frolic the clock announced that it was the tenth hour of the day.

"Hear that, young man?" said the father. "That means that we must cut out this racket and get down to business. Your paternal ancestor is chief cook and general manager to-day and has several little chores to do yet. We will get Toodles' breakfast first, then wash and dress him afterwards so that he won't get mussed up when he eats.

"Mamma don't do that way, but we can give mamma a few pointers on keeping a baby clean, can't we, Toodles?"

And, putting the child in his high-chair, Mr. Telfer pinned a tea towel around the little neck for a bib, took a bowl and went to the cellar for some new milk.

While Toodles was eating breakfast his father washed the prunes and put them on to stew, set the pie in the oven and started to build the fire, but he was interrupted by an emphatic voice saying, "Papa, down; papa, down."

"All right, young man, I'll attend to your case directly," said Jack, touching a match to the kindling. "Guess I'll wash and dress you and have you off my hands."

And, taking a wash-pan of tepid water, with soap, comb, rag, towel and Toodles, he went into the sitting-room where it was cool and pleasant. The baby's clean clothes were lying upon a chair, where his mamma had placed them the night before. Then what a time they had. Toodles would catch the wash rag in his teeth and papa would shake it and growl till the little mouth would have to let loose to scream with the agonizing fun.

Then came the tangled curls, and it took a wonderful story about a doggie that would say "Bow, wow," and a little horsie that Toodles could ride and a chicky that went "Peep, peep, peep," and several other mental concoctions to keep the baby quiet until the ringlets were in order.

When the clean coaties were on and two little arms hugged papa tight, Jack Telfer thought, "Jennie calls this work."

The clock pounded out eleven strokes.

"Blast that clock; what's got into it," thought the man, putting the child down and hurrying to the kitchen. "I've been busy every minute this morning, and here it is 11 o'clock and not a thing done yet."

He found the fire had burned out; he had forgotten to put the peach pits on the kindling when he had stopped to fuss with Toodles.

"Well, I guess I'll make it all right by noon," he soliloquized. "This is a hurry-up order, but I'll be on time or eat my hat."

He looked at his pie; it was nearly half-baked. He built a roaring fire, packed the stove with peach pits, pulled the prunes to the front where they would cook quicker, and was debating in his mind which he should scald first, the churn or the chicken, when something rushed by the door.

"Drat those calves; they're out again."

Snatching his hat, he hurried after them. It was a merry chase for the calves if not for Mr. Telfer. They were willing to go in any direction but the right one, and by the time he got them corralled Jack was hot, tired and cross.

When Toodles was left alone he started out on a tour of inspection. The first objects of interest were the dead chicken and the peach-pit basket, but his attention was soon detracted from these by the bright pan that held the cream; it had been pushed to the edge of the table. As Toodles approached it he saw the reflection of a chubby baby face on the outside.

"Baby," said Toodles. He smiled and the pan baby smiled, and he concluded that the pan must be full of pretty, smiling babies, and he wanted them to play with. He could just get his little fingers over the edge of the pan. He pulled and tugged with all his might to get the pan baby down.

He succeeded, for the pan toppled over and deluged the immaculate Toodles with thick, yellow cream. His pretty curls were filled with chunks of oily coagulation, and cream ran in rivulets down his little back and bosom.

He seated himself in the middle of it and paddled and spattered in great glee.

The calf pen took longer to fix than Jack had expected, and as he neared the house he heard the clock striking twelve, and, looking fieldward, he saw his wife coming to dinner.

"Jumping Jupiter! what will she say?" was his mental comment. "But she will soon fix things, I'll bet."

As he entered the kitchen what a sight met his gaze. The room was dark with smoke from burned prunes, the table piled full of unwashed pans and dishes. The cream. Heavens, the cream! The dead chicken lay in the middle of the floor and the pit-basket was upset, as Toodles had left it for the pan baby. The open-mouthed churn stared at him.

Mr. Telfer opened the oven door; his pie was a black mass.

"I can see now why women sit down and cry sometimes. I'm blessed if I don't feel like it myself," he said.

Toodles, drenched but happy, called from the middle of his cream puddle, "High me, papa; high me."

Mrs. Telfer called out as she passed the house: "Hello! Dinner ready? I'm awful hungry." But her husband was not visible.

She had enjoyed her morning's work and was in excellent spirits. She watered and fed the team, then started for the house. The novelty of the situation amused her. She expected Jack would have some surprise ready, some extra dish for dinner, the table decorated with flowers or, perhaps, be tricked out in one of her white aprons with his hair curled and a pink ribbon around his neck to show how a wife should greet her husband.

He was such a wag it was impossible to tell what he might do. As she entered the house she stood dumb with amazement. Her eyes took in the situation. The breakfast dishes, the burned pie, the creamy Toodles, the dead chicken, the littered sitting-room with the remains of Toodles' toilet and the distracted-looking man.

"How soon will dinner be ready?" she asked. But her husband did not answer; he was busy picking up peach pits. "I've got to get back to work as soon as I can," she continued.

Crossing the room, she took up a paper and went outside and sat down in the shade to read.

Toodles, greasy and dripping, trotted after.

"Oh, baby, go to papa and get cleaned up. Go tell papa to clean baby up, darling," said his mother. And the little fellow hurried into the house, saying: "Keen baby up, papa; keen baby up."

Poor Jack, he had lost out. He was hopelessly balled up. He was

mad. He had felt somehow that his troubles were over when he saw his wife coming, but when she took the paper and sat down to read, leaving him in that awful muss, the iron entered his soul.

Yet he knew that was exactly the way he did, and only yesterday when she asked him to get a pitcher of fresh water for dinner he had said:

"It's a pity a man can't get a moment to rest without having to chore around the house."

"Keen baby up, papa; keen baby up!" reiterated Toodles. Jack looked down at the greasy, smeary child with its cream-matted curls and capitulated.

"Say, Jennie," he called, "I'll give up. I know when I'm worsted. It's my treat. If you'll come in here and help me out of this mix-up you can name your own price and I'll pay it. I've worked all the morning and haven't done a blamed thing but get all balled up. I never would have believed a woman had so much to do if I hadn't tried it. I am dead sore at the whole deal."

"Why, Jack," laughed his wife, as she came to his assistance, "you don't seem to like paper-flower work. I guess you forgot to tie one hand behind you and so used both to throw time at the birds."

"Now see here, Jennie, don't strike a man when he's down. I'll admit that I'm not nearly so smart as I thought I was this morning, but how things ever got in this shape I can't tell," said Jack with a grim smile.

Together they soon brought order out of chaos, and as they sat eating their picked-up dinner Jack said:

"If it is all the same to you, Jennie, I'll finish the orchard this afternoon."—*The Los Angeles Times*.

A BAD NIGHT

By J. ROSS BROWNE

I gradually dropped off into a doze, a mere doze, for I scorn the charge of having slept a wink that night. The grating of the grindstones, the everlasting clatter of tongues, the dust, the chaff, smoke, and fleas, to say nothing of the roar of the water down below, were enough to banish all hope of sleep; I merely closed my eyes to try how ridiculous it would feel. How long they remained closed I scarcely know; it was not long, however, for I soon heard a heavy breathing close by my head, and felt the warm breath of some monster on my face. I

knew it to be no Arab; it blew and snuffed altogether unlike anything of the human kind. Thinking it might be all fancy, I cautiously put out my hand in the dark and began to feel around me. For some moments I could discover nothing, but in waving my hand around I at length touched something—something that sent the blood flying back to my heart a good deal quicker than it ever flew before. To tell the honest truth, I never was so startled in all the previous adventures of my life. The substance that I put my hand on was bare and warm; it was wet also and slimy, and had large nostrils which seemed to be in the act of smelling me, previous to the act of mastication. With the quickness of lightning I jerked up my hand, and felt it glide along a skin covered with long rough hair; the next instant my ears were stunned by the most dreadful noises, which resembled, as I thought in the horror of the moment, the roaring of a full-grown lion. But it was not the roaring of a lion; it was only the braying of an ass.—
From The Mill of Malaha.

AN UNTHANKFUL ORPHAN

BY KATE LANGLEY BOSHER

My name is Mary Cary. I live in the Yorkburg Female Orphan Asylum. You may think nothing happens in an Orphan Asylum. It does. The orphans are sure enough children, and real, much like the kind that have Mothers and Fathers; but though they don't give parties or wear truly Paris clothes, things happen.

To-day I was kept in. Yesterday, too. I don't mind, for I would rather watch the lightning up here than be down in the basement with the others. There are days when I love thunder and lightning. I can't flash and crash, being just Mary Cary; but I'd like to, and when it is done for me it is a relief to my feelings.

The reason I was kept in was this: Yesterday Mr. Gaffney, the one with a sunk eye and cold in his head perpetual, came to talk to us for the benefit of our characters. He thinks it's his duty, and, just naturally loving to talk, he wears us out once a week anyhow. Yesterday, not agreeing with what he said, I wouldn't pretend I did, and I was punished prompt, of course.

I don't care for duty-doers, and I tried not to listen to him; but tiresome talk is hard not to hear—it makes you so mad. Hear him I did, and when, after he had ambled on until I thought he really was castor-oil and I had swallowed him, he blew his nose and said:

"You have much, my children, to be thankful for, and for everything you should be thankful. Are you? If so, stand up. Rise, and stand upon your feet."

I didn't rise. All the others did—stood on their feet, just like he asked. None tried their heads. I was the only one that sat, and when his good eye stared at me in such astonishment, I laughed out loud. I couldn't help it, I truly couldn't.

I'm not thankful for everything, and that's why I didn't stand up. Can you be thankful for toothache, or stomachache, or any kind of ache? You cannot. And not meant to be, either.

The room got awful still, and then presently he said:

"Mary Cary"—his voice was worse than his eye—"Mary Cary, do you mean to say you have not a thankful heart?" And he pointed his finger at me like I was the Jezebel lady come to life.

I didn't answer, thinking it safer, and he asked again:

"Do I understand, Mary Cary"—and by this time he was real red-in-the-face mad—"do I understand you are not thankful for all that comes to you? Do I understand aright?"

"Yes, sir, you understand right," I said, getting up this time. "I am not thankful for everything in my life. I'd be much thankfuller to have a Mother and Father on earth than to have them in heaven. And there are a great many other things I would like different." And down I sat, and was kept in for telling the truth.

Miss Bray says it was for impertinence (Miss Bray is the Head Chief of this Institution), but I didn't mean to be impertinent. I truly didn't. Speaking facts is apt to make trouble, though—also writing them. To-day Miss Bray kept me in for putting something on the blackboard I forgot to rub out. I wrote it just for my own relief, not thinking about anybody else seeing it. What I wrote was this:

"Some people are crazy all the time;
All people are crazy sometimes."

That's why I'm up in the punishment-room to-day, and it only proves that what I wrote is right. It's crazy to let people know you know how queer they are. Miss Bray takes personal everything I do, and when she saw that blackboard, up-stairs she ordered me at once. She loves to punish me, and it's a pleasure I give her often.

She thinks she could run this earth better than it's being done, and she walks around like she is the Superintendent of most of it.

But she's taught me a good deal about Human Nature, Miss Bray has. About the side I didn't know. I think I will make a special study

of Human Nature. I thought once I'd take up Botany in particular, as I love flowers; or Astronomy, so as to find out all about those million worlds in the sky, so superior to earth, and so much larger; but I think, now, I'll settle on Human Nature. Nobody ever knows what it is going to do, which makes it full of surprises, but there's a lot that's real interesting about it. I like it. As for its Bray side, I'll try not to think about it; but if there are puddles, I guess it's well to know where, so as not to step in them. I wish we didn't have to know about puddles and things! I'd so much rather know little and be happy than find out the miserable much some people do. God is going to have a hard time with Miss Bray. She's right old to change, and she's set in her ways—bad ways.

Did you know I wrote poetry? Umhm. I do. Last week I wrote one. This is it:

"In the winter, by the fireside, when the snow falls soft and white,
I am waiting, hoping, longing, but for what I don't know quite.
And when summer's sunshine shimmers, and the birds sing clear and
sweet,
I am waiting, always waiting, for the joy I hope to meet.

"It will be, I think, my husband, and the home he'll make for me;
But of his coming or home-making, I as yet no signs do see.
But I still shall keep on waiting, for I know it's true as fate,
When you really, truly hustle, things will come if just you'll wait."

Miss Bray was to get married. When I grow up I am going to marry a million-dollar man, so I can travel around the world and have a house in Paris with twenty bathrooms in it. And I'm going to have horses and automobiles and a private car and balloons, if they are working all right by that time. I hope they will be, for I want something in which I can soar up and sit and look down on other people.

All my life people have looked down on me, passing me by like I was a Juny bug or a caterpillar, and I don't wonder. I'm merely Mary Cary with fifty-eight more just like me. Blue calico, white dots for winter, white calico, blue dots for summer. Black sailor hats and white sailor hats with blue capes for cold weather, and no fire to dress by, and freezing fingers when it's cold, and no ice-water when it's hot.

Yes, I am going to marry a rich man. I will try to love him, but if I can't I will be polite to him and travel alone as much as possible. But I am going to be rich some day, I am. And when I come back

to Yorkburg eyes will bulge, for the clothes I am going to wear will make mouths water, they're going to be so grand.

It seems like every time Miss Katherine goes away from the 'Sylum I'd be bad. Last time she hadn't been gone two days till I'd invented more trouble. It was this way: In the summer we have much more time than in the winter, and the children kept coming to me asking me to make up something, and all of a sudden a play came in my mind. I just love acting. The play was to be the marriage of Dr. Rudd and Miss Bray.

You see, Miss Bray is dead in love with Dr. Rudd—really addled about him. And whenever he comes to see any of the children who are sick she is so solitious and sweet and smiley that we call her, to ourselves, Ipecac Mollie. Other days, plain Mollie Cottontail. It seemed to me if we could just think him into marrying her, it would be the best work we'd ever done, and I thought it was worth trying.

They say if you just think and think and think about a thing you can make somebody else think about it, too. And not liking Dr. Rudd, we didn't mind thinking her on him, and so we began. Every day we'd meet for an hour and think together, and each one promised to think single, and in between times we got ready.

Becky Drake says love goes hard late in life, and sometimes touches the brain. Maybe that accounts for Miss Bray.

She is fifty-three years old, and all frazzled out and done up with adjuncts. But Dr. Rudd, being a man with not even usual sense, and awful conceited, don't see what we see, and swallows easy. Men are funny—funny as some women.

I don't think he's ever thought of courting Miss Bray. But she's thought of it, and for once we tried to help her, and the play was a corker; it certainly was. We chose Friday night because Miss Jones always takes tea with her aunt that night, and Miss Bray goes to choir practicing. I wish everybody could hear her sing! Gabriel ought to engage her to wake the dead—only they'd want to die again.

Dr. Rudd is in the choir, and she just lives on having Friday nights to look forward to.

The ceremony took place in the basement-room where we play in bad weather. It's across from the dining-room, the kitchen being between, and it's a right nice place to march in, being long and narrow.

I was the preacher, and Prudence Arch and Nita Polley, Emma Clark and Margaret Witherspoon were the bridesmaids.

Lizzie Wyatt was the bride, and Katie Freeman, who is the tallest girl in the house, though only fourteen, was the groom.

Katie is so thin she would do as well for one thing in this life as another, so we made her Dr. Rudd.

We didn't have but two men. Miss Webb says they're really not necessary at weddings, except the groom and minister. Nobody notices them, and, besides, we couldn't get the pants.

I was an Episcopal minister, so I wouldn't need any.

If anybody thinks that wedding was slumpy, they think wrong. It was thrilly. When the bride and groom and the bridesmaids came in, all the girls were standing in rows on either side of the walls, making an aisle in between, and they sang a wedding-song I had invented from my heart.

It was to the Lohengrin tune, which is a little wobbly for words, but they got them in all right, keeping time with their hands. These are the words:

Here comes the bride,
God save the groom!
And please don't let any chil-i-il-dren come,
For they don't know
How children feel,
Nor do they know how with children to deal.

She's still an old maid,
Though she would not have been
Could she have mar-ri-ed any kind of man.
But she could not.
So to the Humane
She came, and caus-ed a good deal of pain.

But now she's here
To be married, and go
Away with her red-headed, red-bearded beau.
Have mercy, Lord,
And help him to bear
What we've been doing this many a year!

And such singing! We'd been practicing in the back part of the yard, and humming in bed, so as to get the words into the tune; but we hadn't let out until that night. That night we let go.

There's nothing like singing from your heart, and, though I was the minister and stood on a box which was shaky, I sang too. I led.

The bride didn't think it was modest to hold up her head, and she was the only silent one. But the bridegroom and bridesmaids sang, and it sounded like the revivals at the Methodist church. It was grand.

And that bride! She was Miss Bray. A graven image of her couldn't have been more like her.

She was stuffed in the right places, and her hair was frizzled just like Miss Bray's. Frizzled in front, and slick and tight in the back; and her face was a purple pink, and powdered all over, with a piece of dough just above her mouth on the left side to correspond with Miss Bray's mole.

And she held herself so like her, shoulders back, and making that little nervous snuffle with her nose, like Miss Bray makes when she's excited, that once I had to wink at her to stop.

The groom didn't look like Dr. Rudd. But she wore men's clothes, and that's the only way you'd know some men were men, and almost anything will do for a groom. Nobody noticed him.

We were getting on just grand, and I was marrying away, telling them what they must do and what they mustn't do. Particularly that they mustn't get mad and leave each other, for Yorkburg was very old-fashioned and didn't like changes, and would rather stick to its mistakes than go back on its word. And then I turned to the bride.

"Miss Bray," I said, "have you told this man you are marrying that you are two-faced and underhand, and can't be trusted to tell the truth? Have you told him that nobody loves you, and that for years you have tried to pass for a lamb, when you are an old sheep? And does he know that though you're a good manager on little and are not lazy, that your temper's been ruined by economizing, and that at times, if you were dead, there'd be no place for you? Peter wouldn't pass you, and the devil wouldn't stand you. And does he know he's buying a pig in a bag, and that the best wedding present he could give you would be a set of new teeth? And will you promise to stop pink powder and clean your finger-nails every day? And—"

But I got no further, for something made me look up, and there, standing in the door, was the real Miss Bray.

All I said was—"Let us pray!"—Abridged from "Mary Cary," copyrighted by *The Century Company*, New York, and used by the kind consent of author and publisher.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY

BY MYRA KELLY

It was the week before Christmas, and the First-Reader Class had, almost to a man, decided on the gifts to be lavished on "Teacher."

But Morris Mogilewsky, whose love for Teacher was far greater than the combined loves of all the other children, had as yet no present to bestow. The knowledge saddened all his hours and was the more maddening because it could in no wise be shared by Teacher, who noticed his altered bearing and tried with all sorts of artful beguilements to make him happy and at ease. But her efforts served only to increase his unhappiness and his love. And he loved her! Oh, how he loved her! Since first his dreading eyes had clung for a breath's space to her "like man's shoes" and had then crept timidly up to her "light face," she had been mistress of his heart of hearts. That was more than three months ago. And well he remembered the day!

His mother had washed him horribly, and had taken him into the big, red schoolhouse, so familiar from the outside, but so full of unknown terrors within.

He was then dragged through long halls and up tall stairs by a large boy, who spoke to him disdainfully as "greenie," so that his spirit was quite broken and his nerves were all unstrung when he was pushed into a room full of bright sunshine and of children who laughed at his frightened little face. The sunshine smote his timid eyes, the laughter smote his timid heart, and he turned to flee. But the door was shut, the large boy gone, and despair took him for its own.

Down upon the floor he dropped, and wailed, and wept, and kicked. It was then that he heard, for the first time, the voice which now he loved.

"Why, my dear little chap, you mustn't cry like that. What's the matter?"

The hand was gentle and the question kind, and these, combined with a faint perfume suggestive of drug-stores and barber-shops—but nicer than either—made him uncover his hot little face. Kneeling beside him was a lady, and he forced his eyes to that perilous ascent; from shoes to skirt, from skirt to jumper, from jumper to face, they trailed in dread uncertainty, but at the face they stopped. They had found—rest.

Morris allowed himself to be gathered into the lady's arms, and held upon her knee, and when his sobs no longer rent the very foundations of his pink and wide-spread tie, he answered her question in a voice as soft as his eyes, and as gently sad.

"I ain't so big, and I don't know where is my mamma."

Thereafter he had been the first to arrive every morning, and the

last to leave every afternoon; and under the care of Teacher, his liege lady, he had grown in wisdom and love and happiness. But the greatest of these was love. And now, when the other boys and girls were planning surprises and gifts of price for Teacher, his hands were as empty as his heart was full. Appeal to his mother met with denial prompt and energetic.

"For what you go und make, over Christmas, presents?"

"All the other fellows buys her presents, und I'm loving mit her too; it's polite I gives her presents the while I'm got such a kind feeling over her," said Morris stoutly.

"Well, we ain't got no money for buy nothings," said Mrs. Mogilewsky sadly. "No money, und your papa, he has all times a scare he shouldn't to get no more."

So Morris was helpless, his mother poor, and Teacher all unknowing.

And now the great day, the Friday before Christmas, came, and the school was, for the first half-hour, quite mad. Room 18, generally so placid and so peaceful, was a howling wilderness full of brightly colored, quickly changing groups of children, all whispering, all gurgling, and all hiding queer bundles.

Isidore Belchatosky was the first to lay tribute before Teacher. He came forward with a sweet smile and a tall candlestick, and Teacher, for a moment, could not be made to understand that all that length of bluish-white china was really hers "for keeps."

"It's to-morrow holiday," Isidore assured her; "and we gives you presents, the while we have a kind feeling. Candlesticks could to cost twenty-five cents."

"It's a lie! three for ten," said a voice in the background; but Teacher hastened to respond to Isidore's test of her credulity.

"Indeed, they could. This candlestick could have cost fifty cents, and it's just what I want. It is very good of you to bring me a present."

"You're welcome," said Isidore, retiring.

And then, the ice being broken, the First-Reader Class in a body rose to cast its gifts on Teacher's desk, and its arms around Teacher's neck.

Nathan Horowitz presented a small cup and saucer; Isidore Applebaum bestowed a large calendar for the year before last; Sadie Gonorowsky brought a basket containing a bottle of perfume, a thimble, and a bright silk handkerchief; Sarah Schrodsky offered a pen-wiper and a yellow celluloid collarbutton, and Eva Kidansky gave an elaborate

nasal douche, under the pleasing delusion that it was an atomizer.

Jacob Spitsky pressed forward with a tortoise-shell comb of terrifying aspect and hungry teeth, and an air showing forth a determination to adjust it in its destined place. Teacher meekly bowed her head; Jacob forced his offering into her long-suffering hair, and then retired with the information "Costs fifteen cents, Teacher."

Meanwhile the rush of presentation went steadily on. Cups and saucers came in wild profusion. The desk was covered with them. The soap, too, became urgently perceptible. It was of all sizes, shapes and colors, but of uniform and dreadful power of perfume. Teacher's eyes filled with tears—of gratitude—as each new piece or box was pressed against her nose, and Teacher's mind was full of wonder as to what she could ever do with it all. Bottles of perfume vied with one another and with the all-pervading soap, until the air was heavy and breathing grew laborious. But pride swelled the hearts of the assembled multitude. No other Teacher had so many helps to the toilet. None other was so beloved.

When the wastepaper basket had been twice filled with wrappings and twice emptied; when order was emerging out of chaos; when the Christmas-tree had been disclosed and its treasures distributed, a timid hand was laid on Teacher's knee and a plaintive voice whispered, "Say, Teacher, I got something for you"; and Teacher turned quickly to see Morris, her dearest boy charge.

"Now, Morris dear," said Teacher, "you shouldn't have troubled to get me a present; you know you and I are such good friends that—"

"Teacher, yiss, ma'am," Morris interrupted, in a bewitching and rising inflection of his soft and plaintive voice. "I know you got a kind feeling by me, and I couldn't to tell even how I got a kind feeling by you. Only it's about that kind feeling I should give you a present. I didn't"—with a glance at the crowded desk—"I didn't to have no soap nor no perfumery, and my mamma she couldn't to buy none by the store; but, Teacher, I'm got something awful nice for you by present."

"And what is it, deary?" asked the already rich and gifted young person. "What is my new present?"

"Teacher, it's like this: I don't know; I ain't so big like I could to know"—and, truly, God pity him! he was passing small—"it ain't for boys—it's for ladies. Over yesterday on the night comes my papa to my house, und he gives my mamma the present. Sooner she looks on it, sooner she has a awful glad; in her eyes stands tears, und she

says, like that—out of Jewish—“Thanks,” un’ she kisses my papa a kiss. Und my papa, how he is polite! He says—out of Jewish, too—“you’re welcome, all right,” un’ he kisses my mamma a kiss. So my mamma, she sets und looks on the present, und all the time she looks she has a glad over it. Und I didn’t to have no soap, so you could to have the present.”

“But did your mother say I might?”

“Teacher, no, ma’am; she didn’t say like that, und she didn’t to say not like that. She didn’t to know. But it’s for ladies, un’ I didn’t to have no soap. You could to look on it. It ain’t for boys.”

And here Morris opened a hot little hand and disclosed a tightly folded pinkish paper. As Teacher read it he watched her with eager, furtive eyes, dry and bright, until hers grew suddenly moist, when his promptly followed suit. As she looked down at him, he made his moan once more:

“It’s for ladies, and I didn’t to have no soap.”

“But, Morris dear,” cried Teacher, unsteadily, laughing a little, and yet not far from tears, “this is ever so much nicer than soap—a thousand times better than perfume; and you’re quite right, it is for ladies, and I never had one in all my life before. I am so very thankful.”

“You’re welcome, all right. That’s how my papa says; it’s polite. Und my mamma,” he said insinuatingly—“she kisses my papa a kiss.”

“Well?” said Teacher.

“Well,” said Morris, “you ain’t never kissed me a kiss, und I seen how you kissed Eva Gonorowsky. I’m loving mit you too. Why don’t you never kiss me a kiss?”

“Perhaps,” suggested Teacher mischievously, “perhaps it ain’t for boys.”

“Teacher, yiss, ma’am; it’s for boys,” he cried, as he felt her arms about him, and saw that in her eyes, too, “stands tears.”

Late that night Teacher sat in her pretty room and reviewed her treasures. She saw that they were very numerous, very touching, very whimsical, and very precious. But above all the rest she cherished a frayed and pinkish paper, rather crumpled and a little soiled. For it held the love of a man and a woman and a little child, and the magic of a home, for Morris Mogilewsky’s Christmas present for ladies was the receipt for a month’s rent for a room on the top floor of a Monroe Street tenement.—From “Little Citizens,” copyrighted by *Doubleday, Page & Co.*, New York, and used by arrangement.

THE CAMP-MEETING AT BLUFF SPRINGS

BY JUSTIN TRUITT BISHOP

Bascom Barnard paused on the kitchen steps, and looked in at the door with suspicion and irritation in his eyes.

"Bakin' chickens, air ye?" he asked. "Now I'd like to know what ye're wastin' chickens fur at this rate? An' pies an' lightbread an' puddin', well the land, Ma' Jane, did ye think we was millionaires?"

"I didn't know but ye'd change your mind about goin' over to the camp-meetin' an' it would help along to have most of the cookin' for Sunday done at home," she said humbly.

"It does seem to me, Ma' Jane, that it takes more talkin' to convince you of anything, than any other seventeen women I ever have saw. I've tol' you every day for the last week that we warn't goin' to that dratted camp-meetin'—that we couldn't both leave, and I was bound to go over to the corners and see Bink Denny about that land—that a woman's business was at home, stid of gallivantin' 'round the country 'tendin' camp-meetin's; cain't you ever learn anything, Ma' Jane?"

Ma' Jane shut the oven door and stood up; she wiped the perspiration from her face with a checked apron.

"I've been hopin' for years that they'd have a camp-meetin' near enough for me to go. I've not 'tended since I was a girl. Mother always had a tent an' you was glad enough to come to camp-meetin' then, Bascom, an' this one's not more'n six miles away—an' I want to go."

"Well, you know good an' well you cain't. Somebody's got to stay on this place to take keer o' things—an' since it cain't be me, it's got to be you."

"Mary Hopkins tol' me she'd save one end of her tent for me; it's built o' boards—two rooms and a hall between—an' there's a big shed at the back for a dining-room, an' I wanted to go worse'n I ever wanted to go anywheres, I guess."

"Fur's that's concerned, I reckon I wanted to go, but you don't see me throwin' our livin' away so's I could gallop off to every camp-meetin' that comes along, do ye?"

"I won't be back for three days," he stated, as he went away. In deep silence Ma' Jane sat down and looked at the kitchen table. It was heaped with the good things she had prepared for the great Sunday dinner at the camp-ground, where it was the joy of every tender to keep open house and entertain all who would come.

True, Bascom had said all along that they could not go, yet she had gone on cooking and planning. She had even packed most of the things which she would need for housekeeping in the other end of Mary Hopkins's tent.

Ma' Jane went out to the barn and looked at the cows, which were ready to eat again, having been fed fully an hour before.

"Drat ye," said she vindictively. Coming from Ma' Jane, this might have been considered mild profanity.

Her heart stood still for a moment, then she wept remorsefully on the outstretched nose of the nearest cow. "It's about time I was goin' to camp-meetin'," she said. "If I ain't gettin' to be a heathen, I dunno who is."

As she slowly walked out of the barn, the two cows followed her, and it was at the barn-door that an inspiration came to Ma' Jane Barnard.

Her face paled a moment, and then flushed crimson. She put her hand to her throat—"them cows lead like dogs," she whispered.

Bascom Barnard's work at the corners was over in less time than he had contemplated. In fact, he met Bink Denny coming out of the "First and Last Chance" in such a state of intoxication that Bascom was glad to tear himself away and set forth on the homeward road.

He went slowly and sorrowfully, because if he went home, Ma' Jane would insist on going to camp-meeting and he would be left alone over Sunday. The few times when he had been left to look after the house had been brief but memorable. Of course, it was no trouble for Ma' Jane to run the place. She was already reconciled to the staying at home now, anyway, and did not expect to go to the camp-meeting.

Bascom was silent on his way home—only two or three miles off the road—and he really felt that it would do him good to see what a camp-meeting was like once more. He felt that he might finish up the day there at any rate, and then go home and give Ma' Jane a chance; or he might stay over Sunday at the camp-grounds, and then go back to the corners, find Bink Denny sober, and transact his business according to the first arrangement.

Bascom Barnard turned into the road that led to Bluff Springs. The sound of hammering and sawing, and the merry clatter of tongues proclaimed the camp-ground before he was in sight of it. He rode into the busy little city where board and canvas tents were going up like magic. Brother Wilkins, the minister, called cheerfully:

"Hello, Brother Barnard, where's Sister Barnard, ain't she coming?"

"She kinder thot she wouldn't come. Ma' Jane sets a lot o' store by the cows and things, ye see—so she reckoned she'd stay."

He rode hurriedly down the line of tents, where a fire of questions met him at every turn.

"I jes couldn't get Ma' Jane to come," he explained to Miss Mirandy Barr. "It don't suit her to come away and leave things at six's and seven's, as she says, so she jes stays by the stuff, Ma' Jane does."

Bascom Barnard began helping people to get their tents in order.

Before noon, he told his friends that Ma' Jane didn't know what she was missing, and immediately after dinner—chicken-pie and fixin's—if they thought it would do any good, he would go after Ma' Jane yet and make her come, whether or no.

Just before the afternoon service, he said it was an awful mistake to have a body's mind on worldly things.

In the still hours of the night Bascom reasoned it out. He had not treated himself to a holiday this many a year, and now he felt he was entitled to one. Ma' Jane could take hers some other time; besides, a woman's work was never wearin' like a man's—keepin' house was like play compared with what he had been called upon to do. He turned over on the fragrant hay mattress, with which Sister Clark had provided him, and went comfortably to sleep.

The clear notes of a horn roused everybody for the sunrise prayer-meeting, and Bascom hurried arbor-wards with the others.

"Will Brother Barnard please lead us in prayer?" said the minister, when the first hymn had been sung. Brother Barnard found himself on his knees stumbling over a few familiar phrases; as he went on he gained confidence and his voice became assured. He remarked upon the fact that our days are few and evil.

After a few similar remarks, he got in full swing—time was no object—scraps of forgotten phrases from prayers heard in his youth tumbled forth in picturesque confusion. The hour for prayer-meeting to close had come when he began to pray for the heathen, and this took time of itself. When he had worked around to the sinful and depraved of our own land, everybody would have been impatient, but for the fact that something had happened—something that Bascom could not see, as his eyes were shut. There were some who kept their eyes open when they prayed; these nudged each other excitedly.

"An' now, Lord," pleaded Brother Bascom Barnard, pounding the bench in front of him with a clenched fist, "be with all that's near and dear to them that's gathered here to worship Thee. Be with them that's stayed by the stuff—an' if they've stayed away from this blessed

place because they're cold or hard-hearted—as we fear some of 'em has—O Lord, melt their hearts of stone an' make 'em see that they're hangin' over eternal punishment prepared for the devil and his angels."

"Amen," said a clear voice, undeniably feminine, which seemed in some unaccountable way to come from the wrong direction.

Bascom was kneeling in the sawdust near the altar, and facing the congregation. The voice came from behind him. Involuntarily he looked back over his shoulder. At the same moment a faint giggle arose somewhere down among the benches where the congregation was kneeling.

An old horse and wagon had drawn up close at the edge of the arbor, and Ma' Jane, her best bonnet tied under her chin, held the reins. The wagon was piled high with a medley of things pertaining to housekeeping. Three coops of excited chickens topped the pile, the anxious mewing of a cat came from a basket behind the seat, and tied to the back of the wagon were two cows, both intimating that something to eat would be quite acceptable. Under the wagon sat the black puppy, its astonished head to one side as it viewed its master under these unaccustomed circumstances.

Every one had arisen and was looking with might and main. The minister hastily pronounced the benediction.

"I'm sorry to move in on Sunday," explained Ma' Jane, "but it's took me all'nite to get ready an' to come. My husband couldn't help me because he was over to the corners, makin' a trade with Bink Denny. I warn't goin' to stay at home tendin' the cows and things while camp-meetin' was goin' on only six miles away, so I brung 'em all along. 'Long as Bascom's not here, if some of you would help me unload at Mary Hopkins's tent, I'd be thankful, an' you'll take dinner with me to-day, Brother Wilkins—an' as many more as can crowd in."

That dinner in the other end of Mary Hopkins's tent, was a thing long to be remembered. Bascom crept meekly in after awhile and offered himself at least as a guest. But Ma' Jane remarked dryly, "My husband not bein' here, I reckon I can't take you in—I ain't makin' no new acquaintances." He went away and ate with Miss Mirandy Barr, who had corn-beef and cold potatoes for dinner. Somehow everything was different.

The minister's sermon on hypocrisy that afternoon was something terrible to hear, and sounded personal to the last degree. Another meal at Miss Mirandy Barr's with a night on a pallet at Sister Clark's prepared Bascom to enter upon another day with a chastened spirit,

but there was no relenting on the part of Ma' Jane. Between sermons he heard goodly sounds of cooking at her tent and, wandering near, smelled such odors as tore his very being asunder. But he was an outcast there, and might not hope to enter. He listened to the sermons in gloomy silence; his voice was not raised in the hymns.

But when the long day had worn itself out, and the night service was going on, he sat looking around on the scene from which it seemed that he was all at once shut out.

Over there in the brightest light he saw Ma' Jane, her face lifted, her hands clasped in her lap. He saw how gray she was getting and how shabby. That best bonnet of hers had been bought fifteen years before, and she had washed the ribbon and retrimmed it many times. While he looked he saw the tears on her face too. The hands she raised to wipe them were rough and hard; how she must have worked!

The minister had turned towards him and looked into his eyes. What he saw there decided him—"Will Brother Bascom Barnard lead us in prayer?" And Brother Bascom Barnard fell on his knees, shaken with sobs.

"The Lord forgive us for bein' miserable fools," he cried, "an' give us a chance to try again an' see if we can't do better next time, Amen!" It was a very complete prayer; after it was over Bascom found a hand on his arm, and there was Ma' Jane looking up at him.

"I've got some chicken-pie saved up for you, Bascom," she whispered. And they went away toward the tent, arm in arm, walking where the shadows of the trees lay thickest. "It looks like we're goin' to have a great meetin'," he said, stumbling. "I'm awful glad you got a chance to come, Ma' Jane."

THE CATACOMBS OF PALERMO

J. ROSS BROWNE.

Chief among the wonders of Palermo are the Catacombs of the Capuchin Convent, near to Porta d'Ossuna. It is said to be a place of great antiquity; many of the bodies have been preserved in it for centuries, and still retain much of their original freshness. Entering the ancient and ruinous court of the convent, distant about a mile from the city, I was conducted by a ghostly-looking monk through some dark passages to the subterranean apartments of the dead. It was not my first visit to a place of this kind, but I must confess the sight was rather startling. It was like a revel of the dead—a horrible,

grinning, ghastly exhibition of skeleton forms, sightless eyes, and shining teeth, jaws distended, and bony hands outstretched; heads without bodies, and bodies without heads—the young, the old, the brave, the once beautiful and gay, all mingled in the ghastly throng. I walked through long subterranean passages, lined with the dead on both sides; with a stealthy and measured tread I stepped, for they seemed to stare at the intrusion, and their skeleton fingers vibrated as if yearning to grasp the living in their embrace. Long rows of upright niches are cut into the walls on each side; in every niche a skeleton form stands erect as in life, habited in a robe of black; the face, hands, and feet naked, withered, and of an ashy hue; the grizzled beards still hanging in tufts from the jaws, but matted and dry. To each corpse is attached a label upon which is written the name and the date of decease, and a cross or the image of the Saviour. . . .

Who was the prince here? Who was the great man, or the proud man, or the rich man? The musty, grinning, ghastly skeleton in the corner seemed to chuckle at the thought, and say to himself, "Was it you, there on the right, you ugly, noseless, sightless, disgusting thing? Was it you that rode in your fine carriage, about a year ago, and thought yourself so great when you ordered your coachman to drive over the beggar? Don't you see he is as handsome as you are now, and as great a man; you can't cut him down now, my fine fellow! And you, there on the left. What a nice figure you are, with your fleshless shanks and your worm-eaten lips! It was you that betrayed youth and beauty and innocence, and brought yourself here at last to keep company with such wretches as I am. Why, there is not a living thing now, save the maggots, that wouldn't turn away in disgust from you. And you, sir, on the opposite side, how proud you were the last time I saw you; an officer of state, a great man in power, who could crush all below you, and make the happy wife a widowed mourner, and bring her little babes to starvation; it was you who had innocent men seized and thrown into prison. What can you do now? The meanest wretch that mocks you in this vault of death is as good as you, as strong, as great, as tall, as broad, as pretty a piece of mortality, and a great deal nearer to heaven. Oh, you are a nice set of fellows, all mixing together without ceremony! Where are your rules of etiquette now; your fashionable ranks, and your plebeian ranks; your thousands of admiring friends, your throngs of jeweled visitors? Why, the lowliest of us has as many visitors here, and as many honest tears shed as you. Ha! Ha! This is a jolly place, after all; we are all a jolly set of republicans, and old Death is our President.—From

"Yusef, or the Journey of the Frangi." Published by *Harper & Brothers* and used by their kind permission.

GETTING READY FOR THE TRAIN

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

When they reached the station, Mr. and Mrs. Man gazed in unspeakable disappointment at the receding train which was just pulling away from the station at the rate of about a thousand miles a minute. Their first impulse was to run after it, but as the train was out of sight and whistling for the next station before they could act upon this impulse, they remained in the auto and disconsolately turned homeward.

"It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready!"

"I was ready before you were!"

"Great heavens, just listen to that! And I sat out in the car ten minutes yelling for you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me!"

"Yes, and every time I started down the stairs you sent me back after something you had forgotten."

Mr. Man groaned. "This is too much to bear when everybody knows that if I were going to Europe I would just rush in the house, put on a clean shirt, grab a grip and fly, while you would want at least six months to get ready in and then dawdle around the whole day of starting until every train had left town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Mans put off their visit to San Diego until the next week, when it was agreed that each one should get himself or herself ready, get down to the train and go. And the one who failed to get ready should be left.

The day of the match came around in due time. The train was to leave at ten-thirty and Mr. Man, after attending to business, came home at nine forty-five.

"Now, then, only three-quarters of an hour until train time. Fly around. A fair field and no favors, you know."

And away they flew. Mr. Man bulged into this room, and rushed through that, and into one closet after another, with inconceivable chuckling under his breath all the time to think how cheap Mrs. Man would feel when he started off alone. He stopped on the way upstairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining-room and hung it

on the corner of the silver closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he ran through the hall and tossed it on a hook on the hatrack, and by the time he reached his own room he was ready to plunge into clean clothes. He pulled out a dresser drawer and began to paw among the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat. "Elinor, where are my shirts?"

"In your dresser drawer."

"Well, but they ain't. I've pulled out every last thing and there isn't a thing I've ever seen before."

(Laughing.) "These things scattered around on the floor are all mine; perhaps you haven't been looking in your own drawer."

"I don't see why you couldn't put my things out for me, when you had nothing to do all morning."

"Because—because, nobody put mine out. A fair field and no favors, my dear."

Mr. Man plunged into his shirt. "Gad, no buttons on the neck!"

"Because you have it on wrong side out."

When his head came through the clock struck ten. "Where's my shirt studs?"

"In the shirt you just pulled off." Mrs. Man put on her gloves while Mr. Man hunted up and down the room for his cuff buttons.

"Elinor, I believe you must know where those buttons are."

"I didn't see them. Didn't you leave them on the window-sill in the living-room last night?"

Mr. Man remembered, and down the stairs he flew. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count.

"Are you nearly ready, dear?"

The unhappy man groaned. "Can't you throw me down my other boot?"

Mrs. Man pitifully kicked it down to him.

"My valise?"

"In your dressing-room."

"Packed?"

"I do not know; unless you packed it yourself probably not. I had hardly time to pack my own." She was passing out of the gate when the door opened and he shouted: "Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it."

"You threw it on the hatrack; good-by, dear."

Before she reached the corner of the street she was hailed again.

"Elinor! Elinor Man! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused after signaling the street car to stop, and cried: "You threw it on the silver-closet," and the street car engulfed her graceful form and she was seen no more.

But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Man charging up and down the house, rushing out to the front door every now and then and shrieking up the deserted street after the unconscious Mrs. Man to know where his hat was and where did she put the valise key, and that there wasn't a linen collar in the house.

And when he went away at last he left the front door, the kitchen door, and side door, all the down-stairs windows and front gate wide open, and the loungers around the station were somewhat amused, just as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, perspiring man with his hat on sideways, his vest unbuttoned, necktie flying, and his grip flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a doorkey in his hand, dash wildly across the platform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impatient, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his fist at the pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.

"A fair field and no favors, my dear!"

A STARTLING ADVENTURE

By J. ROSS BROWNE

I descended several of these shafts rather to oblige my friend, the Judge, than to satisfy any curiosity I had on the subject myself. This thing of being dropped down two hundred feet into the bowels of the earth in wooden buckets, and hoisted out by blind horses attached to "whims," may be very amusing to read about, but I have enjoyed pleasanter modes of locomotion. There was one shaft in particular that left an indelible impression upon my mind—so much so, indeed, that I am astonished every hair in my head is not quite gray. It was in the San Antonia, a mine in which the Judge held an interest in connection with a worthy Norwegian by the name of Jansen. As I had traveled in Norway, Jansen was enthusiastic in his devotion to my enjoyment—declared he would go down with me himself and show me everything worth seeing—even to the lower level just opened. While I was attempting to frame an excuse the honest Norwegian had lighted a couple of candles, given directions to one

of the "boys" to look out for the old blind horse attached to the "whim" and now stood ready at the mouth of the shaft to guide me into the subterranean regions.

"Mr. Jansen," said I, looking with horror at the rickety wooden bucket and the flimsy little rope that was to hold us suspended between the surface of the earth and eternity, "is that rope strong?"

"Well, I think it's strong enough to hold us," replied Jansen; "it carries a ton of ore. We don't weigh a ton, I guess."

"But the bucket looks fearfully battered. And who can vouch that the old horse won't run away and let us down by the run?"

"Oh, sir, he's used to it. That horse never runs. You see, he's fast asleep now. He sleeps all along on the down turn. It's the up turn that gets him."

"Mr. Jansen," said I, "all that may be true; but suppose the bucket should catch and drop us out?"

"Well, sometimes it catches; but nobody's been hurt bad yet; one man fell fifteen feet perpendicular. He lit on the top of his head."

"Wasn't he killed?"

"No; he was only stunned a little. There was a buzzing about among his brains for a few days after; he's at work down below now, as well as ever."

"Mr. Jansen, upon the whole I think I'd rather go down by the ladder, if it's all the same to you."

"Certainly, sir, suit yourself; only the ladder's sort o' broke in spots, and you'll find it a tolerably hard climb down; how-so-ever, I'll go ahead and sing out when I come to bad places."

With this the Norwegian disappeared. I looked down after him. The shaft was about four feet square; rough, black and dismal, with a small, flickering light, apparently a thousand feet below, making the darkness visible. It was almost perpendicular; the ladders stood against the near side, perched on ledges or hanging together by means of chafed and ragged-looking ropes. I regretted that I had not taken Jansen's advice and committed myself to the bucket; but it was now too late. With a hurried glance at the bright world around me, a thought of home and unhappy conditions of widows and orphans, as a general thing, I seized the rungs of the ladder and took the irrevocable dive. Down I crept, rung after rung, ladder after ladder, in the black darkness, with the solid walls of rock pressing the air close around me. Sometimes I heard the incoherent muttering of voices below, but could make nothing of them. Perhaps Jansen was warning me of breaks in the ladder; perhaps his voice was split up by

the rocks and sounded like many voices; or it might be there were gnomes whisking about in the dark depths below. Down and still down I crept, slower and slower, for I was getting tired, and I fancied there might be poisonous gases in the air. When I had reached the depth of a thousand feet, as it seemed, but about a hundred and forty as it was in reality, the thought occurred to me that I was beginning to get alarmed. In truth I was shaking like a man with the ague. Suppose I should become nervous and lose my hold on the ladder? The very idea was enough to make me shaky. There was an indefinite extent of shaft underneath, black, narrow and scraggy, with a solid base of rock at the bottom. I did not wonder that it caused a buzzing of the brain to fall fifteen feet and light on top of the head. My brain was buzzing already, and I had not fallen yet. But the prospect to that effect was getting better and better every moment, for I was now quite out of breath, and had to stop and cling around the ladder to avoid falling. The longer I stood this way the more certain it became that I should lose my balance and topple over. With a desperate effort I proceeded, step after step, clinging desperately to the frail wood-work as the drowning man clings to a straw, gasping for breath, the cold sweat streaming down my face, and my jaws chattering audibly. The breaks in the ladder were getting fearfully common. Sometimes I found two rungs gone, sometimes six or seven, and then I had to slide down by the sides till my feet found a resting-place on another rung or some casual ledge of rock. To Jansen, or the miners who worked down in the shaft every day, all of this, of course, was mere pastime. They knew every break and resting-place; and besides, familiarity with any particular kind of danger blunts the sense of it. I am confident that I could make the same trip now without experiencing any unpleasant sensation. By good fortune I at length reached the bottom of the shaft, where I found my Norwegian friend and some three or four workmen quietly awaiting my arrival. A bucket of ore, containing some five or six hundred pounds, was ready to be hoisted up. It was very nice-looking ore, and very rich ore, as Jansen assured me; but what did I care about ore till I got the breath back again into my body?

"Stand from under, sir," said Jansen, dodging into a hole in the rocks; "a chunk of ore might fall out, or the bucket might give way."

Stand from under? Where in the name of sense was a man to stand in such a hole as this, not more than six or eight feet square at the base, with a few dark chasms in the neighborhood through which it was quite possible to be precipitated into the infernal regions?

However, I stood as close to the wall as was possible without backing clean into it. The bucket of ore having gone up out of sight, I was now introduced to the ledge upon which the men were at work. It was about four feet thick, clearly defined, and apparently rich in the precious metals. In some specimens which I took out myself gold was visible to the naked eye. The indications of silver were also well marked. This was at a depth of a hundred and seventy-five feet. At the bottom of this shaft there was a loose flooring of rafters and planks.

"If you like," said Jansen, "we'll go down here and take a look at the lower drift. They've just struck the ledge about forty feet below."

"Are the ladders as good as those above, Mr. Jansen?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, sir; they're all good; some of the lower ones may be busted a little with the blastin'; but there's two men down there. Guess they got down somehow."

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Jansen, I'm not curious about the lower drift. You can show me some specimens of the ore, and that will be quite satisfactory."

"Yes, sir, but I'd like you to see the vein where the drift strikes it. It's really beautiful."

A beautiful sight down in this region was worth looking at, so I succumbed. Jansen lifted up the planks, told the men to cover us well up as soon as we had disappeared, in order to keep the ore from the upper shaft from tumbling on our heads, and then, diving down, politely requested me to follow. I had barely descended a few steps when the massive rafters and planks were thrown across overhead and thus all exit to the outer world was cut off. There was an oppressive sensation in being so completely isolated from the outside world—barred out, as it were, from the surface of the earth. Yet how many there are who spend half their lives in such a place for a pittance of wages which they squander in dissipation! Surely it is worth four dollars a day to work in these dismal holes.

Bracing my nerves with such thoughts as these, I scrambled down the rickety ladders till the last rung seemed to have disappeared. I probed about with a spare leg for a landing place, but could touch neither top, bottom nor sides. The ladder was apparently suspended in space like Mohammed's coffin.

"Come on, sir," cried the voice of Jansen far down below. "They're going to blast."

Pleasant, if not picturesque, to be hanging by two arms and one leg

to a ladder, squirming about in search of a foothold, while somebody below was setting fire to a fuse with the design, no doubt, of blowing up the entire premises!

"Mr. Jansen," said I, in a voice of unnatural calmness, while the big drops of agony stood on my brow, "there's no difficulty in saying 'Come on, sir!' but to do it without an inch more of ladder or anything else that I can see, requires both time and reflection. How far do you expect me to drop?"

"Oh, don't you let go, sir. Just hang on to that rope at the bottom of the ladder, and let yourself down."

I hung on as directed and let myself down. It was plain sailing enough to one who knew the chart. The ladder, it seemed, had been broken by a blast of rocks; and now there was to be another blast. We retired into a convenient hole about ten or a dozen paces from the deposit of Hazard's powder. The blast went off with a dead reverberation, causing a concussion in the air that affected one like a shock of galvanism; and then there was a diabolical smell of brimstone. Jansen was charmed at the result. A mass of the ledge was burst clean open. He grasped up the blackened fragments of quartz, licked them with his tongue, held them up to the candle, and constantly exclaimed: "There, sir, there! Isn't it beautiful? Did you ever see anything like it?—pure gold, almost—here it is!—don't you see it?"

I suppose I saw it; at all events I put some specimens in my pocket, and saw them afterward out in the pure sunlight, where the smoke was not so dense; and it is due to the great cause of truth to say that gold was there in glittering specks, as if shaken over it from a pepper-box.

Having concluded my examination of the mine, I took the bucket as a medium of exit, being fully satisfied with the ladders. About half-way up the shaft the iron swing or handle to which the rope was attached caught in one of the ladders. The rope stretched. I felt it harden and grow thin in my hands. The bucket began to tip over. It was pitch dark all around. Jansen was far below, coming up the ladder. Something seemed to be creaking, cracking, or giving way. I felt the rough, heavy sides of the bucket press against my legs. A terrible apprehension seized me that the gear was tangled and would presently snap. In the pitchy darkness and the confusion of the moment I could not conjecture what was the matter. I darted out my hands, seized the ladder and, jerking myself high out of the bucket, clambered up with the agility of an acrobat. Relieved of my weight,

the iron catch came loose, and up came the bucket banging and thundering after me with a velocity that was perfectly frightful. Never was there such a subterranean chase, I verily believe, since the beginning of the world. To stop a single moment would be certain destruction, for the bucket was large, heavy and massively bound with iron, and the space in the shaft was not sufficient to admit of its passing without crushing me flat against the ladder.

But such a chase could not last long. I felt my strength give way at every lift. The distance was too great to admit the hope of escape by climbing. My only chance was to seize the rope above the bucket and hang on to it. This I did. It was a lucky thought—one of those thoughts that sometimes flash upon the mind like inspiration in a moment of peril. A few more revolutions of the "whim" brought me so near the surface that I could see the bucket only a few yards below my feet. The noise of the rope over the block above reminded me that I had better slip down a little to save my hands, which I did in good style, and was presently landed on the upper crust of the earth, all safe and sound, though somewhat dazzled by the light and rattled by my subterranean experiences.—From "Adventures in the Apache Country," published by *Harper & Brothers*, New York, and used by their kind permission.

HOW CY HOPKINS GOT A SEAT

BY MARSHALL P. WILDER

In one of the country stores where they sell everything from a silk dress and a tub of butter to a hot drink and a cold meal, a lot of farmers were sitting around the stove one cold day, when in came Farmer Evans, who was greeted with:

"How d'do, Ezry?"

"How d'do boys?" After awhile he continued: "Wa-all, I've killed my hog."

"That so? How much did he weigh?"

Farmer Evans stroked his chin whiskers meditatively and replied: "Wa-all, guess."

"'Bout three hundred," said one farmer.

"No."

"Two seventy-five," ventured another.

"No."

"I guess about three twenty-five," said a third.

"No."

Then all together demanded: "Well, how much did he weigh?"

"Dunno. Hain't weighed him yet."

Other men kept dropping in and hugging the stove, for the day was cold and snowy outside. In came Cy Hopkins, wrapped in a big overcoat, yet almost frozen to death; but there wasn't room enough around that stove to warm his little finger.

But he didn't get mad about it; he just said to Bill Stebbins who kept the stove: "Bill, got any raw oysters?"

"Yes, Cy."

"Well, just open a dozen and feed 'em to my hoss."

Well, Stebbins never was scared by an order from a man whose credit was good as Cy's was, so he opened the oysters and took them out, an' the whole crowd followed to see a horse eat oysters. Then Cy picked out the best seat near the stove and dropped into it as if he had come to stay, as he had.

Pretty soon the crowd came back, and the storekeeper said: "Why, Cy, your hoss won't eat them oysters."

"Won't he? Well, then, bring 'em here an' I'll eat 'em myself."—
From "The Sunny Side of the Street." Published and copyrighted by *Funk & Wagnalls Co.*, and used by their kind permission and that of the author.

AN OVERWORKED RECITER

Once there was a little boy whose name was Robert Reece,
And every Friday afternoon he had to say a piece,
So many poems thus he learned that soon he had a store
Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.
And now this is what happened: He was called upon one week,
And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak!
His brain he cudgeled. Not a word remained within his head,
And he spoke at random, and this is what he said:

"My beautiful, my beautiful, who standest proudly by.
It was the schooner Hesperus—the breaking waves dashed high!
Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?
Under the spreading chestnut tree there is no place like home!
When Freedom from her mountain height cried, Twinkle, little star;
Shoot if you must this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre!
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels;
My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, ring out, wild bells!
If you're waking call me early, To be or not to be!

The curfew must not ring to-night! Oh, woodman, spare that tree!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let who will be clever,
The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever!"

His elocution was superb, his voice and gesture fine;
His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last line.
"I see it doesn't matter," Robert thought, "What words I say,
So long as I declaim with oratorical display!"

—*London Tid-Bits.*

SETTLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Strangers visiting the beautiful city of Burlington have not failed to notice that one of the handsomest young men they meet is very bald, and they fall into the usual error of attributing this premature baldness to dissipation. But such is not the case. This young man, one of the most exemplary Bible-class scholars in the city, went to a Baptist sociable out on West Hill one night about two years ago. He escorted three charming girls, with angelic countenances and human appetites, out to the refreshment table, let them eat all they wanted, and then found he had left his pocketbook at home, and a deaf man that he had never seen before at the cashier's desk. The young man, with his face aflame, bent down and said softly,

"I am ashamed to say I have no change with—"

"Hey?" shouted the cashier.

"I regret to say," the young man repeated on a little louder key, "that I have unfortunately come away without any change to—"

"Change two?" chirped the old man. "Oh, yes, I can change five if you want it."

"No," the young man explained in a terrible, penetrating whisper, for half-a-dozen people were crowding up behind him, impatient to pay their bills and get away, "I don't want any change, because—"

"Oh, don't want no change?" the deaf man cried, gleefully. "'Bleeged to ye, 'bleeged to ye. 'Tain't often we get such generous donations. Pass over your bill."

"No, no," the young man explained, "I have no funds—"

"Oh, yes, plenty of fun," the deaf man replied, growing tired of the conversation and noticing the long line of people waiting with money in their hands, "but I haven't got time to talk about it now. Settle and move on."

"But," the young man gasped out, "I have no money—"

"Go Monday?" queried the deaf cashier. "I don't care when you go; you must pay and let these other people come up."

"I have no money!" the mortified young man shouted, ready to sink into the earth, while the people all around him, and especially the three girls he had treated, were giggling and chuckling audibly.

"Owe money?" the cashier said, "of course you do; \$2.75."

"I can't pay!" the youth screamed, and by turning his pocket inside out and yelling his poverty to the heavens, he finally made the deaf man understand. And then he had to shriek his full name three times, while his ears fairly rang with the half-stifled laughter that was breaking out all around him; and he had to scream out where he worked, and roar when he would pay, and he couldn't get the deaf man to understand him until some of the church members came up to see what the uproar was, and recognizing their young friend, made it all right with the cashier. And the young man went out into the night and clubbed himself, and shred his locks away until he was bald as an egg.

SODDING AS A FINE ART

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

One day, early in the spring, Mr. Blosberg, who lives out on Ninth Street, made up his mind that he would sod his front yard himself, and when he had formed this public-spirited resolution, he proceeded to put it into immediate execution. He cut his sod, in righteous and independent and liberty-loving disregard of the ridiculous city ordinance in relation thereto, from the patches of verdure that the cows had permitted to obtain a temporary growth along the side of the street, and proceeded to beautify his front yard therewith. Just as he had laid the first sod, Mr. Thwackery, his next door neighbor, passed by.

"Good land, Blosberg," he shouted, "you'll never be able to make anything of such a sod as that. Why, it's three inches too thick. That sod will cake up and dry like a brick. You want to shave at least two inches and a half off the bottom of it, so the roots of the grass will grow into the ground and unite the sod with the earth. That sod is thick enough for a corner stone."

So Mr. Blosberg took the spade and shaved the sod down until it was thin and about as pliable as a buckwheat cake, and Mr. Thwackery

pronounced it all right and sure to grow, and passed on. Just as Mr. Blosberg got it laid down the second time, old Mr. Templeton, who lived on the next block, came along and leaned on the fence, intently observing the sodder's movements.

"Well, now, Blosberg," he said at length, "I did think you had better sense than that. Don't you know a sod will never grow on that hard ground? You must spade it all up first, and break the dirt up fine and soft to the depth of at least four inches, or the grass can never take root in it. Don't waste your time and sod by putting grass on top of such a baked brick-floor as that."

And Mr. Blosberg laid aside the sod and took up the spade and labored under Mr. Templeton's directions until the ground was all properly prepared for the sod, and then Mr. Templeton, telling him that sod couldn't die on that ground now if he tried to kill it, went his way and Mr. Blosberg picked up that precious sod a third time, and prepared to put it in its place. Before he had fairly poised it over the spot, however, his hands were arrested by a terrific shout, and looking up he saw Major Bladgers shaking his cane at him over the fence.

"Blosberg, you insufferable donkey," roared the Major, "don't you know that you'll lose every blade of grass you can carry if you put your sod on that dry ground? There you've gone and cut it so thin that all the roots of the grass are cut and bleeding, and you must soak that ground with water until it is a perfect pulp, so that the roots will sink right into it, and draw nutrition from the moist earth. Wet her down, Blosberg, if you want to see your labor result in anything."

So Mr. Blosberg put the sod aside again, and went and pumped water and carried it around in buckets until his back ached like a soft corn, and when he had finally transformed the front yard into a morass, the major was satisfied, and assuring Mr. Blosberg that his sod would grow beautifully now, even if he laid it on upside down, marched away, and Mr. Blosberg made a fourth effort to put the first sod in its place. He got it down and was going back after another, when old Mrs. Tweedlebug checked him in his wild career.

"Lawk, Mr. Blosberg, ye mustn't go off an' leave that sod lying that way. You must take the spade and beat it down hard, till it is all flat and level, and close to the ground everywhere. You must pound it hard, or the weeds will all start up under it and crowd out the grass."

Mr. Blosberg went back, and stooping over the sod hit it a resounding thwack with his spade that shot great gouts and splotches of mud

all over the parlor windows and half way to the top of the house, and some of it came flying into his face and on his clothes, while a miscellaneous shower made it dangerous even for his adviser, who, with a feeble shriek of disapprobation, went hastily away, digging raw mud out of her ears. Mr. Blosberg didn't know how long to keep on pounding, and he didn't see Mrs. Tweedlebug go away, so he stood with his spade poised in the air and his eyes shut tight, waiting for instructions. And as he waited he was surprised to hear a new voice accost him. It was the voice of Mr. Thistlepod, the old agriculturist, of whom Mr. Blosberg bought his apples and butter.

"Hello, Mr. Blosberg!" he shouted, in tones which indicated that he either believed Mr. Blosberg to be stone deaf or two thousand miles away.

Mr. Blosberg winked violently to get the soil out of his eyes, and turned in the direction of the noise to say, "Good evening."

"Soddin', hey?" asked Mr. Thistlepod.

"Trying to, sir," replied Mr. Blosberg, rather cautiously.

"'Spect it will grow, hey?"

Mr. Blosberg, having learned by very recent experience how liable his plans were to be overthrown, was still non-committal, and replied that "he hoped so."

"Wal, if ye hope so, ye mustn't go to poundin' yer sod to pieces with that spade. Ye don't want to ram it down so dad binged tight and hard there can't no air git at the roots. Ye must shake that sod up a little, so as to loosen it, and then jest press it down with yer foot ontill it jest teches the ground nicely all around. Sod's too thin, anyhow."

So Mr. Blosberg thrust his hands into the nasty mud under his darling, much abused sod, and spread his fingers wide apart to keep it from breaking to pieces as he raised it, and finally got it loosened up and pressed down to Mr. Thistlepod's satisfaction, who then told him he didn't believe he could make that sod grow anyway, and drove away. Then Mr. Blosberg stepped back to look at that sod, feeling confident that he had got through with it, when young Mr. Simpson came along.

"Hello, Bos, old boy; watchu doin'?"

Mr. Blosberg timorously answered that he was sodding a little. Then Mr. Simpson pressed his lips very tightly together to repress a smile, and let his cheeks swell and bulge out to the size of toy balloons with suppressed merriment, and finally burst into a snort of derisive laughter that made the windows rattle in the houses on the other side of the street, and he went on, leaving Mr. Blosberg somewhat nettled and a

little discouraged. He stood, with his fingers spread wide apart, holding his arms out like wings, and wondering whether he had better go get another sod or go wash his hands, when a policeman came by, and paused. "Soddin'?" he asked, sententiously.

"Yes, sir, a little," replied Mr. Blosberg, respectfully.

"Where'd you get your sod?" inquired the representative of public order.

Mr. Blosberg dolefully indicated the little bare parallelogram in the scanty patch of verdure as his base of supplies.

"You're the man I've been lookin' for," replied public order. "You come along with me."

And Mr. Blosberg went along, and the Police Judge fined him \$11.95, and when Mr. Blosberg got home he found that a cow had got into his yard during his absence and stepped on that precious sod five times, and put her foot clear through it every time, so that it looked like a patch of moss rolled up in a wad, more than a sod. And then Mr. Blosberg fell on his knees and raised his hands to heaven, and registered a vow that he would never plant another sod if this whole fertile world turned into a Sahara for want of his aid.

THE MISFORTUNES OF LITTLE IKE TEMPLIN

In the midst of his supper one day it occurred to little Ike to resort to the well for a drink of water. In time his mammy grew tired of stopping her work whenever he grew thirsty to hand him down a gourd from the pail which rested on the shelf beyond his reach. Finally she said to him: "Boy, what ails you anyhow? G'long out doors an' try to be some use to somebody, stid of eatin' up an' drinkin' up ev'yt'ing Mis's got on her plantash'n."

Little Ike, thus driven out, stood for a moment by the door and looked at the well, which was a few rods distant. But he turned his back upon it instantly, as if it were too painful to be thus reminded of the source of his most recent disappointment, and began walking in the opposite direction. When he had reached a spot on the line with the end of the kitchen, he filed to the left and again to the left when he had reached the rear side; and pursuing this line until he had gone some distance beyond the well, turned again and came to the latter. Stepping upon a hewn log which lay there to enable young drawers of water to manage the bucket, he was pleased to find this utensil as it was resting upon the ledge, half full of water. Conscious that the time was short, he clambered up to the edge, got upon all fours,

grabbed with one hand the rim of the bucket, and with the other hand the well-rope, and, first taking an anxious glance toward the kitchen and a fond one toward the contents of the bucket, plunged in his head. He had hardly taken a few sips when the call of his mother at its accustomed pitch sounded from the kitchen.

And here I find myself under the painful necessity of recording a most terrible scene. I suppose it will never be known precisely how it happened, although no one, as well as I remember, ever suspected little Ike of a deliberate intention to commit the awful crime of suicide. It may have been that he had not known the use of his legs long enough for the present extreme need, and that his knees may have given a tilt to the bucket. At all events down they went together to the bottom, a distance of thirty feet.

The mother, who had seen him at the moment when the descent began, ran, half shrieking to the well, where she was joined by Mrs. Templin a moment after.

"Oh, Mis's, Mis's, my po' ophing chile have fell in de well and broke his naik, and drown hese'f on top o' that, an' he my precious baby—an' de las' one I got!"

Mrs. Templin said: "I'm sorry for you, Judy. But maybe he has been mercifully saved from drowning. Lean over and look down as I turn the windlass."

After a few turns, she knew by the feeling that the bucket had risen to the surface of the water, which was some four feet deep.

"Now call him," she said.

"Li'll Iky! Li'll Iky!" shouted Judy.

"Ma-a-a-me!" came a sharp, plaintive answer from the great deep.

"Is you down dar, precious?"

"Eth, e-e-eth, 'm."

"Well, well, is you drowned?"

"No—no—no, 'm!"

"Well, well! Is you done gone all to pieces?"

"No—n-n-no, 'm!"

"Is anything de matter wid mammy's precious boy baby?"

"I k-k-k-co-co-o-ld!"

"Well, well, where is you now?"

"In—in de—b-b-bucket!"

Mrs. Templin then directed the mother to urge the child to hold fast to the rope while she herself would turn the windlass.

"Dar now, you heah dat? Mis's say she wan' my nice li'll darky to ketch tight hold to der rope—tight as a tick; an' she say she gwine

draw him up with her own blessed hands. Mis's say she can't 'ford to lose likely li'll fellow like my li'll Ike, dat she can't. Ye heah, mammy's precious suga' lump?"

"E-e-e-e-th, 'm!"

The winding began, and the mother, being urged to encourage Ike as much as possible during the ascent, did as well as she could by such cheering remarks as these:

"Jes' look at dat! Mis's givin' her li'll niggah such a nice ride! En Mis's done tole mammy tah kill six chickens, an' fry one o'm an' brile one o'm an' make pie out of de rest, an' all for li'll Iky's dinner; an' she say she gwine make daddy barb'cue two pigs dis very evenin', and nobody ain't to tech a mou'f'l on'm cep'n li'll Iky if he'll holt on tah de well-rope. An' she say, Mis's do, she jes' know her great big li'll Ike ain't gwine to let dat rope loose an' not get all dem goodies!"

It is possible that in so brief a time never was promised a greater number of luxuries to a child born to loftiest estate. Chickens, ducks—indeed the whole poultry yard was more than exhausted; every pig on the plantation was done to a turn. During the ascent little Ike was informed that eatables of every description would be at his disposal forever. The time does not suffice to tell of other rewards promised in the name of the munificent mistress, in the way of cakes, pies, syllabubs, gold and silver and costly apparel. All this while, Mrs. Templin, without uttering a word, turned the windlass, slowly, steadily.

When the bucket with its contents reached the top, and was safely lodged upon the ledge, the mother seized her precious darling, his teeth chattering the while with chill, and dragging him fiercely forth, said in wrathful tones:

"A cold is yah? Well, ef I be bressed wid strength an' ef dey is peachy trees 'nough in de orchard, an' de fence corners, I'll wa'm yah. You dat has sceert me intah fits, an' made me tell all dem lies—dem on Mis's—dat I jes' knows I never ken git fahgivin' fo' 'em." And, still holding him, she began striding toward the kitchen door.

"Judy!" called her mistress sternly, "Judy, put down that child this minute! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Instead of being thankful that he wasn't killed, here you stand and are so angry with him that you look as though you wished to kill him yourself. Now take him into your house and put some dry clothes on him; then send him to me in the house, where I will have some coffee ready for him. And mind you, Judy, if you lay your hands on that child in anger, that won't be the last of it. Do for goodness' sake try to learn some reason about your children."

Judy led him away sullenly, and in spite of her mistress's warning, muttered direful threatenings, louder and louder, as she approached, ending thus, as, having clothed him, she dispatched him to the big house:

"Nevah yah min', sah; wait till Sunday come, when Mis's go tah meetin', an' you'll see! An', boy, ef yah skeers me dat way ag'in, I'll put yah whar yah won't wan' no mo' watah an' no mo' nothin'. The idee! people all talkin' 'bout my chile gittin' drowned same as puppies an' kittens! Ought to be 'shamed o' yourself! I is. I jes' 'spises to look at yah! G'long out my sight!"

Ten minutes afterwards, while little Ike was in the big house, luxuriating in coffee, biscuit and fried chicken, she was singing in cheerful voice one of her favorite hymns:

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord;
Nobody knows the trouble I see;
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord;
Nobody knows like Jesus.

THE RETURN OF THE HOE

"Goliath Johnsing, why you so late? Supper been a sp'ilin' on de stove dis half hour," and Aunt Lucy faced her liege lord with stern dignity.

"Old Daddy Moses an' me been a havin' it out."

"Havin' what out? You ain't been an' had a fuss wid Mr. Benson, 'Liah Johnsing?"

"Yes, I have. Ole Skincher. Here I have been a hoein' hard in the fiel' all day, and he mean enough to dock my wages ten cents 'cause I warn't back at noon jest at de minnit. I warn't late more'n half an hour or three-quarters of an hour. But I give him piece of my mind."

"I s'pose he don' want to pay for work he don' git."

"Don' git? Why, thar was Sam Stevens an' Bill Jenkins; they talk more'n half de time, an' rested on they handles more'n t'other half, an' did he dock them any? Not he. He got spite 'gin me, I know dat."

"Whar'd you git dat new hoe?" queried Aunt Lucy, as 'Liah hung that implement up in the woodshed.

"Neber you mind. Women always want to stick their nose into ebbert'ing."

"An' what you done wid your ole hoe you took away this noon? You didn't trade that off for a new one?"

"Yes, I did, 'f ye will know."

"'Liah Johnsing," blurted out Aunt Lucy, as a sudden suspicion flamed in her eyes, "dat ain't one of Moses Benson's hoes? You ain't gone and changed off yo' ole hoe for one his'n, I hope? You wouldn't do dat, if he is a skincher, an' you a member ob de church, 'Liah Johnsing?"

"Mis' Johnsing, you jes' ten' to yo' own bus'ness. Don' you let me hear not one mo' word 'bout dat hoe."

Suddenly, as bedtime drew near, 'Liah rose and went into the house, saying as he went:

"Got to go down to de sto', Lucy. I forgot I got to mow Dawkinses fiel' to-morrow, an' my whetstun's clear down to de bone, an' I've got to start off to-morrow 'fore sto's open."

'Liah had been gone hardly a minute, when Aunt Lucy called in a tragic whisper to Paul, her oldest boy, six years of age.

"You Paul, come here quick, by yo'self."

Paul, used to obeying, came promptly, and was drawn close up to his mother on the settee. "Now, you Paul, I wonder kin I trust you to do something for me?"

Paul, somewhat disturbed, kept discreetly silent.

"I wish you's a little bigger, but de Lord will hol' you up. Paul, you listen. When yo' paw comes home from the sto' an' we's all gone to bed and got to sleep—you hearin', Paul?"

"Yes'm."

"You get up still's a mouse, an' you go git dat hoe yo' paw brought home, an' don't you make no noise takin' it down, an' you kerry dat hoe ober to Mr. Benson's; an' you take de hoe what's hangin' dar—dat's our hoe, Paul, dat yo' paw left dar by 'stake—you take dat hoe an' bring it in the woodshed, an' don't you nebber tell yo' paw nothin' 'bout it."

The first sun rays were shining in at the window through the morning-glories, the early breakfast was smoking on the table, the six young Johnsons were struggling down in various stages of sleepiness, Aunt Lucy was bending over the stove and 'Liah washing at the sink, when a loud knock was heard at the kitchen door, which, being open, disclosed Mr. Benson. By his side stood the village constable. In his hand was an old and much battered hoe. 'Liah saw the hoe and his upper jaw fell. Aunt Lucy's gaze also was riveted on it.

"Goliah Johnson," said the constable, "you're my prisoner. You stole Mr. Benson's hoe."

"'Fore de Lord, Mr. Benson, I ain't got yo' hoe. What you doin' wid mine?"

"You needn't pretend that you left your old hoe in my barn yesterday by mistake, 'Liah Johnson," burst in Mr. Benson, "as if you couldn't tell this old thing from my hoe. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"You may search dis place, Mr. Benson, from top to bottom an' side to side, an' you won't find no stiver of yo' old hoe. How you got mine I 'clare I give up, but you kin see fo' yourself. Now, here's where I keeps my hoe," and 'Liah swung open the woodshed 'door.

There hung Mr. Benson's new hoe.

"You Paul!" fairly shouted Aunt Lucy, pouncing on her young hopeful, "what did you do las' night?"

"Did jist what you tol' me. Took back dat hoe an' changed it for de one in Mr. Benson's barn."

"Took back what hoe?" shouted 'Liah in his turn. "Lucy Johnsing, what you been stickin' yo' fingers in?"

"Well, 'Liah, I 'lowed I warn't gwine to have no hoe in dis house what didn't b'long to us by rights, 'n' so I tol' Paul to get up las' night an' change de hoes back again, an' if he did it, how dis one comes heah beats me."

"You Lucy Johnsing, see what you's been an' done wid yo' med-dlin'. I took back dat hoe 'fore I went to bed, when I made 's though I was gettin' de whetstun, an' then you went and changed 'em back ag'in."

"'Liah Johnsing, why you keep secrets from yo' wedded wife? Why didn't you tell me 'bout dat?"

By this time Mr. Benson saw that there was something more in the matter than he supposed, and sending away the constable he got from the worthy couple, with much circumlocution, the story of the night's mistakes. Being a man with some sense of humor, he was quite mollified by the comicalities of the situation, and even went so far as to take breakfast with the Johnsons.

"An' after dis, 'Liah Johnsing," was Aunt Lucy's moral, "you'd better think twice 'fore you keep any mo' secrets from yo' lawful wedded wife!"

PATHETIC SELECTIONS

WHEN THE LITTLE LADY FELL ILL

ANONYMOUS

"Once upon a time," there was a little lady, gentle and sweet. One day she sent for the doctor. She was ill. She lay upon her bed with her bronze hair afloat upon the pillow. She smiled as the doctor came in and held out a hand tiny and soft and very white. Her teeth shone between her crimson lips and there were beautiful violet lights in her brown eyes. She was always full of life and spirit. Now here she was in bed and sending for the doctor, she who had almost never before needed a doctor. A great operation was decided upon. She only asked how long she would be out of the sun. They thought the operation would heal. But it did not—and there was another and another. For a little while after each operation she did get back to the sun and was very happy, just as a butterfly might be.

But at last they who watched knew that the frail little body could not withstand another operation and that the end was near—very near. Then came the fourteenth day of December, when, they told the young doctor, it was his duty to tell the little butterfly. That night he walked the streets—all the long night. It rained. But he did not feel it. In the morning he understood why some must die, for in the rain and the night he had unconsciously been with the God who gives and who takes away. He went, gaunt with the night's agony, but smiling, and took the two little hands into his.

"Did you ever wonder," he asked her, "as I have, why God gives life only to take it away?"

"Just for love," she smiled. "He wants the best Himself."

"Do you know," he said, "that you are very ill?"

"Am I?" she said, suddenly turning her great, startled eyes upon him.

"Haven't you noticed," he tried to go on, "that you—"

"No," she said breathlessly. "You said I would get well—always said it. And I knew that you knew, and I trusted you."

"Doctors must do those things," he pleaded, "because it keeps up the patient's courage. There is no medicine like hope."

"I have never thought till now," she halted, "that I would not get well."

"I have known it for a long time."

"And you have been so sweet and brave so as to—"

"No, I have deceived you only that you might live a little longer."

They were silent for a long time. Then she reached out and touched his hand.

"Then you mean," she whispered, "that—"

He closed her lips, and she understood.

"Poor doctor! It is dreadful to make you the bearer of such a message." She thought silently a long while. "At first I was inclined to be cross at you for deceiving me. But now—" a tear presently stole down each pale young cheek "—but now," she ended in a whisper, "it is wonderful—beautiful—very, very beautiful! One can hardly believe that there are people who willingly bear the sorrows of others."

"I have been only selfish, I wanted to keep you."

"Yes," she whispered, "I understand."

"How long?"

"Only a few days, perhaps a week—two weeks."

"No," she cried suddenly, "for that is Christmas. And the house will be sad—in mourning. No! You must make me live. You must make them think I am getting well."

"Ah, if we only could! But I must not deceive you any longer. I said two weeks—but it will not be that long."

"It will—it must be!" she said, suddenly rising in bed. "We will pray God, and you will help, and I will. There must be some sort of tonic—a stimulant—tell me—tell me there is! You must not spoil their Christmas—on—on my account!"

She smiled a little at the odd ending of her phrase and dropped back upon the pillow, flushed and brilliant, splendid, so that even the doctor was deceived, and hoped.

"If you can do that—keep up such a vigor by hope and happiness, the hope of happiness for others—perhaps, with God's help, we can—do what you wish."

"Of course we can. I know it!"

"Then so do I, and you shall have the uttermost minute."

"And when it is done,"—the young spirit weakened,—"this, which you gave me so long ago, shall be yours again—for a memory!"

She put his hand upon the ring which fitted her middle finger.

"A memory?" he whispered.

"Of the bravest and sweetest man in the world," she said, putting a kiss upon the ring. "Oh! but I don't want to go."

She was so wonderful—with such a tremendous spirit in that brave little body. The doctor thought she might even then get well.

And when he came again, she did seem well—quite well. Her cheeks were pink, her lips crimson, her hair was coiled and dressed. She smiled and said: "Paint!"

But the trick had deceived her family even more than it had deceived the doctor. For, one by one they came in and, standing at the foot of the bed, seeing the pretty little painted creature, they were sure that she was getting better rapidly—was, in fact, almost well! Her younger sister romped in and leaped upon the bed, crying: "See, doctor! It is all as it used to be! And it has been so long since it was all as it used to be. Dearest, soon we will be out on Saint George's Hill again, rolling together on the grass, down, down and—"

"Yes," cooed the little patient rapturously, "soon—very soon—." But a sudden sob ended the incident.

"Thank you—oh! thank you so much, doctor, dear, for giving back to me the sweetest sister in all, all the whole world!"

Day by day more paint was required to cover the growing pallor, and always more and more. And always more drugs to keep the eyes bright and the spirits from flagging. When the young doctor wasn't by her side he was studying—searching—until there was nothing in all medical science for prolonging life which he did not know.

The house became gay again because of the lie that was practiced. The noises which had been hushed when there was danger were resumed.

There was at last a day when the doctor helped at the dressing and painting; so near was the shadow that she might have flown at a breath.

And so they put upon her, lying in their hands, wonderful garments and ribbons and embroideries. And even the little hands on that day had to be carefully "made up" to conceal the livid blue. Then when all was ready, they sat her royally up in bed, lighted the candles, closed the blinds and let the waiting family enter—for it was the day before Christmas.

They came to music—the moment the door was opened—bursting with joy. A processional they made of it!

“Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.”

Standing about her bed they sang that, and each separate heart was welling a song of joy, because they thought she had come back to them!

Like those great ladies at Versailles, in the reign of the Grand Monarch, who received in bed, she laughed, happy as the happiest of them.

Then came another procession, down to the last servant in the house, bearing gifts. Then flowers and green things—until the beautiful rose-embroidered covering of her bed was lost to sight under the load of flowers, and these in turn were blotted out with the gifts. Wonderful gifts they were! How could they not be? They were welcoming with them their best beloved back to life! On her neck was girded a chain, on her fingers were put rings, and in her ears were hung gems, so that she blazed with jewels. Before her lay a splendid, filmy dress, and with it were hat and gloves and a gay parasol.

All—all, gifts of life!

And yet another procession came, bearing holly and mistletoe and garlands and crimson berries, and last of all, a Christmas tree, all lighted and glowing with a hundred pretty things. And almost in a moment they transformed the room into a Christmas bower. The bed, the walls, the floor, bloomed in the red and white and green of Christmas.

So Christmas came—the gayest, the maddest, the saddest that house had ever known.

But she had barely carried it through, and when the excitement would pass the doctor knew that no stimulant devised by man could keep her on the earth she had blessed an hour longer. Before the collapse quite came, the doctor said:

“My patient is tired—”

“A little tired, yes,” she smiled at them. “To-morrow.”

So they all kissed the painted lips good-night and, wishing her a happy to-morrow, went away.

The doctor moved to take the heavy gifts off the bed. She stopped him with a tired smile and a shake of the head. It was all she could do just then. Life was very low.

"No," she shook, "I want them all just as they are. Mamma said to-morrow—" she halted.

"Yes."

"Poor mamma!"

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

BY WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here, Captain, dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—Written as a funeral poem for Lincoln, and one of the great poems of the nineteenth century.

THE FACE OF THE MASTER

BY MYRTLE REED

In a little town in Italy there lived an old violin-maker whose only pride and happiness was in the perfect instruments he made. He had a little son called Pedro. Pedro was a dark little fellow with large, brown eyes which seemed to hold a world of feeling and sometimes sadness. He loved his mother dearly, but shrank somewhat from his stern father, who was always so busy he hardly noticed him.

Pedro was errand boy for the little shop and tried to do his work patiently, cheerfully and obediently. One day an unusually fine instrument had been finished and the old man, in his joy and pride, held it in position and touched the strings softly with the bow. Pedro, who was sitting outside on the porch, heard the music and came running in to hear it, but in his haste he did not see an exquisite piece of carving on the floor and stepped upon it. Crack! it broke in two. Pedro's father became very angry and pushed him into his little bedroom and turned the key in the lock.

In the morning Pedro's father called him very early, as he had many errands for the boy to do. All day Pedro trudged wearily back and forth for his father. He went about his work as if in a dream, thinking always of the music he had heard and wishing with all his heart that he might play. Night was coming on and Pedro was sitting on the step outside resting, when his father told him he had yet another errand for him to do. Pedro was very tired, yet he did not say anything but went immediately on the errand. When he had delivered the message, the man showed him a short cut home. As Pedro was walking slowly home he stopped suddenly as he heard the sound of music. Could it be a violin? He listened to find from whence it came. At last he decided it came from the little vine-covered cottage across the lane. He walked slowly over and sat down under the open window. The music was exquisite. As he listened he heard the soft wind rustling through the trees, the sound of birds calling to one another in the forest, the sound of rushing water as that of a river as it flowed headlong into the ocean.

The music changed as he listened; he heard a soft, dreamy lullaby, then again the sound of the ocean, of the waves beating upon the sand. As he listened the music grew fainter, the moon came out from behind the cloud and Pedro saw the face of the Master.

He was a bent old man with white hair and beautiful blue, shining eyes. As the music ended in one long, sweet, trembling chord, Pedro saw the Master bend his head over his violin, and as he quietly slipped away he thought he heard the sound of sobbing.

Pedro walked the rest of the way home in a dream. As he came into the work-shop he saw the beautiful violin and touched it tenderly, caressingly. Oh, if he could only play! He went to bed, but could not sleep. The beautiful music kept coming back again and again. At last he arose, dressed himself and went into the work-shop. He picked up the violin tenderly, lovingly, and went out to the orchard to where a little brook ran merrily by. It was a beautiful night, calm and peaceful, a soft wind whispered through the trees, through the stillness the sweet, clear notes of a bird were heard. The witchery of the night, its calmness and quiet beauty, seemed to want him to play. So placing the violin in position, he ran the bow gently over the strings; at first the notes were short, trembling, and broken. Soon it became very beautiful, and still he played on and on. He did not notice that day was dawning, and upon looking up he was frightened at seeing his father standing before him. But his father smiled at him and said:

"My son, you are then a musician? The music was wonderful!"

Pedro smiled, but said nothing.

"You shall have lessons from the Master," his father said. Pedro could hardly believe it. Lessons from the Master! To learn to play!

After the day's work was done Pedro and his father walked down the same little, narrow street to the little vine-covered cottage that he had seen the night before. Soon Pedro found himself in a little sitting-room awaiting the Master. Soon the Master came, and Pedro's father said, "If you will teach my son to play I will make you the most beautiful violin in the world."

The Master was very well satisfied with his violin and he did not like to teach. But he said to Pedro, "Do you like music?" Pedro smiled, his whole soul in his eyes. The Master said, "Yes, you love it, you shall play."

The next day Pedro came for his first lesson. He enjoyed it very much and soon mastered the tedious exercises.

So the years passed and Pedro had become famous. The Master was growing old; still the most beautiful violin had not been completed. One day Pedro came to visit the Master and the housekeeper told him he was ill. Pedro waited, hoping the Master might want him. Soon he returned home and began to play. While he was playing his father told him that the Master's violin was finished. Pedro

smiled sadly and said, "The Master is ill." That evening as he sat playing a messenger came and summoned him to the Master's house. He took the finished violin with him, and as he looked into the Master's room he saw him lying there on a couch, so thin, and still, and white. He smiled as Pedro entered, and said, "You have come to play for me, my son? The night is so long and I am so tired. Play, Pedro, play!" Pedro showed him the newly finished violin, but he only smiled as he nodded for Pedro to begin.

Pedro played, and played, and played. In the music he interwove all the trials, sorrows and happiness of his childhood, and his love for the Master. A soft wind rustled through the trees, the sound of a little brooklet was heard and the birds calling to one another in the forest. It all ended with one trembling chord. When he had finished the Master was sitting up in bed. "Pedro, where did you learn to play that?"

Pedro smiled. "You taught me, Master. I always knew you must have had some sorrow in your life or you never could have played so exquisitely."

The Master said: "You are right." And then he told him of his sorrowful and suffering life. "Play it again, Pedro. Now you understand."

Pedro played, and played, and played. This time there was a sweetness that somehow made the sad strain less noticeable. The Master lay looking out of the window; day was breaking. As the last sweet, trembling note died away, Pedro looked into the face of the Master. There was a beautiful smile on his face. For the Master the trials and sorrows of the world were over. Pedro knelt down before the Master and kissed the thin, white hand reverently, the hand that had made so many sad lives happy with beautiful music.

VOICE FROM A FAR COUNTRY

The old couple were very lonely as they sat in their little kitchen that wintry afternoon. It was their daughter's birthday, their only child, who had left them to go to the great, glittering world on the far side of the water. There she had won fame with her voice, while they had stayed behind in the little village and tried to be cheerful without her. Usually they succeeded pretty well, but this birthday, of all days in the year, was the hardest to bear; even Christmas was not

so hard as this birthday, which brought so vividly to their minds the memories of other birthdays—the first one when the baby's coming had found them awe-struck with the joy and wonder of it all, and each succeeding year, as their treasure grew to girlhood and from a girl to a sweet and winning woman, then faded from their sight.

They had not seen her since, for money was scarce and time valuable. She must work very hard, so she wrote them. The old couple tried to keep up a conversation as they sat in the kitchen that wintry afternoon, but failed miserably. Finally after a long silence the old man rose and said:

"Guess I'll get the chores done before it storms, mother. Coming on to snow fast."

"All right, father, I'll have supper ready for you when you come in."

"You needn't hurry about supper. Guess I'll go to the post-office after I get the critters fed. There might be a letter from Milly."

"All right, father."

There was a new note in the woman's voice, for this was just what she had been wishing her husband to do, but had not liked to have him take the long trip to the post-office with the weather so threatening.

The old man went out, and the woman began to prepare the supper. Twilight had come and she lighted an old-fashioned lamp, so clean that it sparkled. As she set the table she hummed the refrain of a lullaby, a little song she had often crooned when her arms had not been empty.

Suddenly the door flew open, letting in great gusts of wintry wind.

"Hurry and get that door shut, Pa. Warn't there no letters?"

"No, but there's this."

The old man was carrying an old box almost too large for him to handle.

"When I went to the post-office I found there warn't no letter and I was considerably disappointed, but as I was going by Jones's store, Jones he comes to the door and says he, 'Say, Si, there's a box in here fer you!' 'Fer me?' says I.

"'It come this afternoon by express, and I guess by the looks of it, it's from your daughter in forin' parts,' said he.

"So here 'tis, and now, mother, where's the hatchet?"

The hatchet was brought and the box was opened.

"My, what a funny lookin' thing! Looks like a small size sewing machine, and here's a brass horn, too. I wonder if Milly sent that for a joke or what?"

Silas set the carved case of polished wood on the table, and the old couple gazed in puzzled astonishment at what they saw under it. After a silence the old man said:

"Perhaps there are some directions." Going over to the box he found, as he had prophesied, a paper of instructions.

"It's a—P-H-O-N-O-G-R-A-P-H, and them there things air records. Well, I know about as much as I did afore. I'll follow out the directions and see what happens. Wish I knew what it was; 'tain't no kind of a farm implement, that's sartin, nor a potater parer, nor sewing machine. Well, we'll follow these rules and see what she does."

The faces of the old couple were full of interest, as Silas attached the spring and set the phonograph in motion. At first there was a peculiar buzzing sound, but nothing unusual happened, and the old people were beginning to look disappointed when, after the buzzing, came the sound of a voice singing. Surprise, wonder, amazement, succeeded each other on the old faces, as the first notes of "Home, Sweet Home" fell on their startled ears.

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam—"

The old couple listened breathlessly.

"Silas, that's Milly singing."

"No, 'tain't!"

But the denial died on his lips as he recognized the voice.

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere."

Clear and sweet came the tones, like pearls in their rounded purity. The mother was crying bitterly.

"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain."

These words came with ringing force, and it seemed to the old folks that Milly, far away in Paris, stretched out her hands to them across the water.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

The old man was crying too, but the tears of father and mother were not tears of sorrow, for the sting had gone out of their loneliness, and as the music ceased peace fell like a mantle on the little country home.
—From *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

LITTLE BROTHER

BY MADELEINE Z. DOTY

A TRUE STORY

It was a warm summer's day in late August. No men were visible in the Belgian hamlet. The women reaped in the fields; the insects hummed in the dry, warm air; the house-doors stood open. On a bed in a room in one of the cottages lay a woman. Beside her sat a small boy. He was still, but alert, his eyes following the buzzing flies. With a bit of paper he drove the intruders from the bed. His mother slept. It was evident from the pale, drawn face that she was ill.

Suddenly the dreaming, silent, summer day was broken by the sound of clattering hoofs. Some one was riding hurriedly through the town.

The woman moved uneasily. Her eyes opened. She smiled at the little boy.

"What is it, dear?"

The boy went to the window. Women were gathering in the street. He told his mother and hurried from the room. Her eyes grew troubled. In a few minutes the child was back, breathless and excited.

"Oh, mother, mother, the Germans are coming!"

The woman braced herself against the shock. At first she hardly grasped the news. Then her face whitened, her body quivered and became convulsed. Pain sprang to her eyes, driving out fear; beads of perspiration stood on her forehead; a little animal cry of pain broke from her lips. The boy gazed at her paralyzed, horrified; then he flung himself down beside the bed and seized his mother's hand.

"What is it, mother, what is it?"

The paroxysm of pain passed; the woman's body relaxed, her hand reached for the boy's head and stroked it. "It's all right, my son." Then as the pain began again, "Quick, sonny, bring auntie."

The boy darted from the room. Auntie was the woman-doctor of B—. He found her in the Square. The townspeople were wildly excited. The Germans were coming. But the boy thought only of his mother. He tugged at auntie's sleeve. His frenzied efforts at last caught her attention. She saw he was in need and went with him.

Agonizing little moans issued from the house as they entered. In an instant the midwife understood. She wanted to send the boy away, but she must have help. Who was there to fetch and carry? The

neighbors, terrified at their danger, were making plans for departure. She let the boy stay.

Through the succeeding hour a white-faced little boy worked manfully. His mother's cries wrung his childish heart. Why did babies come this way? He could not understand. Would she die? Had his birth given such pain? If only she could speak! And once, as if realizing his necessity, his mother did speak.

"It's all right, my son; it will soon be over."

That message brought comfort; but his heart failed when the end came. He rushed to the window and put his little hands tight over his ears. It was only for a moment. He was needed. His mother's moans had ceased and a baby's cry broke the stillness.

The drama of birth passed, the midwife grew restless. She became conscious of the outer world. There were high, excited voices; wagons clattered over stones; moving-day had descended on the town. She turned to the window. Neighbors with wheelbarrows and carts piled high with household possessions hurried by. They beckoned to her.

For a moment the woman hesitated. She looked at the mother on the bed, nestling her babe to her breast; then the panic of the outside world seized her. Quickly she left the room.

The small boy knelt at his mother's bedside, his little face against hers. Softly he kissed the pale cheek. The boy's heart had become a man's. He tried by touch and look to speak his love, his sympathy, his admiration. His mother smiled at him as she soothed the baby, glad to be free from pain. But presently the shouts and disorder of the departing townspeople reached her ears. She stirred uneasily. Fear crept into her eyes. Passionately she strained her little one to her.

"How soon, little son, how soon?"

The lad, absorbed in his mother, had forgotten the Germans. With a start he realized the danger. His new-born manhood took command. His father was at the front. He must protect his mother and tiny sister. His mother was too ill to move, but they ought to get away. Who had a wagon? He hurried to the window, but already even the stragglers were far down the road. All but three of the horses had been sent to the front. Those three were now out of sight with their overloaded wagons. The boy stood stupefied and helpless. The woman on the bed stirred.

"My son," she called. "My son!"

He went to her.

"You must leave me and go on."

"I can't, mother."

The woman drew the boy down beside her. She knew the struggle to come. How could she make him understand that his life and the baby's meant more to her than her own? Lovingly she stroked the soft cheek. It was a grave, determined little face with very steady eyes.

"Son, dear, think of little sister. The Germans won't bother with babies. There isn't any milk. Mother hasn't any for her. You must take baby in your strong little arms and run—run with her right out of this land into Holland."

But he could not be persuaded. The mother understood that love and a sense of duty held him. She gathered the baby in her arms and tried to rise, but the overtaxed heart failed, and she fell back half-fainting. The boy brought water and bathed her head until the tired eyes opened.

"Little son, it will kill mother if you don't go."

The boy's shoulders shook. He knelt by the bed. A sob broke from him. Then there came the faint, far-distant call of the bugle. Frantically the mother gathered up her baby and held it out to the boy.

"For mother's sake, son, for mother."

In a flash the boy understood. His mother had risked her life for the tiny sister. She wanted the baby saved more than anything else in the world. He dashed the tears from his eyes. He wound his arms about his mother in a long, passionate embrace.

"I'll take her, mother; I'll get her there safely."

The bugle grew louder. Through the open window on the far-distant road could be seen a cloud of dust. There was not a moment to lose. Stooping, the boy caught up the red, squirming baby. Very tenderly he placed the little body against his breast and buttoned his coat over his burden.

The sound of marching feet could now be heard. Swiftly he ran to the door. As he reached the threshold he turned. His mother, her eyes shining with love and hope, was waving a last good-by. Down the stairs, out of the back door, and across the fields sped the child. Over grass and across streams flew the sure little feet. His heart tugged fiercely to go back, but that look in his mother's face sustained him.

He knew the road to Holland. It was straight to the north; but he kept to the fields. He didn't want the baby discovered. Mile after mile, through hour after hour, he pushed on, until twilight came. He found a little spring and drank thirstily. Then he moistened the baby's mouth. The little creature was very good. Occasionally she uttered a

feeble cry, but most of the time she slept. The boy was intensely weary. His feet ached. He sat down under a great tree and leaned against it. Was it right to keep a baby out all night? Ought he to go to some farmhouse? If he did, would the people take baby away? His mother had said, "Run straight to Holland." But Holland was twenty miles away. He opened his coat and looked at the tiny creature. She slept peacefully.

The night was very warm. He decided to remain where he was. It had grown dark. The trees and bushes loomed big. His heart beat quickly. He was glad of the warm, soft, live little creature in his arms. He had come on this journey for his mother, but suddenly his boy's heart opened to the tiny, clinging thing at his breast. His little hand stroked the baby tenderly. Then he stooped, and softly his lips touched the red, wrinkled face. Presently his little body relaxed, and he slept. He had walked eight miles. Through the long night the deep sleep of exhaustion held him. He lay quite motionless, head and shoulders resting against the tree-trunk, and the new-born babe enveloped in the warmth of his body and arms slept also. The feeble cry of the child woke him. The sun was coming over the horizon and the air was alive with the twitter of birds.

At first he thought he was at home and had awakened to a long happy summer's day. Then the fretful little cries brought back memory with a rush. His new-born love flooded him. Tenderly he laid the little sister down. Stretching his stiff and aching body, he hurried for water. Very carefully he put a few drops in the little mouth and wet the baby's lips with his little brown finger. This proved soothing and the cries ceased. The tug of the baby's lips on his finger clutched his heart. The helpless little thing was hungry, and he too was desperately hungry. What should he do? His mother had spoken of milk. He must get milk. Again he gathered up his burden and buttoned his coat. From the rising ground on which he stood he could see a farmhouse with smoke issuing from its chimney. He hurried down to the friendly open door. A kind woman gave him food. She recognized him as a little refugee bound for Holland. He had difficulty in concealing the baby, but fortunately she did not cry. The woman saw that he carried something, but when he asked for milk she concluded he had a pet kitten. He accepted this explanation. Eagerly he took the coveted milk and started on.

But day-old babies do not know how to drink. When he dropped milk into the baby's mouth she choked and sputtered. He had to be

content with moistening her mouth and giving her a milk-soaked finger.

Refreshed by sleep and food, the boy set off briskly. Holland did not now seem so far off. If only his mother were safe! Had the Germans been good to her? These thoughts pursued and tormented him. As before, he kept off the beaten track, making his way through open meadows and patches of trees. But as the day advanced, the heat grew intense. His feet ached, his arms ached, and, worst of all, the baby cried fretfully.

At noon he came to a little brook sheltered by trees. He sat down on the bank and dangled his swollen feet in the cool, fresh stream. But his tiny sister still cried. Suddenly a thought came to him. Placing the baby on his knees, he undid the towel that enveloped her. There had been no time for clothes. Then he dipped a dirty pocket-handkerchief in the brook and gently sponged the hot, restless little body. Very tenderly he washed the little arms and legs. That successfully accomplished, he turned the tiny creature and bathed the small back. Evidently this was the proper treatment, for the baby grew quiet. His heart swelled with pride. Reverently he wrapped the towel around the naked little one and, administering a few drops of milk, again went on.

All through that long, hot afternoon he toiled. His footsteps grew slower and slower; he covered diminishing distances. Frequently he stopped to rest, and now the baby had begun again to cry fitfully. At one time his strength failed. Then he placed the baby under a tree and rising on his knees uttered a prayer:

"O God, she's such a little thing, help me to get her there."

Like a benediction came the cool breeze of the sunset hour, bringing renewed strength.

In the afternoon of the following day a wagon stopped before a Belgian refugee-camp in Holland. Slowly and stiffly a small boy slid to the ground. He had been picked up just over the border by a friendly farmer and driven to camp. He was dirty, bedraggled and footsore. Very kindly the ladies' committee received him. He was placed at the table and a bowl of hot soup was set before him. He ate awkwardly with his left hand. His right hand held something beneath his coat, which he never for a moment forgot. The women tried to get his story, but he remained strangely silent. His eyes wandered over the room and back to their faces. He seemed to be testing them. Not for an hour, not until there was a faint stirring in his coat, did he

disclose his burden. Then, going to her whom he had chosen as most to be trusted, he opened his jacket. In a dirty towel lay a naked, miserably thin, three-days'-old baby.

Mutely holding out the forlorn object, the boy begged help. Bit by bit they got his story. Hurriedly a Belgian refugee mother was sent for. She was told what had happened, and she took the baby to her breast. Jealously the boy stood guard while his tiny sister had her first meal. But the spark of life was very low.

For two days the camp concentrated on the tiny creature. The boy never left his sister's side. But her ordeal had been too great. It was only a feeble flicker of life at best, and during the third night the little flame went out. The boy was utterly crushed. He had now but one thought—to reach his mother. It was impossible to keep the news from him longer. He would have gone in search. Gently he was told of the skirmish that had destroyed the Belgian hamlet. There were no houses or people in the town that had once been his home.

“That is his story,” ended the friendly little Dutch woman.

“And his father?” I inquired.

“Killed at the front,” was the reply.

I rose to go, but could not get the boy out of my mind. What a world! What intolerable suffering! Was there no way out? Then the ever-recurring phrase of the French and Belgian soldiers came to me. When I had shuddered at ghastly wounds, at death, at innumerable white crosses on a bloody battlefield, invariably, in dry, cynical, hopeless tones, the soldier would make the one comment,—

“*C'est la guerre; que voulez-vous?*”—“It is war; what would you?”

DRAMATIC SELECTIONS

BROWN WOLF

By JACK LONDON

The Klondiker's face took on a contemptuous expression as he said finally, "I reckon there's nothin' in sight to prevent me takin' the dog right here an' now."

Walt's face reddened, and the striking-muscles of his arms and shoulders seemed to stiffen and grow tense. His wife fluttered apprehensively into the breach.

"Maybe Mr. Miller is right," she said. "I'm afraid that he is. Wolf does seem to know him, and certainly he answers to the name of Brown. He made friends with him instantly, and you know that's something he never did with anybody before. Besides, look at the way he barked. He was bursting with joy. Joy over what? Without doubt at finding Mr. Miller."

Walt's striking-muscles relaxed, and his shoulders seemed to droop with hopelessness.

"I guess you're right, Madge," he said. "Wolf isn't Wolf, but Brown, and he must belong to Mr. Miller."

"Perhaps Mr. Miller will sell him?" she suggested. "We can buy him."

Skiff Miller shook his head, no longer belligerent, but kindly, quick to be generous in response to generousness.

"I had five dogs," he said, casting about for the easiest way to temper his refusal. "He was the leader. They was the crack team of Alaska. Nothin' could touch 'em. In 1898 I refused five thousand dollars for the bunch. Dogs was high then anyway; but that wasn't what made the fancy price. It was the team itself. Brown was the best in the team. That winter I refused twelve hundred for him. I didn't sell 'm then an' I ain't a-sellin' 'm now. Besides, I think a mighty lot of that dog. I've ben lookin' for 'm for three years. It

made me fair sick when I found he'd ben stole—not the value of him, but the—well, I liked 'm. I couldn't believe my eyes when I seen 'm just now. I thought I was dreamin'. It was too good to be true. Why, I was his wet-nurse. I put 'm to bed, snug every night. His mother died, and I brought 'm up on condensed milk at two dollars a can when I couldn't afford it in my own coffee. He never knew any mother but me."

Madge began to speak:

"But the dog," she said. "You haven't considered the dog."

Skiff Miller looked puzzled.

"Have you thought about him?" she asked.

"Don't know what you're drivin' at," was the response.

"Maybe the dog has some choice in the matter," Madge went on. "Maybe he has his likes and desires. You have not considered him. You give him no choice. It had never entered your mind that possibly he might prefer California to Alaska. You consider only what you like. You do with him as you would with a sack of potatoes or a bale of hay."

This was a new way of looking at it, and Miller was visibly impressed as he debated it in his mind. Madge took advantage of his indecision.

"If you really love him, what would be happiness to him would be your happiness also," she urged.

Skiff Miller continued to debate with himself, and Madge stole a glance of exultation to her husband, who looked back warm approval.

"What do you think?" the Klondiker suddenly demanded.

It was her turn to be puzzled. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"D'ye think he'd sooner stay in California?"

She nodded her head with positiveness. "I'm sure of it."

Skiff Miller again debated with himself, though this time aloud, at the same time running his gaze in a judicial way over the mooted animal.

"He was a good worker. He's done a heap of work for me. He never loafed on me, an' he was a joe-dandy at hammerin' a raw team into shape. He's got a head on him. He can do everything but talk. He knows what you say to him. Look at 'm now. He knows we're talkin' about him."

The dog was lying at Skiff Miller's feet, head close down on paws, ears erect and listening, and eyes that were quick and eager to follow the sound of speech as it fell from the lips of first one and then the other.

"An' there's a lot of work in 'm yet. He's good for years to come. An' I do like him."

Once or twice after that Skiff Miller opened his mouth and closed it again without speaking. Finally he said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. Your remarks, ma'am, has some weight in them. The dog's worked hard, and maybe he's earned a soft berth an' has got a right to choose. Anyway, we'll leave it up to him. Whatever he says goes. You people stay right here settin' down; I'll say 'good-by' and walk off casual-like. If he wants to stay, he can stay. If he wants to come with me, let'm come. I won't call 'm to come an' don't you call 'm to come back."

He looked with sudden suspicion at Madge, and added, "Only you must play fair. No persuadin' after my back is turned."

"We'll play fair," Madge began, but Skiff Miller broke in on her assurances.

"I know the ways of women," he announced. "Their hearts is soft. When their hearts is touched they're likely to stack the cards, look at the bottom of the deck, an' lie—beggin' your pardon, ma'am—I'm only discoursin' about women in general."

"I don't know how to thank you," Madge quavered.

"I don't see as you've got any call to thank me," he replied; "Brown ain't decided yet. Now, you won't mind if I go away slow. It's no more'n fair, seein' I'll be out of sight inside a hundred yards."

Madge agreed and added, "And I promise you faithfully that we won't do anything to influence him."

"Well, then, I might as well be gettin' along," Skiff Miller said, in the ordinary tones of one departing.

At this change in his voice Wolf lifted his head quickly, and still more quickly got to his feet when the man and woman shook hands. He sprang up on his hind legs, resting his fore-paws on her hip and at the same time licking Skiff Miller's hand. When the latter shook hands with Walt, Wolf repeated his act, resting his weight on Walt and licking both men's hands.

"It ain't no picnic, I can tell you that," were the Klondiker's last words, as he turned and went slowly up the trail.

For the distance of twenty feet Wolf watched him go, himself all eagerness and expectancy, as though waiting for the man to turn and retrace his steps. Then, with a quick, low whine, Wolf sprang after him, overtook him, caught his hand between his teeth with reluctant tenderness and strove gently to make him pause.

Failing in this, Wolf raced back to where Walt Irvine sat, catching

his coat-sleeve in his teeth and trying vainly to drag him after the retreating man.

Wolf's perturbation began to wax. He desired ubiquity. He wanted to be in two places at the same time, with the old master and the new, and steadily the distance was increasing. He sprang about excitedly, making short, nervous leaps and twists, now toward one, now toward the other, in painful indecision, not knowing his own mind, desiring both and unable to choose, uttering quick, sharp whines and beginning to pant.

He sat down abruptly on his haunches, thrusting his nose upward, his mouth opening and closing with jerky movements, each time opening wider. The jerking movements were in unison with the recurrent spasms that attacked the throat, each spasm severer and more intense than the preceding one. And in accord with jerks and spasms the larynx began to vibrate, at first silently, accompanied by the rush of air expelled from the lungs, then sounding a low, deep note, the lowest in the register of the human ear. All this was the nervous and muscular preliminary to howling.

But just as the howl was on the verge of bursting from the full throat, the wide open mouth was closed, the paroxysms ceased, and he looked long and steadily at the retreating man. Suddenly Wolf turned his head, and over his shoulder just as steadily regarded Walt. The appeal was unanswered. Not a word nor a sign did the dog receive, no suggestion and no clew as to what his conduct should be.

A glance ahead to where the old master was nearing the curve of the trail excited him again. He sprang to his feet with a whine, and then, struck by a new idea, turned his attention to Madge. Hitherto he had ignored her, but now, both masters failing him, she alone was left. He went over to her and snuggled his head in her lap, nudging her arm with his nose—an old trick of his when begging for favors. He backed away from her and began writhing and twisting playfully, curveting and prancing, half rearing and striking his fore-paws to the earth, struggling with all his body, from the wheedling eyes and flattening ears to the wagging tail, to express the thought that was in him and that was denied him utterance.

This too he soon abandoned. He was depressed by the coldness of these humans who had never been cold before. No response could he draw from them, no help could he get. They did not consider him. They were as dead.

He turned and silently gazed after the old master. Skiff Miller was rounding the curve. In a moment he would be gone from view.

Yet he never turned his head, plodding straight onward; slowly and methodically, as though possessed of no interest in what was occurring behind his back.

And in this fashion he went out of view. Wolf waited for him to reappear. He waited a long minute, quietly, silently without movement as though turned to stone—withal stone quick with eagerness and desire. He barked once, and waited. Then he turned and trotted back to Walt Irvine. He sniffed his hand and dropped down heavily at his feet, watching the trail where it curved emptily from view.

The tiny stream slipping down the mossy-lipped stone seemed suddenly to increase the volume of its gurgling noise. Save for the meadow larks, there was no other sound. The great yellow butterflies drifted silently through the sunshine and lost themselves in the drowsy shadows. Madge gazed triumphantly at her husband.

A few minutes later Wolf got upon his feet. Decision and deliberation marked his movements. He did not glance at the man and woman. His eyes were fixed up the trail. He had made up his mind. They knew it. And they knew, so far as they were concerned, that the ordeal had just begun.

He broke into a trot and Madge's lips pursed, forming an avenue for the caressing sound that it was the will of her to send forth. But the caressing sound was not made. She was impelled to look at her husband, and she saw the sternness with which he watched her. The pursed lips relaxed, and she sighed inaudibly.

Wolf's trot broke into a run. Wider and wider were the leaps he made. Not once did he turn his head, his wolf's brush standing out straight behind him. He cut sharply across the curve of the trail and was gone.—From "Love of Life," copyrighted by *The Macmillan Co.*, New York, and used by their kind permission.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

BY WILSON BARRETT

It was a festival day in Rome. Nero had decreed it. In the Circus was to be given a performance the like of which had never before been witnessed. The whole city was excited by the rumors of the numbers of Christians doomed to die, and of the ferocity of the beasts they were to encounter.

The dungeon beneath the amphitheatre in which the Christians were

imprisoned was a large, gloomy, stone vault, destitute of furniture of any kind.

Great was the contrast between the dark, damp cell and the sunlit arena, crowded with eager, gayly dressed patricians. In the dungeon were scores of men and women waiting for the signal to pass forth to a certain and cruel death; in the auditorium was a seething mass of humanity, thousands upon thousands impatiently awaiting their coming forth, and gloating already in imagination upon the horrors they must undergo.

The roars of the hungry beasts could be faintly heard, even when the doors were closed; so could the equally merciless howls of the blood-thirsty populace. How they were to die had not been told the martyrs; only this they knew, that they were to die, and that every endeavor would be made to make their deaths as horrible, revolting and cruel as possible.

Among them were a few that trembled and felt sick with physical fear, but not one murmured. Their eyes were mentally fixed upon the Cross.

Again there was a loud call of the trumpets. The doors were thrown open, and the arena beyond could be seen by the prisoners, flooded with golden sunshine.

"Now, then, march!"

For a moment there was a pause, but almost before it could be realized Mercia's clear, sweet voice rang out the first words of their beloved hymn:

"Shepherd of souls that stumble by the way,
Pilot of vessels storm-tossed in the night,
Healer of wounds, for help to Thee we pray."

Singing these words with uplifted eyes and undaunted hearts, those noble martyrs went calmly and resignedly through the dark Valley of the Shadow of Death to the everlasting peace that awaited them beyond.

Mercia, a beautiful girl, was left alone in the dungeon. It was generally understood that Marcus Superbus, the handsome, wealthy young Prefect of Rome, was madly in love with this Christian girl, and the adventuress who hoped to entrap Marcus prevailed upon Nero to make Mercia's punishment unique and horrible.

She sank upon her knees with her face pressed against the iron bars. Presently the door leading to the corridor was unbarred. Two officers entered, ushering in Marcus, who started on finding Mercia

alone. Dismissing the guards, he closed the door and gazed with infinite tenderness upon the white figure at his feet—Mercia.

For a time Marcus could not speak; his heart felt like bursting with grief for this beautiful girl. Here in this loathsome dungeon she could still preserve her courage and could still pray for forgiveness for her persecutors.

"Mercia! Mercia!"

"What would you with me?"

"I came to save thee. I have knelt to Nero for thy pardon. He will grant it upon one condition—that thou dost renounce thy false worship—"

"It is not false! It is true and everlasting."

"Everlasting? Nothing is everlasting! There is no after-life; the end is here. Men come and go; they drink their little cup of woe or happiness, and then sleep—the sleep that knows no awakening."

"Art thou sure of that? Ask thyself, are there no inward monitors that silently teach thee there is a life to come?"

"All men have wishes for a life to come, if it could better this."

"It *will* better this, if this life be *well* lived. Hast thou lived well?"

"No; thou hast taught me that I never knew the shame of sin until I knew thy purity. Ah! whence comes thy wondrous grace?"

"If I have any grace it comes from Him who died on Calvary's cross that grace might come to all."

"Thou dost believe this?"

"I *do* believe it."

"But thou hast no proof."

"Yes. The proof is here."

"Oh, thou dost believe so? All men, all nations have their gods. This one bows down to a thing of stone, and calls it his god; another to the sun, and calls it his god. A god of brass—a god of gold—a god of wood. Each tells himself *his* is the *true* god. All are mistaken."

"All *are* mistaken."

"And thou? What is thy God? A fantasy—a vision—a superstition. Wilt thou die for *such* a thing?"

"I will die for my Master gladly."

"Mercia, hear me! Thou shalt *not* die! I cannot let thee go! I love you so! I love you so!"

"Thou hast told me so before, and wouldst have slain thy soul and mine."

"I grant it. I did not know. I was blind! Now I see my love for thee is love indeed. The brute is dead in me, the man is living. Thy

purity that I would have smirched hath cleansed me. Live, Mercia! Live and be my wife!"

"Thy wife? Thy wife? Oh, Marcus, hear me. This love I speak of came, I know not whence, nor how, then; now I know it came from Him who gave me life. I receive it joyfully because He gave it. Think you He gave it to tempt me to betray Him? Nay, Marcus, He gave it to me to uphold and strengthen me. I will be true to Him!"

"Thou wilt love?"

"I will not deny Him who died for me!"

"Mercia, if thy God exists He made us both, the one for the other. Hearken! I am rich beyond all riches. I have power, skill, strength; with these the world would be my slave, my vassal. Nero is hated, loathed—is tottering on his throne. I have friends in plenty who would help me—the throne of Cæsar might be mine—and thou shalt share it with me if thou wilt but live. The crown of an Empress shall deck that lovely head if thou wilt but live—only consent to live!"

"My crown is not of earth, Marcus; it awaits me there."

"I cannot part from thee and live, Mercia! I have, to save thy precious life, argued and spoken against thy faith, thy God, but to speak truth to thee, I have been sorely troubled since I first saw thee. Strange yearnings of the spirit come in the lonely watches of the night; I battle with them, but they will not yield. I tremble with strange fears, strange thoughts, strange hopes. If thy faith be true, what is this world?—a little tarrying-place, a tiny bridge between two vast eternities, that from which we have traveled, that towards which we go. Oh, but to know! How can I know, Mercia? Teach me how to know!"

"Look at the Cross, and pray, 'Help Thou my unbelief.' Give up all that thou hast, and follow Him!"

"Would He welcome even me?"

"Yea, even thee, Marcus."

Now there sounded on their ears another call from the trumpets. The brazen doors slid back, the guards entered, followed this time by Tigellinus.

"Prefect, the hour has come. Cæsar would have this maid's decision. Doth she renounce Christus and live, or cling to him and die?"

"Mercia, answer him!"

"I cling to him and die. Farewell, Marcus!"

"No, not 'Farewell.' Death cannot part us. I, too, am ready! My lingering doubts are dead; the light hath come! Return to

Cæsar; tell him Christus hath triumphed. Marcus, too, is a Christian."

His face shone with the same glorious radiance that had transfigured the features of Mercia. They were glorified by the presence of Him who had promised to them, even as He had promised to the penitent thief dying on the Cross beside Him—"Verily, I say unto thee, this day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

THE LITTLE FIR TREE

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Once there was a Little Fir Tree, slim and pointed and shiny, which stood in a forest in the midst of some big fir trees, broad and tall and shadowy green. The Little Fir Tree was very unhappy because he was not big like the others. When the birds came flying into the woods and lit on the branches of the big trees, and built their nests there, he used to call up to them, "Come down, come down, rest in my branches!" But they always said, "Oh, no, no, you are too little."

And when the splendid wind came blowing and singing through the forest, it bent and rocked and swung the tops of the big trees and murmured to them. Then the Little Fir Tree looked up and called—"Oh, please, dear wind, come down and play with me!" But he always said, "Oh, no, you are too little, you are too little." And in the winter the white snow fell softly, softly, and covered the great trees all over with wonderful caps and coats of white. The Little Fir Tree close down in the cover of the others would call up, "Oh, please, dear snow, give me a cap too! I want to play too!" But the snow always said—"Oh, no, no, no, you are too little, you are too little."

The worst of all was when men came with sledges and teams of horses. They came to cut the big trees and carry them away. And when one had been cut down and carried away, the others talked about it, and nodded their heads. And the Little Fir Tree listened, and heard them say that when you were carried away so, you might become the mast of a mighty ship and go far away over the ocean and see many wonderful things, or you might be a part of a fine house in a great city and see much of life. The Little Fir Tree wanted greatly to see life but he was always too little; the men passed him by. But, by and by, one cold winter's morning, men came with a sledge and horses and after they had cut here and there, they came to the circle of trees round the Little Fir Tree and looked all about. "There are none little enough," they said. Oh! how the Little Fir Tree pricked up his

needles. "Here is one," said one of the men; "it is just little enough." And he touched the Little Fir Tree. The Little Fir Tree was happy as a bird, because he knew they were about to cut him down. And when he was being carried away on the sledge he lay wondering so contentedly whether he should be the mast of a ship or part of a fine house in the city. But when they came to the town he was taken out and set upright in a tub and placed on the edge of a sidewalk in a row of other fir trees all small, but none so little as he. And then the Little Fir Tree began to see life. People kept coming to look at the trees and take them away, but always when they saw the Little Fir Tree, they shook their heads and said, "It is too little, too little!" Until finally two children came along, hand in hand, looking carefully at all the small trees. When they saw the Little Fir Tree, they cried out, "We'll take this one; it is just little enough!" They took him out of his tub and carried him away between them. And the happy Little Fir Tree spent all his time wondering what it could be that he was just little enough for; he knew it could hardly be a mast or a house since he was going away with children. He kept wondering while they took him in through some big doors and set him up in another tub on the table in a bare little room. Pretty soon they went away and came back again with a big basket carried between them. Then some pretty ladies, with white caps on their heads and white aprons over their blue dresses, came bringing little parcels. The children took things out of the basket and began to play with the Little Fir Tree, just as he had often wished the birds and wind and snow to do; he felt their soft little touches on his head and his twigs and his branches, and when he looked down at himself, as far as he could look, he saw that he was all hung with gold and silver chains!

There were strings of fluffy white stuff drooping around him. His twigs held little gold nuts and pink rosy balls and silver stars. He had little pink and white candles in his arms, but last and most wonderful of all, the children hung a beautiful white floating doll angel over his head! The Little Fir Tree could not breathe for joy and wonder. What was it that he was now? Why was this glory for him? After a time every one went away and left him. It grew dusk and the Little Fir Tree began to hear strange sounds through the closed doors. Sometimes he heard a child crying. He was beginning to be lonely. It grew more and more shadowy. All at once the doors opened and the two children came in. Two of the pretty ladies were with them. They came to the Little Fir Tree and quickly lighted all the pink and white candles. Then the two pretty ladies took hold of the table with

the Little Fir Tree on it and pushed it, very smoothly and quickly, out of the doors, across a hall and in at another door. The Little Fir Tree had a sudden sight of a long room with many little white beds in it, of children propped up on pillows in the beds, and of other children in great wheel chairs and others hobbling about or sitting in little chairs. He wondered why all the little children looked so white and tired; he did not know he was in a hospital. But before he could wonder any more, his breath was quickly taken away by the shout those little white children gave. "Oh, Oh! M—M—" they cried. "How pretty!" "How beautiful!" "Oh, isn't it lovely?" He knew they must mean him, for all their shining eyes were looking straight at him. He stood straight as a mast and quivered in every needle for joy. Presently one weak little voice called out, "It's the nicest Christmas tree I ever saw!" And then, at last, the Little Fir Tree knew what he was; he was a Christmas tree! And from his shiny head to his feet he was glad, through and through, because he was just little enough to be the nicest kind of a tree in the world.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK

BY JULIET WILBUR TOMPKINS

The two were amazingly, even absurdly alike, as they faced each other across the library table. The very scowl that lay heavy on the girl's forehead was an obvious inheritance from the parental scowl opposite.

"I'm a self-made man, Paula—plain Western goods. It's too late to teach me fancy values. I don't go a hang on anything but facts. Some folks can put a paper frill around a mutton chop and call it lamb, but that ain't my way. I see things as they are."

"Well, I'm the daughter of a self-made man, and of a New England school-teacher too; if you can beat that combination for seeing things, as they are—"

"It's your notion that you see this young feller as he is?"

"I do. And he has got just the things that you and I haven't and need."

"He has, eh? You might mention one or two."

"Ancestry."

"Oh, pshaw!"

"Well, then, a sense of humor."

"A—what?" If she had said a "top-knot," he could not have looked more amazedly disgusted.

"A sense of humor. And he's got common sense too. He's poor and alone in the world and not awfully practical, but I tell you, father, there's stuff in him that we hustlers have got to get into our families sooner or later, if we're going to the top. And—I—am."

"H'm. On sixty dollars a month?"

"If necessary. Oh, I don't pretend that Ralph has done much in business yet. Few men have, at nineteen."

"At nineteen I had been at work seven years, and had been raised six times, both in salary and position. This young feller tells me he has been at work three years, and has been raised once—in salary only."

"And that once was since he became interested in me; there is one thing you have got to take into account, father—that Ralph with me will have a very different career from Ralph without me."

"But, Paula, is that just your notion of a husband?"

"Ralph is just my notion of a husband."

"Well, I'm sorry, but he ain't mine, and that settles it. You'll live to thank me for it."

"Well, here's fair warning: I don't give him up."

"Oh, I guess you will."

"You are trying to make the worst mistake of your life, father," she said reasonably. "Now a mushy daughter would give in and let you repent it later; but I think it's a lot better to save you from it, and *you'll* live to thank me yet."

"I'll live to take you East and leave you there with your Aunt Jennie till you've got sense, if I hear any more of this."

"Well, then, you won't hear any more about it." And she went out.

"The little cuss!" he muttered. Then he sat down and wrote a letter beginning, "Dear Jennie," and ending, "For heaven's sake, wire that you will take her, or she'll be off with him—by the front door and in broad daylight, understand. She's a straight little cuss. What an everlasting shame she wasn't a boy!"

Even as he signed: "Your aff. Bro.," the massive front door banged; but he was too absorbed to notice it. Paula, calm and serious, carrying a suit-case, took a car for the station where a young man was nervously pacing the platform. He stood watching her for a moment before she saw him. The clear red of her cheeks was no deeper than usual, her blue eyes were unclouded, in all her handsome, well-dressed person there was not one hurried movement. She even paused to compare her watch with the station clock. An irrepressible laugh

brought the color back to his face. "Oh, Paula, so you are here," as he hurried to meet her. "You elope as calmly as you would go shopping."

"It's a far more sensible proceeding! Have you the tickets?"

"Not yet, dear Paula, I want you enough to commit almost any crime—you know that, and yet I can't quite square it with myself—this running away with a man's daughter. And—such a rich man, confound it! I've been awake all night thinking over one thing. You swept me off my feet yesterday; but to-day—"

"But, Ralph, I gave father fair warning. And this happens to be a case where he is wrong and I am right. I don't think that just because I'm—I'm fond of you, but I can see, you know, just what you have got, and what the other men I know haven't got, better than father can. He will see it too, some day, and thank me—I told him so. I'm not really eloping, since eighteen is the age for a girl in this state. And the fact that you're not of age yet doesn't matter, for you haven't any parents or guardians to object. And father needn't give us any money—we can get along with yours and mine. Now the train is due in three minutes and, of course, you needn't marry me if you don't want to. But if you do, you'd better get the tickets."

Three hours later the two emerged from a cab in front of an imposing courthouse and followed endless lengths of unclean, tessellated pavement until they reached a door bearing the significant sign: "Marriage Licenses." The clerk had the engraved forms out before anything coherent had been said. He was a hurried, dry little man, who appeared suffering to say, "Step lively, please!" at every pause.

"Parents or guardian's consent?"

"I have no parents or guardian."

"Can't issue license to you then."

"What?—why—why not?"

"Law of the state."

"But I am of age!"

"Oh, yes, you can get married all right, but he can't."

"But what can we do?"

"Wait two years, or get a guardian and obtain his consent." And Cupid turned firmly back to the papers on his desk.

They went out into the corridor and, finding a bench in a windowed recess, dropped helplessly down on it while Ralph gave voice to his personal opinion of the state law.

"Swearing isn't going to help, Ralph," said Paula decidedly. "Now we've got to consider everything."

"But the old fool—when I haven't a soul who could raise the least—"

"Yes, dear. Now suppose we take up each possibility in turn. It's half-past twelve, and there isn't a train back till five-twenty, too late to head off my letter to father."

"Oh, it would be too flat!"

"And yet we don't know a soul in this city, and we can't stay here unmarried."

"I was a beast, an ass, to get you into such a mess. Perhaps some sort of a minister could marry us without a license. I know they do in some states."

"Go ask him." But he came back dejectedly.

"Can't be done; I ought to be hanged!"

"Well, suppose we go and get lunch. I want a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich."

They found it near by, at a marble counter, and presently took up their problem with renewed courage.

"Of course, we can't stay here unmarried. If we don't find a way before five-twenty—we must go back—and father will probably take me East by the next train."

"And quite right. I wouldn't let my daughter marry a blithering idiot who could get her into a scrape like this."

"I shouldn't mind father's rage, but I should hate his crowing. I can't bear to be beaten like this, but of course, if you don't try to think, we might as well go back to the station."

"But what can thinking do against a set of darn fool state laws?" he burst out. "If I had only had the sense to set up a guardian—" He broke off at her gasp of excitement. Her eyes were fixed on space, big with a growing idea, for a breathless moment; then she turned to him radiant, both fists clenched on the counter.

"Ralph, I'll adopt you! Anybody of age can adopt anybody who isn't. Then I will give my consent and there we are!"

He stared at her speechlessly; then he hid his face in his hands and gave way to wild laughter.

"Have you anything against it?"

"No—no! Nothing!"

"Come on, then. We shall have to hurry."

"The Court," to whom they were referred for information, proved to be a huge, middle-aged, kindly person. If marriage was difficult under the state laws, adoption was comparatively easy.

"Now what is the very shortest time in which it could be done?"

"Oh, it need not take much time. A couple of weeks would be ample."

Two pairs of dismayed eyes consulted each other.

"Couldn't you do it in less?"

"Why, I don't know. If the circumstances were extraordinary—"

"Couldn't you do it before five o'clock to-day?"

"To-day?"

"We came down here to be married, but were refused a license because I am not of age, and hadn't anybody to give consent. But if this lady, who is of age, could legally adopt me before the marriage bureau closed, then, you see, she could give the necessary consent."

The Court laughed until his whole bulk was a heaving frame of merriment. But he was absorbed again in an instant, and after a moment's deliberation he took down their names and ages and wrote briefly:

"And you say the child is willing?"

"He seems to be."

Half an hour later, Paula Dennison had been formally appointed guardian of her future lord and master, and had given her written consent to his marriage. The Court himself conducted them to the license bureau, explained matters to the dry little clerk, dryer and more hurried than ever, witnessed the marriage, kissed the bride, escorted them down-stairs, and put them into a cab.

The Court was still standing to smile after the departing carriage when another came lurching up from the direction of the station. Even before it could stop, a middle-aged man had burst out and was striding up the steps with dark and concerted purpose on his flushed face. The Court stared at him, at first absently, then with dawning suspicion—chin, blue eyes, carriage—surely such a resemblance could not be a mere coincidence! After a brief hesitation he discreetly followed, and suspicion grew to conviction as the man turned to the marriage license bureau. The Court, lurking in the shadow of the open door, heard him demand whether a young woman named Dennison had tried to get married there to-day.

"Married fifteen minutes ago."

"But they couldn't be—the boy wasn't of age. 'Tain't legal. You had no right to issue a license. Why, I'll have you—"

"The applicant had the written consent of his guardian."

"But he hadn't got a guardian—I found that out before I started. He was fooling you. It's a—"

Paula's written consent was laid before his eyes.

"The lady took out papers of guardianship, and so her consent was valid."

"Adopted him? Adopted him and then married him! The little cuss! Adopted him, by golly! Oh, why wasn't she a boy? Oh, well, I guess it's all right. Adopted him! And I never thought of that!"

THE HONOR OF THE WOODS

ANONYMOUS

The principal character of this story is John Norton, an aged trapper and scout in the Adirondacks, who is adored by the people for his bravery and courage. And although he has not rowed in a race for over forty years, he has decided to enter a free for all contest, to be pulled on the Saranac. He does this, because guides have brought him word that "perfectionals" are to pull. And he thinks it would be an "eternal shame if them city boasters beat the men born in the woods and on their own waters too." Another important character in our story is a young boy, of whom John Norton always speaks as "the Lad," a good-hearted, simple-minded boy, whom the trapper has befriended and who worships the old man. At the hotel all is expectation. A great crowd has gathered in anticipation of the morrow's races, for the guides had brought word that "Old John Norton was not only coming, but that he was going to enter the race." The thought that they were going to see this celebrated man stirred the people with a feeling of intense curiosity.

In the crowd were several aged men who remembered the fame the trapper had as an oarsman fifty years ago. And one of their number closed a heated verbal debate about the merits of the various contestants with, "I tell you, sir, there ain't a man on God's green earth kin beat John Norton at the oars." On the other hand the professionals had their backers—college boys, English tourists, lawyers, clergymen, and bankers. Thus stood the feeling when a boat, with the Lad at the oar and the trapper at the paddle, came out from behind an island into plain view of the hundreds that were watching for it. As the boat came on talking ceased, and amid a profound silence it drew up within fifty feet of the landing. Suddenly an old man leaning on a stout stick flourished it in the air, and exclaimed in a voice that shook with the intensity of his emotion, "John Norton, he saved my life at the battle of Salt Lakes forty years ago. Three cheers for John

Norton!" Then such a cheer arose as to burst the stillness into fragments and, thrice repeated, rolled its roar across the lake and against the distant hills, until their hollow caverns resounded again, while on the instant a hundred white handkerchiefs, waved by whiter hands, sprang into sight and filled the air with their snowy flutterings. For one instant the color came and went in the face of the surprised trapper. He then arose and stood at his utmost height. Meanwhile the eyes of the great multitude had time to take in his splendid proportions, and the grave majesty of his countenance. He then settled back and the boat moved toward the landing. It was high noon on the Saranac, and a brighter day was never seen. The lake had not stirred a ripple, and the air was that cool, fragrant air so good to breathe in a race. The "free for all" was to be pulled at one o'clock. The entries were closed the evening before, and stood seven in all: the three professionals, the brother guides, known as Fred and Charley, the old trapper and the Lad.

The boats were already in position. The course ran straight down the lake to a line of seven buoys, so that each boat had its own buoy to turn around and thence pull back again. The length of the course was just four miles, a longer race by half than was ever before pulled on those waters. The boats were by no means the same length and width—the Lad's was by far the heaviest.

The number of spectators was a wonder to all; where all the people came from was a mystery. The long piazza of the hotel, the wharf, even the roof of the boathouse swarmed with human beings. The shore on either side was lined with spectators for the distance of half a mile.

"Now, boys," said the trapper, "ye must remember that a four-mile race is a good deal of a pull, and the goin' off ain't half so decidin' as the comin' in. I don't conceit that we can afford to fool any time, for them perfessionals have come here to row, and they look to me as if they had a good deal of that sort of stuff in them; but it won't do to get frustrated at the start, and if ye see fit to follow I'll set ye a jegmational sort of a stroke that will send us out to the buoys yonder without any rawness in the windpipe or kinks in the legs. But still if ye don't think yer a-pullin' fast enough take yer lick, fur in such a race as this is likely to be, a man should follow his own notions and act accordin' to his gifts."

"Do you think we will win, old trapper?" asked Fred "I dunno, boy, I sartinly dunno, but I don't like yer oars, especially that left one. There's a kink in the shank of it that hadn't order be there."

"Your oars are big enough to hold anyway and I hold you will win."

"Thank ye, boys, thank ye; yis, I sartinly shall try, for it would be a mortal shame to have that prize to go out of the woods, an' if nothin' gives way I'll give 'em a touch of the stuff that's in me, the last mile, that'll make 'em get down to work in earnest, but if anything happens I have great hopes of the Lad there, for his gifts are wonderful at the oars and—"

"*Ready there,*" came the clear voice of the starter; "ready there for the word."

"Aye, aye, ready it is," replied the trapper. "Now, Lad, if anything happens to me and you see I can't win, John Norton will never forgive you if you don't pull like a sinner runnin' from jedgment."

"Ready there, all of you; *One, two, three, GO.*"

The oars of the professionals dropped on the water as if their blades were controlled by one man, and their stroke was so tense and quick that the light boats fairly jumped ahead. The trapper and the Lad had been slower to get away and were a full length behind before they got fairly into motion. The Lad was the last to get started and so careless and ungainly was his appearance that the crowd, who cheered at the passage of the others, laughed and groaned at him. For forty rods the race continued without change in the relative position of the boats.

The oars flashed, dropped and flashed again, as the professionals swept their oars ahead. Some rods behind the trapper and Fred were rowing side by side, stroke for stroke, long, steady and strong.

"Yis, yis, I understand; but don't ye worry, four miles is four miles. Still if yer a-gittin' narvous we'll lengthen out a little jest to show 'em we ain' more'n half asleep." So saying the old man set his comrades so long and sharply pulled a stroke that the two boats doubled their rate of speed and came up even with the boats ahead. "There now, I guess we'll ease up a leetle, for the time to really pull ain't come yet. I tell you, boy, that rifle is a-goin' to stay here in the woods. There's the Lad back there can beat us both, but he won't try 'cause he thinks it would tickle an old man like me to win the prize. Easy, boy, easy, let 'em git ahead if they want to, the comin' in is what decides the race." Thus the boats rushed on their way, while the multitude watched with eager eyes the receding racers. The party of the trapper was in the ascendant, for the spurt he had made revealed the tremendous power of the man and showed that old age had not weakened his enormous strength. At last a man who stood on the

edge of the boathouse called out: "They have turned the buoys; the professionals are ahead."

"How far behind is John Norton?"

"He and the guides are four rods astern at least."

"Where is the Lad?"

"Oh, he's out of the race; he's fully ten rods behind the trapper and Fred." By this time the boats were plainly in view—the contestants were barely a mile away.

"Now, boys," said the trapper, "the time has come for us to show the stuff that's in us. Are ye ready for the stroke, boys?" A groan of pain interrupted the trapper. The oars of Charley were trailing—his strength had given out and his nose was bleeding profusely. "Never mind," whispered the trapper to Fred, "you must win this race if your whole family dies—all right, long and quick now." The young man obeyed. He threw the full force of his strength on the oars. The sudden vigor was too much for the wood; there was a crash and the guide was thrown on his side. The trapper was now thoroughly aroused. The boats were within a hundred yards of the home-line and the Lad was fully fifteen astern. The roar of the crowd was deafening, but through it a voice arose: "John Norton, now is your time, pull."

The old man gathered himself for a supreme effort, and then occurred a catastrophe so overwhelming that it hushed the roar of the crowd. He had torn the rowlocks from the gunnels. For a moment there was silence; even the professionals intermitted a stroke; but the Lad turned his face ahead. The old man arose and stood erect in the boat. He shook the heavy oars in the air as if they had been reeds and shouted in a voice that sounded awful in its intensity: "Now, Lad, row for the sake of John Norton, and save his gray hairs from shame. Pull with every ounce of strength the Almighty has given you, or the honor of the woods is gone."

It was worth a thousand miles of travel and a year of life to see what happened. The Lad suddenly sat erect and his stroke lengthened to the full reach of oar and arm. His boat seemed to spring into the air, it flew on the top of the water, and, as it passed the trapper, he shouted wildly, "Go it, Lad, go it, Lad, the honor of the woods be on ye! Give it to 'em, give it to 'em, ye'll beat 'em yit, sure as judgment day."

Except his voice, not a sound was heard. Men clutched their fists till the nails cut the skin of their palms. One of the professionals

fainted unnoticed, another threw up his oars, crazed by the excitement, while the third pulled in grim desperation; but he pulled in vain, for the Lad's boat caught him within fifty feet of the line and shot across it half a length to the front. And then there arose such a shout as had not been heard that day. "Three cheers for the Lad, three cheers for the Lad,"—and the honor of the woods was saved.

TRAVERS' FIRST HUNT

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Young Travers, who had been engaged to a girl down on Long Island for the last three months, only met her father and brother a few weeks before the day set for the wedding.

The brother was a master of hounds near South Hampton; the father and son talked horse all day and until one o'clock in the morning, for they owned fast thoroughbreds, and entered them at Sheep-head Bay, and other race tracks.

Old Mr. Paddock, the father of the girl, had often said that when a young man asked for his daughter's hand, he would ask him in return, not if he *lived* straight, but if he could *ride* straight; and that on his answering in the affirmative, depended her parent's consent.

Travers had met Miss Paddock and her mother in Europe. He was invited to their place in the fall when the hunting season opened, and had spent the evening most pleasantly and satisfactorily with his fiancée in the corner of the drawing-room. But as soon as the women had gone, young Paddock joined him and said: "You ride, of course?"

Travers had never ridden, but had been prompted what to answer by Miss Paddock, and so said there was nothing he liked better. As he expressed it, he would rather ride than sleep.

"That's good!" said Paddock. "I'll give you a mount on Satan to-morrow morning at the meet. He is a bit nasty at the start of the season, and ever since he killed Wallis, the second groom, last year, none of us care much to ride him; but you can manage him, no *doubt*. He'll just carry your weight."

Mr. Travers dreamed that night of taking large, desperate leaps into space on a wild horse that snorted forth flames, and that rose at solid stone walls as though they were hay-racks. He was tempted to say he was ill in the morning, which was, considering the state of his mind, more or less true, but concluded as he would have to ride

sooner or later during his visit, and if he died breaking his neck, it would be in a good cause, he determined to do his best.

He didn't want to ride at all for two excellent reasons: First, because he wanted to live for Miss Paddock's sake, and second, because he wanted to live for his own sake.

The next morning was a most forbidding and doleful looking morning, and young Travers had great hopes that the meet would be declared off, but just as he lay in doubts the servant knocked at his door with his riding things and his hot water.

He came down-stairs looking very miserable indeed. Satan had been taken to the place where they were to meet, and Travers viewed him on his arrival there with a sickening sense of fear as he saw him pulling three grooms off their feet.

Travers decided that he would stay with his feet on solid earth just as long as he could, and when the hounds were thrown off and the rest had started at a gallop, he waited, under pretense of adjusting his gaiters, until they were well away. Then he clenched his teeth, crammed his hat down over his ears, and scrambled up on the saddle. His feet fell *quite* by *accident* into the stirrups, and the next moment he was off after the others, with an indistinct feeling that he was on a locomotive that was jumping the ties.

Satan was in among and had passed the other horses in less than five minutes, and was so near the hounds that the whippers-in gave a cry of warning. But Travers could just as soon have pulled a boat back that was going over the Niagara Falls as Satan, and it was only that the hounds were well ahead that saved them from having Satan run them down.

Travers had to hold to the saddle with his left hand to keep himself from falling off, and sawed and sawed on the reins with his right. He shut his eyes whenever Satan jumped, and never knew how he happened to stick on; but he did stick on, and was so far ahead that in the misty morning no one could see how badly he rode. As it was for daring and speed he led the field, and not even young Paddock was near him from the start.

There was a broad stream in front of him—and a hill just on the other side. No one had ever tried to take this at a jump, it was considered more of a swim than anything else, and the hunters always crossed it by the bridge on the left. Travers *saw* the bridge and tried to jerk Satan's head in that direction, but Satan kept right on as straight as an express train over the prairies. Fences and trees and furrows passed by and under Travers like a panorama run by elec-

tricity, and he only breathed by accident. They went on at the stream and the hill beyond as though they were riding on a stretch of turf, and though the whole field sent up a shout of warning and dismay, Travers could only gasp and shut his eyes. He remembered the fate of the second groom and shivered.

Then the horse rose like a rocket, lifting Travers so high in the air that he thought Satan would never come down again, but he did come down with his feet bunched on the opposite bank.

The next instant he was up and over the hill and stopped, panting, in the center of the pack that was snarling and snapping around the fox. And then Travers showed that he was a thorough-bred, even though he could not ride, for he hastily fumbled for his cigar case, and when the others came pounding up over the hill, they saw him seated nonchalantly on his saddle, puffing critically at his cigar and giving Satan patronizing pats on his head.

"My dear girl," said old Mr. Paddock to his daughter as they rode back, "if you love that young man and want to keep him, make him promise to give up riding. A more reckless and more brilliant horseman I have never seen; he took that double jump at the gate and at the stream like a centaur, but he will break his neck sooner or later, and he ought to be stopped." Young Paddock was so delighted with his future brother-in-law's riding that that night in the smoking room he made him a present of Satan before all the men.

"No," said Travers gloomily, "I can't take him; your sister has asked me to give up what is dearer to me than anything next to herself, and that is my riding; you see she is absurdly anxious for my safety, and she has asked me never to ride again, and I have given my word."

A chorus of sympathetic remonstrances rose from the men.

"Yes, I know," said Travers, "but it just shows what sacrifices a man will make for the woman he loves."

MARY'S NIGHT RIDE

BY GEORGE W. CABLE

Mary Richling, the heroine of this story, was the wife of John Richling, a resident of New Orleans. At the breaking out of the Civil War she went to visit her parents in Milwaukee. About the time of the bombardment of New Orleans, she received news of the dangerous illness of her husband, and decided at once to reach his

bedside, if possible. Taking with her her baby daughter, a child of three years, she proceeded southward, where, after several unsuccessful attempts to secure a pass, she finally determined to break through the lines.

About the middle of the night Mary Richling was sitting very still and upright on a large, dark horse that stood champing his Mexican bit in the black shadow of a great oak. Mary held by the bridle another horse, whose naked saddle-tree was empty. A few steps in front of her the light of the full moon shone almost straight down upon a narrow road that just there emerged from the shadow of woods on either side and divided into a main right fork and a much smaller one that curved around to Mary's left. Off in the direction of the main fork the sky was all aglow with camp-fires. Only just here on the left there was a cool and grateful darkness.

She lifted her head alertly. A twig crackled under a tread, and the next moment a man came out of the bushes on the left and, without a word, took the bridle of the led horse from her fingers and vaulted into the saddle. The hand that rested for a moment on the cantle grasped a navy-six. He was dressed in dull homespun, but he was the same who had been dressed in blue. He turned his horse and led the way down the lesser road.

"If we'd of gone three hundred yards further, we'd a run into the pickets. I went nigh enough to see the videts settin' on their horses in the main road. This here ain't no road; it just goes up to a nigger quarters. I've got one of the niggers to show us the way."

"Where is he?" whispered Mary, but, before her companion could answer, a tattered form moved from behind a bush a little in advance and started ahead in the path, walking and beckoning. Presently they turned into a clear, open forest and followed the long, rapid, swinging strides of the negro for nearly an hour. Then they halted on the bank of a deep, narrow stream. The negro made a motion for them to keep well to the right when they should enter the water. The white man softly lifted Alice to his arms, and directed and assisted Mary to kneel in her saddle with her skirts gathered carefully under her; so they went down into the cold stream, the negro first with arms outstretched above the flood, then Mary and then the white man, or let us say plainly the spy, with the unawakened child on his breast. And so they rose out of it on the farther side without a shoe or garment wet, save the rags of their dark guide.

Again they followed him along a line of stake-and-rider fence, with the woods on one side and the bright moonlight flooding a field of

young cotton on the other. Now they heard the distant baying of housedogs, now the doleful call of the chuckwill's widow, and once Mary's blood turned for an instant to ice at the unearthly shriek of a hoot-owl just above her head. At length they found themselves in a dim, narrow road, and the negro stopped.

"Dess keep dis yer road fo' 'bout half mile an' yo' strike 'pon de broad main road. Tek de right, an' you go whar yo' fancy take you. Good-by, Miss. Good-by, Boss; don't yo' fergit yo' promise to tek me throo to de Yankees when you come back. I feered yo' gwine fergit it, Boss."

The spy said he would not, and they left him. The half mile was soon passed, though it turned out to be a mile and a half, and at length Mary's companion looked back as they rode single file with Mary in the rear, and said softly, "There's the road."

As they entered it and turned to the right, Mary, with Alice in her arms, moved somewhat ahead of her companion, her indifferent horsemanship having compelled him to drop back to avoid a prickly bush. His horse was just quickening his pace to regain the lost position when a man sprang up from the ground on the farther side of the highway, snatched a carbine from the earth and cried, "Halt!"

The dark, recumbent forms of six or eight others could be seen enveloped in their blankets lying about a few red coals. Mary turned a frightened look backward and met the eye of her companion.

"Move a little faster," said he, in a low, clear voice. As he did so, she heard him answer the challenge, as his horse trotted softly after hers.

"Don't stop us, my friend; we're taking a sick child to the doctor."

"Halt, you hound!" the cry rang out; and as Mary glanced back three or four men were just leaping into the road. But she saw also her companion, his face suffused with an earnestness that was almost an agony, rise in his stirrups with the stoop of his shoulders all gone, and wildly cry, "Go!" She smote her horse and flew. Alice woke and screamed.

The report of a carbine rang out and went rolling away in a thousand echoes through the wood. Two others followed in sharp succession, and there went close by Mary's ear the waspish whine of a minie-ball. At the same moment she recognized—once, twice, thrice—just at her back, where the hoofs of her companion's horse were clattering, the tart rejoinders of his navy six.

"Go! lay low! lay low! cover the child!" But his words were needless. With head bowed forward and form crouched over the crying,

clinging child, with slackened rein and fluttering dress, and sunbonnet and loosened hair blown back upon her shoulders, Mary was riding for life and liberty and her husband's bedside.

"Go on! go on! They're saddling up! Go! Go! We're going to make it! Go-oo!" And they made it.

PEABODY'S LEAP

A LEGEND OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Many are the places, scattered over the face of our beautiful country, whose wild and picturesque scenery is worthy of the painter's pencil or the poet's pen. Some of them, which were once celebrated for their rich stores of "legendary lore," are now only sought to view their natural scenery, while the traditions which formerly gave them celebrity are buried in oblivion. Such is the scene of the following adventure—a romantic glen, bounded on the north side by a high and rocky hill which stretches itself some distance into Lake Champlain, terminating in a precipice, some thirty feet in height, and once known by the name of "Peabody's Leap."

At the time of this adventure, Timothy Peabody was the only white man that lived within fifty miles of the place, and his was the daring spirit that achieved it. In an attack on one of the frontier settlements his family had all been massacred by the merciless savages, and he had sworn that their death should be avenged. The better to accomplish this dread purpose, he had removed to this solitary place and constructed the rude shelter in which he dwelt, till the blasts of winter drove him to the homes of his fellow-men, again to renew the contest when spring had awakened nature into life and beauty. He was a man who possessed much rude cunning, combined with a thorough knowledge of Indian habits, by which he had always been enabled to avoid the snares of his subtle enemies. Often when they had come with a party to take him, he escaped their lures, and after destroying his hut, on their return homeward some of their boldest warriors were picked off by his unerring aim—or, on arriving at their settlement, they learned that one of their swiftest hunters had been ambushed by him, and fallen a victim of his deadly rifle. He had lived in this way for several years, and had so often baffled them, that they had at last become weary of the pursuit, and, for some time, had left him unmolested.

About this time, a party of Indians made a descent on one of the

small settlements, and had taken three men prisoners, whom they were carrying home to sacrifice for the same number of their men that had been shot by Peabody. It was towards the close of day when they passed his abode; most of the party in advance of the prisoners, who, with their hands tied, and escorted by five or six Indians, were almost wearied out by their long march, and but just able to crawl along. He had observed this advance guard, and let them pass unmolested, for he suspected there were prisoners in the rear, and intended to try some "Yankee trick" to effect their rescue. He accordingly followed on in the trail of the party, keeping among the thick trees which on either side skirted the path. He had proceeded but a short distance before he heard the sharp report of a rifle apparently very near him, and which he knew must be one of the Indians who had strolled from the main body to procure some game for their evening meal. From his acquaintance with their habits and language, he only needed a disguise to enable him to join with the party if necessary and, aided by the darkness which was fast approaching, with but little danger of detection. The resolution was quickly formed, and as quickly put into operation, to kill this Indian and procure his dress.

He had got but a few paces before he discovered his intended victim, who had just finished loading his rifle. To stand forth and boldly confront him would give the savage an equal chance, and if Tim proved the best shot, the party on hearing the report of two rifles at once would be alarmed and commence a pursuit. The chance was, therefore, two to one against him, and he was obliged to contrive a way to make the Indian fire first. Planting himself, then, behind a large tree, he took off his fox-skin cap, and placing it on the end of his rifle, began to move it to and fro. The Indian quickly discovered it, and was not at a loss to recollect the owner by the cap. Knowing how often the white warrior had eluded them, he determined to despatch him at once, and without giving him notice of his dangerous proximity, he instantly raised his rifle, and its contents went whizzing through the air. The ball just touched the bark of the tree, and pierced the cap, which rose suddenly like the death-spring of the beaver, and then fell amid the bushes. The Indian, like a true sportsman, thinking himself sure of his victim, did not go to pick up his game till he had reloaded his piece, and dropping it to the ground, was calmly proceeding in the operation, when Timothy as calmly stepped from his hiding-place, exclaiming—"Now, you tarnal kritter, say yer prayers as fast as ever you can."

This was a short notice for the poor Indian. Before him, and scarcely ten paces distant, stood the tall form of Peabody, motionless as a statue—his rifle to his shoulder—his finger on the trigger, and his deadly aim firmly fixed on him. He was about to run, but he had not time to turn around, ere the swift-winged messenger had taken his flight; the ball pierced his side—he sprang in the air, and fell lifeless on the ground.

No time was now to be lost. Peabody immediately proceeded to strip the dead body and to array himself in the accouterments, consisting of a hunting shirt, a pair of moccasins, or leggins, and the wampum belt and knife. A little of the blood besmeared on his sunburnt countenance served for the red paint, and it would have taken a keen eye in the gray twilight and thick gloom of the surrounding forest to have detected the counterfeit Indian. Shouldering his rifle, he again started in pursuit, and followed the band till they arrived in the glen, where their canoes were secreted. Here they stopped, and began to make preparations for their expected supper, previous to their embarkation for the opposite shore. The canoes were launched and their baggage deposited in them. A fire was blazing brightly and the party were walking around, impatiently waiting the return of the hunter.

The body of Timothy was safely deposited behind a fallen tree, where he could see every motion, and hear every word spoken in the circle. Here he had been about half an hour. "Night had drawn her sable curtain around the scene;" or, in other words, it was dark. The moon shone fitfully through the clouds which almost covered the horizon, only serving occasionally to render the darkness visible. The Indians now began to evince manifest signs of impatience for the return of their comrade. They feared that a party of the whites had followed them and taken him prisoner, and at last resolved to go in search of him. The plan, which was fortunately overheard by Timothy, was to put the captives into one of the canoes, under the care of five of their number, who were to secrete themselves in case of an attack, massacre the prisoners, and then go to the assistance of their brethren.

As soon as the main body had started, Peabody cautiously crept from his hiding-place to the water and, sliding in feet foremost, moved along on his back, his face just above the surface, to the canoe which contained the rifles of the guard. The priming was quickly removed from these, and their powder-horns emptied, replaced, and the prisoners given notice of their intended rescue, at the same time warning them not to show themselves above the gunwale till they were in

safety. He next, with his Indian knife, separated the thong which held the canoe to the shore, intending to swim off with it till he had got far enough to avoid observation, then get in, and paddle for the nearest place where a landing could be effected. All this was but the work of a moment, and he was slowly moving off from the shore, as yet unobserved by the guard, who little expected an attack from this side. But, unfortunately, his rifle had been left behind, and he was resolved not to part with "Old Plumper," as he called it, without at least one effort to recover it. He immediately gave the captives notice of his intention, and directed them to paddle slowly and silently out, and in going past the headland, to approach as near as possible, and there await his coming.

The guard by this time had secreted themselves, and one of the number had chosen the same place which Timothy himself had previously occupied, near which he had left his old friend. He had almost got to the spot, when the Indian discovered the rifle, grasped it, and springing upon his feet, gave the alarm to his companions. Quick as thought, Tim was upon him, seized the rifle, and wrenched it from him with such violence as to throw him breathless to the ground. The rest of the Indians were alarmed, and, sounding the war-whoop, rushed upon him.

It was a standard maxim with Timothy, that "a good soldier never runs till he is obliged to," and he now found that he should be under the necessity of suiting his practice to his theory. There was no time for deliberation; he instantly knocked down the foremost with the butt of his rifle, and bounded away through the thicket like a startled deer. The three remaining Indians made for the canoe in which the rifles were deposited, already rendered harmless by the precaution of Timothy. This gave him a good advantage, which was not altogether unnecessary, as he was much encumbered with his wet clothes, and before he reached the goal he could hear them snapping the dry twigs close behind him. The main body likewise got the alarm, and were but a short distance from him when he reached the headland. Those who were nearest he did not fear, unless they came to close action, and he resolved to send one more of them to his long home before he leaped from the precipice.

"It's a burning shame to wet so much powder," he exclaimed; "I'll have one more pop at the tarnal red-skins." Tim's position was quickly arranged to put his threat in execution. His rifle was presented, his eye glanced along its barrel, and the first one that showed his head

received its deadly contents. Another, and still another Indian, were thus disposed of, and then, taking a deep breath, Timothy made the leap. The water was deep and it seemed a long time before he came to the surface, but in a moment he struck out for the canoe. The whole party of Indians by this time had come up, and commenced a brisk fire upon the fugitives. Tim stood erect in the canoe, shouting in the voice of a stentor, "Ye'd better take care, ye'll spile the skiff. Old Plumper's safe, and you'll feel him yet, I tell ye!"

Peabody and the rescued prisoners were quickly lost in darkness, and, taking a small circuit, effected a landing in safety. Many a man's life verified his last threat, and Peabody lived to a good old age, having often related to his friends and neighbors the adventure which gave to this place the name of "Peabody's Leap."

DONA MARIA'S DEFIANCE

[Philip the Second, king of Spain, murdered his own brother, Don John of Austria. Dona Maria Dolores de Mendoza, betrothed to the slain man, discovers that her innocent father has taken the blame upon himself for this atrocious crime in order that his king might not be branded before the eyes of the world. Thus the beautiful woman comes before her king with a great purpose: First, to have her father released from prison; and second, to express her personal hatred for the murderer of her lover. The king is alone when she enters.]

Philip. Be seated, Dona Dolores. I am glad that you have come, for I have much to say to you and some questions to ask of you. In my life I have suffered more than most men in being bereaved of the persons to whom I have been most sincerely attached. One after another those that I have loved have been taken from me, until I am almost alone in the world that is so largely mine. My sorrows have reached their crown and culmination to-day in the death of my dear brother. I know why you have come to me; you wish to intercede for your father. It is right that you come to me yourself.

Dona Dolores. I ask justice, not mercy, sire.

Philip. Your father shall have both, for they are compatible.

Dona Dolores. He needs no mercy, for he has done no wrong. Your majesty knows that as well as I.

Philip. I cannot guess what you know or do not know.

Dona Dolores. I know the truth.

Philip. I wish I did. Tell me; you may be able to help me sift it. What do you know?

Dona Dolores. I was close behind the door. I heard every word. I heard your sword drawn and I heard Don John fall, and then it was some time before I heard my father's voice taking the blame upon himself lest it should be said that a king had murdered his own brother in his room unarmed. Is that the truth, or not? I came in and found him dead. He was unarmed, murdered without a chance for his life, and my father took the blame to save you from the monstrous accusation. Confess that what I say is true. I am a Spanish woman and would not see my country branded before the world with the shame of your royal murders; and if you will confess and save my father I will keep your secret for my country's sake. If you will not, by the God that made you I will tell all Spain what you are, and the men who loved Don John of Austria will rise and take your blood for his blood, though it be blood royal, and you shall die as you killed, like the coward you are. You will not? Then—

Philip. No, No! Stay here; you must not go. What do you want me to say?

Dona Dolores. Say, "You have spoken the truth."

Philip. Stay—yes—it is true—I did it—for Spain— For God's mercy do not betray me.

Dona Dolores. That is not all. That was for me, that I might hear the words from your own lips.

Philip. What more do you want of me?

Dona Dolores. My father's freedom and safety. I must have an order for his instant release. Send for him. Let him come here at once as a free man.

Philip. That is impossible. He has confessed the deed before the whole court. He must at least have a trial. You forget to whom you are speaking.

Dona Dolores. I am not asking anything of your majesty. I am dictating terms to my lover's murderer.

Philip. You shall not impose your insolence on me any further. I shall call help—

Dona Dolores. Call whom you will, you cannot save yourself. In ten minutes there will be a revolution in the palace, and to-morrow all Spain will be on fire to avenge your brother. Spain has not forgotten Don Carlos yet. You tortured him to death. There are those alive who saw you give Queen Isabel the draught that killed her—with your

own hand. Are you mad enough to think that no one knows these things; that your spies who spy on others do not spy on you; that you alone of all mankind can commit every crime with impunity?

Philip. Take care, girl! Take care!

Dona Dolores. Beware, Don Philip of Austria, King of Spain and half the world, lest a girl's voice be heard above yours, and a girl's hand loosen the foundations of your throne. Outside this door are men who guess the truth already; who hate you as they hate Satan; and who loved your brother as every living being loved him, except you. One moment more. Order my father to be set free, or I will open and speak. One moment! You will not? It is too late—you are lost. . . . If you ring that bell, I will open the door. Bring the order here where I am safe. I must read it myself before I am satisfied. [*Philip writes order.*] I humbly thank your majesty and take my leave.—This scene is arranged from the novel "In the Palace of the King," by Marion Crawford.

THE KING AND THE POET

[François Villon, the poet, fought and severely wounded the traitorous Grand Constable of France, Thibaut d'Aussigny. King Louis XI, in a whimsical mood, had the poet elevated to his opponent's station instead of having him cast into prison and sentenced to death. Lady Katherine, hearing that François had fought with Thibaut d'Aussigny, whom she hates for his many protestations of love, and knowing that the penalty was death, pleads for the poet's life at the feet of him whom she supposes to be the new Grand Constable, but who after all is none other than her own true lover.]

(The morning after his visit to the Fircone Tavern, Louis sat in his rose-garden, pondering upon his strange adventure of the night before. A favorite astrologer had interpreted his dream to mean that one in the depths, if exalted, would be of great service to him. He knew how precarious his position was, how unpopular he was with the people, how strong were the forces of the Duke of Burgundy, how little he could depend upon the allegiance of the people of Paris if once the enemy set foot within the capital city. His encounter with Villon coming upon the heels of his strange dream, and followed by the vague prophecies of the star-gazer, made him believe that the fantastic rhymester was sent to him in a time of peril to be of support to his throne.)

A heavy tread behind him stirred him from his meditations. Turn-

ing, he beheld the companion of his adventure the previous evening.)

King. Well, Tristan?

Tristan. The bird has flown, sire. Thibaut's wound was much slighter than we thought last night. After we carried him to his house, he made his escape thence in disguise, and has, as I believe, fled from Paris to join the Duke of Burgundy.

King. I wish the Duke joy of him. He is more dangerous to my enemy when he is on my enemy's side. And my rival for loyalty?

Tristan. Barber Oliver has charge of him. I would have hanged the rogue out of hand.

King. The stars warn me that I need this rhyming ragamuffin.

Tristan. Are you going to let him think he is king, sire?

King. Not quite. When he wakes, he is to be assured that he is the Count of Montcorbier and Grand Constable of France. His antics may amuse me, his lucky star may serve me, and his winning tongue may help to avenge me on a certain forward maid, who disdained me. Send me here Oliver. [*Exit Tristan.*]

[Katherine comes slowly down one of the rose-ways.]

King. Where are you going, girl?

Katherine. To her majesty, sire, who bade me gather roses.

King. You are a pretty child. You might have had a king's love. Well, well, you were a fool. Does not Thibaut woo you?

Katherine. He professes to love me, sire, and I profess to hate him.

King. He was sorely wounded last night in a tavern scuffle.

Katherine. Only wounded, sire?

King. Your solicitude is adorable. Be of cheer. He may recover. And we have clapped hands on the assassin. He shall pay the penalty.

Katherine. This man should not die, sire. Thibaut d'Aussigny was a traitor, a villain—

King. If this knave's life interests you, plead for it to my lord the Grand Constable.

Katherine. Thibaut is pitiless.

King. Thibaut is no longer in office. Try your luck with his successor.

Katherine. His name, sire?

King. He is the Count of Montcorbier. He is a stranger in our court, but he has found a lodging in my heart. He came under safe conduct from the south last night. I believe he will serve me well, and I am sure he will always be lenient to loveliness. Now go, girl,

or my wife and your queen will be wanting her roses. [*Exit Katherine.*]

[*Glancing up the terrace, he perceives the figure of Oliver. Behind Oliver comes a little cluster of pages, and behind them again the king can see a shining figure in cloth of gold.*]

King. Here comes my mountebank as pompous as if he were born to the purple. It would be rare sport if Mistress Katherine disdained Louis to decline upon this beggar. He shall hang for mocking me. But he carries himself like a king for all his tatters and patches, and he shall taste of splendor.

[*As the little procession descends the steps into the rose-garden the king moves swiftly to the door of the tower and enters. There is a little grating in the door, and through this grating the king now peers with infinite entertainment of the comedy himself had planned.*]

[*Master Villon is greatly changed. The barber's own handiwork has cleansed and shaved his countenance. He is as sumptuously attired as if he were a prince of the blood royal. It is plain that the tricked out poet is in a desperate dilemma. He manages to bear himself with dignity that consorts with his pomp.*]

Oliver. Will your dignity deign to linger awhile in this rose-arbor?

François. My dignity will deign to do anything you suggest.

Oliver. May we take our leave, monseigneur?

François. You may, you may—stay one moment. You know this plaguy memory of mine—what a forgetful fellow I am. Would you mind telling me again who I happen to be?

Oliver. You are the Count of Montcorbier, monseigneur. You have just arrived in Paris from the court of Provence, where you stood in high favor with the king of that country, but your favor is, I believe, greater with the king of France, for he has been pleased to make you Grand Constable of France. It is his majesty's wish that you contrive to remember this.

François. Of course, it was most foolish of me to forget. Now, I suppose, good master long-toes, that a person in my exalted rank has a good deal of power, influence, authority, and what not?

Oliver. With the king's favor, you are the first man in the realm.

François. Quite so! Good sir, will you straightway dispatch some one you can trust with a handful of these broad pieces to the mother of Villon, a poor old woman sorely plagued with a scapegrace son?

Let him seek her out and give her these coins that she may buy herself food, clothes and fire.

Oliver. It shall be done. [*Exit all but François.*]

[*As soon as Villon finds himself alone he looks cautiously around him and tries to recall the events of the evening before, which for some fantastic reason seems to lie centuries behind him.*]

François. Last night I was a red-handed outlaw, sleeping on the straw of a dungeon. To-day I wake in a royal bed and my varlets call me *Monseigneur*. Either I am mad or I am dreaming. I do not think I am mad, for I know in my heart that I am poor François Villon, penniless Master of Arts, and no will-o'-the-wisp Grand Constable. Then I am dreaming, and everything has been and is a dream. Then the king—popping up at the last moment, like a Jack-in-the-box—a dream. These clothes, these servants, this garden—dreams, dreams, dreams. I shall wake presently and be devilish cold, hungry and shabby.

[*He goes to the golden flagon on the table, pours out a full cup of Burgundy, and watches it glow in the sunlight.*]

François. To the loveliest lady this side of heaven! By heaven, my eyes dazzle, for I believe I see her!

[*On the terrace the fair girl leans and looks over at the garden and its golden occupant.*]

Oliver. My lord, there is a lady there who desires to speak with you.

François. I desire to speak with her.

[*Oliver enters the palace, and Katherine approaches Villon.*]

Katherine. My lord, will you listen to a distressed lady?

François. She does not know me.

Katherine. There is a man in prison at this hour for whom I would implore your clemency. His name is François Villon. Last night he wounded Thibaut d'Aussigny. The penalty is death. But Thibaut was a traitor, sold to Burgundy.

François. Did this Villon fight him for his treason?

Katherine. No! He fought for the sake of a woman.

François. How do you know all this?

Katherine. Because I was the woman. This man had seen me, thought he loved me, sent me verses—

François. How insolent!

Katherine. It was insolence—and yet they were beautiful verses. I was in mortal fear of Thibaut. I went to this Villon and begged

him to kill my enemy. He backed his love-tale with his sword—and he lies in the shadow of death. It is not just that he should suffer for my sin.

François. Do you by any chance love this Villon?

Katherine. Great ladies do not love tavern bravos. But I pity him and I do not want him to die.

François. If I had stood in this rascal's shoes, I would have done as he did for your sake.

Katherine. If you think this, you should grant the poor knave his freedom.

François. That brother of ballads shall go free. We will do no more than banish him from Paris. Forget that such a slave ever came near you.

Katherine. I shall remember your clemency.

François. By Saint Venus, I envy this fellow that he should have won your thoughts. I, too, would die to serve you!

Katherine. My lord, you do not know me.

François. Did he know you? Yet when he saw you he loved you and made bold to tell you so.

Katherine. His words were of no more account than the wind in the leaves. But you and I are peers and the words we change have meanings.

François. Would you pity me if I told you I love you?

Katherine. Heaven's mercy, how fast your fancy gallops. I care little to be flattered and less to be wooed, and I swear that I should be very hard to win.

François. I have more to try than your tap-room bandit. I see what he saw; I love what he loved.

Katherine. You are very inflammable.

François. My fire burns to ashes. You can no more stay me from loving you than you can stay the flowers from loving the soft air, or true men from loving honor, or heroes from loving glory. I would rake the moon from heaven for you.

Katherine. That promise has grown rusty since Adam first made it to Eve. There is a rhyme in my mind about moons and lovers:

Life is unstable,
Love may uphold;
Fear goes in sable,
Courage in gold.

Mystery covers
Midnight and noon,
Heroes and lovers
Cry for the moon.

François. What doggerel!

Katherine. It is divinity.

François. Tell me what I may do to win your favor?

Katherine. A trifle. Save France! Oh, that a man would come to court! For the man who shall trail the banners of Burgundy in the dust for the king of France to walk on I may perhaps have favors.

François. You are hard to please.

Katherine. My hero must have every virtue for his wreath, every courage for his coronet. Farewell. [*Exit Lady Katherine.*]

[*Enter King Louis.*]

King. Good afternoon, Lord Constable. Does power taste well?

François. Nobly, sire! On my knees let me thank your majesty.

King. Nonsense, man; I'm pleasing myself. You sang yourself into splendor. "*If François were the king of France,*" eh?

François. Sire, I will serve you as never king was served.

King. I will make you Grand Constable for a week.

François. A week, sire? A week—

King. Even so. One wonderful week, seven delirious days. The world was made in seven days. Seven days of power, seven days of splendor, seven days of love.

François. And then go back to the garret and the kennel, the tavern and the brothel!

King. No, no, not exactly! You don't taste the full force of the joke yet. Your last task as Grand Constable will be to hang François Villon.

François. Sire, sire, have pity!

King. You may have your week of wonder if you wish, but if you do, by my word as king, you shall swing for it.

François. Sire, what have I done that you should torture me thus?

King. You have mocked a king and maimed a minister. You can't get off scot free.

François. Heaven help me! Life, squalid, sordid, but still life, with its tavern corners and its brute pleasures of food and drink and warm sleep, living hands to hold, and living laughter to gladden me—or a week of cloth of gold, of glory, of love—and then a shameful death!

King. One further chance, fellow. If the Count Montcorbier win

the heart of Lady Katherine within the week, he shall escape the gallows and carry his lady love where he please.

François. On your word of honor, sire?

King. My word is my honor, Master François. Well?

François. Give me my week of wonders though I die a dog's death at the end of it. I will show France and her what lay in the heart of a poor rhymester.

King. Spoken like a man! But remember, a bargain's a bargain. If you fail to win the lady you must keep yourself for the gallows. I give you the moon, but I want my price for it.

[*Enter Oliver.*]

Oliver. Sire, the Burgundian herald attends under a flag of truce with a message for your majesty.

King. We will receive him here, Oliver. We need air when we hold speech with Burgundy. [*Exit Oliver.*]

King. Listen well to this man's words, my Lord Constable.

[*Enter Messenger.*]

King. Your message, sir?

Herald. In the name of the Duke of Burgundy and of his allies and brothers-in-arms assembled outside the walls of Paris, I hereby summon you, Louis of France, to surrender this city unconditionally and to yield yourself in confidence to my master's mercy.

King. And if we refuse, Sir Herald?

Herald. The worst disasters of war, fire and sword and famine, and no hope for yourself.

King. Great words. The Count of Montcorbier, Constable of France, is my counselor. His voice delivers my mind. Speak, friend, and give this messenger his answer.

François. As I will, sire?

King. Yes, go on, go on. "*If Villon were the king of France.*"

François. Herald of Burgundy, in God's name and the king's, I bid you go back to your master and say this: "Kings are great in the eyes of their people, but the people are great in the eyes of God. The people of Paris are not so poor of spirit that they fear the croak of the Burgundian ravens. When we who eat are hungry, when we who drink are dry, when we who glow are frozen, when there is neither bite on the board nor sup in the pitcher nor spark upon the hearth, our answer to rebellious Burgundy will be the same. You are knocking at our doors, beware lest we open them. We give you back defiance for defiance, menace for menace, blow for blow. This is our answer—this and the drawn sword."

[*Enter Katherine while he is speaking.*]

Katherine. My Lord, with my lips the women of France thank you for your words of flame.

King. Mistress, what does this mean?

Katherine. It means, sire, that a man has come to court.—This scene is arranged from Justin Huntly McCarthy's novel, "If I Were King."

THE BISHOP AND THE CONVICT

BY VICTOR HUGO

That evening, after his walk in the town, the Bishop of D— remained quite late in his room. At eight o'clock he was still at work, writing with some inconvenience on little slips of paper, with a large book open on his knees, when Mme. Magloire, as usual, came in to take the silver from the panel by the bed. A moment after, the bishop, knowing that the table was laid, and that his sister was perhaps waiting, closed his book and went into the dining-room.

Just as the bishop entered Mme. Magloire was speaking with some warmth. It was a discussion on the means of fastening the front door.

It seems that while Mme. Magloire was out making provisions for supper she had heard the news in sundry places. There was talk that an ill-favored runaway, a suspicious vagabond, had arrived and was lurking somewhere near the town, and that it was the part of wise people to secure their doors thoroughly.

"Brother, do you hear what Mme. Magloire says?"

"I heard something of it indistinctly," said the bishop. Then, turning his chair half round, putting his hands on his knees, and raising toward the old servant his cordial and good-humored face, which the firelight shone upon, he said: "Well, well, what is the matter! Are we in any great danger?"

Then Mme. Magloire began her story again, unconsciously exaggerating it a little. It appeared that a barefooted gypsy man, a sort of dangerous beggar, was in the town. A man with a knapsack and a rope and a terrible-looking face.

"Indeed!" said the bishop.

"We say that this house is not safe at all; and, if monseigneur will permit me, I will go out and tell Paulin Musebois, the locksmith, to come and put the old bolts in the door again; they are there, and it will take but a minute. I say we must have bolts, were it only for

to-night; for I say that a door that opens with a latch on the outside to the first comer, nothing could be more horrible; and then monseigneur has the habit of always saying: 'Come in' even at midnight. But, my goodness, there is no need to even ask leave—"

The door opened.

It opened quickly, quite wide, as if pushed by some one boldly and with energy.

A man entered.

He came in, took one step, and paused, leaving the door open behind him. He had his knapsack on his back, his stick in his hand, and a rough, hard, tired, and fierce look in his eyes, as seen by the firelight. He was hideous. It was an apparition of ill omen.

Mme. Magloire had not even the strength to scream. She stood, trembling, with her mouth open.

Mdlle. Baptistine turned, saw the man enter, and started out half alarmed; then, slowly turning back again toward the fire, she looked at her brother, and her face resumed its usual calmness and serenity.

"See here! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict; I have been nineteen years in the galleys. Four days ago I was set free, and started for Pontarlier, which is my destination; during these four days I have walked from Toulon. To-day I have walked twelve leagues. When I reached this place this evening I went to an inn, and they sent me away on account of my yellow passport, which I had shown at the mayor's office, as was necessary. I went to another inn; they said: 'Get out!' It was the same with one as with another; no one would have me. I went to the prison and the turnkey would not let me in. I crept into a dog-kennel, the dog bit me, and drove me away as if he had been a man; you would have said that he knew who I was. I went into the fields to sleep beneath the stars; there were no stars. I thought it would rain, and there was no good God to stop the drops, so I came back to the town to get the shelter of some doorway. There in the square I lay down upon a stone; a good woman showed me your house, and said: 'Knock there!' I have knocked. What is this place? Are you an inn? I have money; my savings, one hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous, which I have earned in the galleys by my work for nineteen years. I will pay. What do I care? I have money. I am very tired—twelve leagues on foot—and I am so hungry. Can I stay?"

"Mme. Magloire," said the bishop, "put on another plate."

The man took three steps and came near the lamp which stood on the table. "Stop," he exclaimed, as if he had not been understood,

"not that, did you understand me? I am a galley slave—a convict—I am just from the galleys." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of yellow paper, which he unfolded. "There is my passport, yellow, as you see. That is enough to have me kicked out wherever I go. Will you read it? I know how to read, I do. I learned in the galleys. There is a school there for those who care for it. See, see, here is what they have put in my passport: 'Jean Valjean, a liberated convict, has been nineteen years in the galleys; five years for burglary; fourteen years for having attempted four times to escape. This man is very dangerous.' There you have it! Everybody has thrust me out; will you receive me? Is this an inn? Can you give me something to eat and a place to sleep? Have you a stable?"

"Mme. Magloire," said the bishop, "put some sheets on the bed in the alcove."

Mme. Magloire went out to fulfill her orders.

"Monsieur, sit down and warm yourself; we are going to take supper presently, and your bed will be made ready while you sup."

"True? What? You will keep me? You won't drive me away—a convict? You call me monsieur and don't say, 'Get out, dog!' as every one else does. I thought that you would send me away, so I told first off who I am. I shall have a supper? A bed like other people? With mattress and sheets—a bed? It is nineteen years that I have not slept on a bed. M. Innkeeper, what is your name? I will pay all you say. You are an innkeeper, ain't you?"

"I am a priest who lives here."

"A priest, oh, noble priest! Then you do not ask any money?"

"No, keep your money. How much have you?"

"One hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous."

"And how long did it take you to earn that?"

"Nineteen years."

Mme. Magloire brought in a plate and set it on the table.

"Mme. Magloire, put this plate as near the fire as you can. The night wind is raw in the Alps; you must be cold, monsieur."

Every time he said the word monsieur with his gently solemn and heartily hospitable voice the man's countenance lighted up. Monsieur to a convict is a glass of water to a man dying of thirst at sea.

"The lamp gives a very poor light."

Mme. Magloire understood him, and going to his bed-chamber, took from the mantel the two silver candlesticks, lighted the candles and placed them on the table.

"M. l'Cure, you are good; you don't despise me. You take me into

your house; you light your candles for me, and I haven't hid from you where I came from, and how miserable I am."

"You need not tell me who you are. This is not my house; it is the house of Christ. It does not ask any comer whether he has a name, but whether he has an affliction. You are suffering; you are hungry and thirsty; be welcome. And do not thank me; do not tell me that I take you into my house. This is the home of no man except him who needs an asylum. I tell you, who are a traveler, that you are more at home here than I; whatever is here is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me, I knew it."

"Really? You knew my name?"

"Yes, your name is my brother. You have seen much suffering."

"Oh, the red blouse, the ball and chain, the plank to sleep on, the heat, the cold, the galley's screw, the lash, the double chain for nothing, the dungeon for a word—even when sick in bed, the chain. The dogs, the dogs are happier! nineteen years! and I am forty-six, and now a yellow passport. That is all."

"Yes, you have left a place of suffering. But listen, there will be more joy in heaven over the tears of a repentant sinner than over the white robes of a hundred good men. If you are leaving that sorrowful place with hate and anger against men, you are worthy of compassion; if you leave it with good will, gentleness and peace, you are better than any of us."

Meantime Mme. Magloire had served up supper. The bishop said the blessing and then served. The man paid no attention to any one. He ate with the voracity of a starving man.

After having said goodnight to his sister, the bishop took one of the silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to his guest, and said to him: "Monsieur, I will show you to your room."

The man followed him.

The house was so arranged that one could reach the alcove in the oratory only by passing through the bishop's sleeping-chamber. Just as they were passing through this room Mme. Magloire was putting up the silver in the cupboard at the head of the bed. It was the last thing she did every night before going to bed.

The bishop left his guest wishing him a good night's rest.

As the cathedral clock struck two, Jean Valjean awoke. He opened his eyes and looked for a moment into the obscurity about him, then he closed them to go to sleep again. But he could not get to sleep again, so he began to think. He remembered noticing the six silver plates and the large ladle that Mme. Magloire had put on the table.

Those six silver plates took possession of him. There they were within a few steps. At the very moment that he passed through the middle room to reach the one he was now in, the old servant was placing them in a little cupboard at the head of the bed. He had marked that cupboard well; on the right coming from the dining-room. They were solid and old silver. With the big ladle they would bring at least two hundred francs; double what he had got for nineteen years' labor.

His mind wavered a whole hour and a long one, in fluctuation and in struggle. The clock struck three. He opened his eyes, rose up hastily in bed, reached out his arm and felt his knapsack, which he had put into the corner of the alcove, then he thrust out his legs and put his feet on the floor and found himself, he knew not how, seated on his bed. All at once he stooped down, took off his shoes and put them softly upon the mat in front of the bed, then he resumed his thinking posture and was still again. Then he rose to his feet, hesitated for a moment longer and listened; all was still in the house; he walked straight and cautiously toward the window which he could discern. The night was very dark, there was a full moon. On reaching the window, Jean Valjean examined it. It had no bars, opened into the garden, and was fastened with only a little wedge. He took his club in his right hand, and, holding his breath, with stealthy steps he moved toward the door of the next room, which was the bishop's, as we know. On reaching the door he found it unlatched. The bishop had not closed it.

Jean Valjean listened. Not a sound.

He pushed the door. A rusty hinge suddenly sent out into the darkness a harsh and prolonged creak.

Jean Valjean shivered. He took one step and was in the room. At the moment when he passed the bed, a cloud broke, as if purposely, and a ray of moonlight crossing the high window, suddenly lighted up the bishop's pale face. He slept tranquilly. His entire countenance was lit up with a vague expression of content, hope and happiness. It was more than a smile and almost a radiance.

Jean Valjean was in the shadow with the iron drill in his hand, erect, motionless, terrified at this radiant figure. He had never seen anything comparable to it. This confidence filled him with fear. He did not remove his eyes from the old man. He appeared ready either to cleave his skull or to kiss his hand.

In a few moments he raised his left hand slowly to his forehead and took off his hat; then letting his hand fall with the same slowness,

Jean Valjean resumed his contemplations, his cap in his left hand, his club in his right, and his hair bristling on his fierce-looking head.

Under this frightful gaze the bishop still slept in profoundest peace.

The crucifix above the mantel-piece was dimly visible in the moonlight, apparently extending its arms toward both, with a benediction for one and a pardon for the other.

Suddenly Jean Valjean put on his cap, then passed quickly, without looking at the bishop, along the bed, straight to the cupboard which he perceived near its head; he raised the drill to force the lock; the key was in it; he opened it; the first thing he saw was the basket of silver; he took it, crossed the room with hasty stride, careless of noise, reached the door, entered the oratory, took his stick, stepped out, put the silver in his knapsack, threw away the basket, ran across the garden, leaped over the wall like a tiger and fled.

The next day at sunrise the bishop was walking in the garden. Mme. Magloire ran toward him quite beside herself.

"Monseigneur, the man has gone! The silver is stolen. The abominable fellow! He has stolen our silver!"

The bishop was silent for a moment then, raising his serious eyes, he said mildly to Mme. Magloire: "Now, first, did this silver belong to us? Mme. Magloire, I have for a long time withheld this silver; it belonged to the poor. Who was this man? A poor man evidently."

"Alas! Alas!" returned Mme. Magloire. "It is not on my account or mademoiselle's; it is all the same to us. But it is on yours, monseigneur. What is monsieur going to eat from now?"

The bishop looked at her in amazement.

"How so! have we no tin plates?"

Just as the brother and sister were rising from their breakfast there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the bishop.

The door opened. A strange, fierce group appeared on the threshold. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar. The three men were gendarmes; the fourth, Jean Valjean.

In the meantime the bishop had approached as quickly as his great age permitted. "Ah, there you are!" said he, looking toward Jean Valjean. "I am glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest, and would bring two hundred francs. Why did you not take them along with your plates?"

Jean Valjean opened his eyes and looked at the bishop with an expression no human tongue could describe.

"Monseigneur," said the brigadier, "then what this man said was

true? We met him. He was going like a man who was running away and we arrested him in order to see. He had this silver."

"And he told you that it had been given him by a good old priest with whom he had passed the night. I see it all. And you brought him back here? It is all a mistake."

"If that is so," said the brigadier, "we can let him go."

"Certainly," replied the bishop, "you may retire."

The gendarmes released Jean Valjean, who shrank back.

"My friend, before you go away here are the candlesticks; take them."

Jean Valjean was trembling in every limb. He took the two candlesticks mechanically and with a wild appearance.

"Now go in peace. By the way, my friend, when you come again you need not come through the garden. You can always come in and go out by the front door. It is closed only with a latch, day or night. Forget not, never forget that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man.

"Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition and I give it to God!"—Arranged from "Les Misérables."

A DESERT TRAGEDY

BY FRANK NORRIS

One day, a fortnight after McTeague's flight from San Francisco, Marcus rode into Modoc, to find a group of men gathered about a notice affixed to the outside of the Wells-Fargo office. It was an offer of reward for the arrest and apprehension of a murderer. The crime had been committed in San Francisco, but the man wanted had been traced as far as the western portion of Inyo County, and was believed at that time to be in hiding in either the Pinto or Panamint hills in the vicinity of Keeler.

Marcus reached Keeler on the afternoon of that same day. Half a mile from the town his pony fell and died from exhaustion. Marcus did not stop even to remove the saddle. He arrived in the bar-room of the hotel in Keeler just after the posse had been made up. The sheriff, who had come down from Independence that morning, at first refused his offer of assistance. He had enough men already—too many, in fact. The country traveled through would be hard,

and it would be difficult to find water for so many men and horses.

"But none of you fellers have ever seen um," vociferated Marcus, quivering with excitement and wrath. "I know um well. I could pick um out in a million. I can identify um, and you fellers can't. And I knew—I knew—good God! I knew that girl—his wife—in Frisco. She's a cousin of mine, she is—she was—I thought once of—. This thing's a personal matter of mine—an' that money he got away with, that five thousand, belongs to me by rights. Oh, never mind, I'm going along. Do you hear?" he shouted, his fists raised, "I'm going along, I tell you. There ain't a man of you big enough to stop me. Let's see you try and stop me going. Let's see you once, any two of you." He filled the barroom with his clamor.

"Lord love you, come along, then," said the sheriff.

The posse rode out of Keeler that same night. The keeper of the general merchandise store, from whom Marcus had borrowed a second pony, had informed them that Cribbens and his partner, whose description tallied exactly with that given in the notice of reward, had outfitted at his place with a view to prospecting in the Panamint hills. The posse trailed them at once to their first camp at the head of the valley. It was an easy matter. It was only necessary to inquire of the cowboys and range-riders of the valley if they had seen and noted the passage of two men, one of whom carried a bird-cage.

Beyond this first camp the trail was lost, and a week was wasted in a bootless search around the mine at Gold Gulch, whither it seemed probable the partners had gone. Then a traveling peddler, who included Gold Gulch in his route, brought in the news of a wonderful strike of gold-bearing quartz some ten miles to the south on the western slope of the range. Two men from Keeler had made a strike, the peddler had said, and added the curious detail that one of the men had a canary bird in a cage with him.

The posse made Cribben's camp three days after the unaccountable disappearance of his partner. Their man was gone, but the narrow hoof-prints of a mule, mixed with those of huge hob-nailed boots, could be plainly followed in the sand. Here they picked up the trail and held to it steadily till the point was reached where, instead of tending southward, it swerved abruptly to the east. The men could hardly believe their eyes.

"It ain't reason," exclaimed the sheriff. "What in thunder is he up to? This beats me! Cutting out into Death Valley at this time of year!"

"He's heading for Gold Mountain over in the Armagosa, sure."

The men decided that this conjecture was true. It was the only inhabited locality in that direction. A discussion began as to the further movements of the posse.

"I don't figure on going into that alkali sink with no eight men and horses," declared the sheriff. "One man can't carry enough water to take him and his mount across, let alone eight. No, sir. Four couldn't do it. No, three couldn't. We've got to make a circuit round the valley and come up on the other side and head him off at Gold Mountain. That's what we got to do, and ride like blazes to do it, too."

But Marcus protested with all the strength of his lungs against abandoning the trail now that they had found it. He argued that they were now but a day and a half behind their man. There was no possibility of their missing the trail—as distinct in the white alkali as in snow. They could make a dash into the valley, secure their man, and return long before their water failed them. He, for one, would not give up the pursuit, now that they were so close. In the haste of the departure from Keeler the sheriff had neglected to swear him in. He was under no orders. He would do as he pleased.

"Go on, then, you darn fool," answered the sheriff. "We'll cut on round the valley, for all that. It's a gamble he'll be at Gold Mountain before you're half-way across. But if you catch him, here"—he tossed Marcus a pair of handcuffs—"put 'em on him and bring him back to Keeler."

Two days after he had left the posse, and when he was already far out in the desert, Marcus's horse gave out. In the fury of his impatience he had spurred mercilessly forward on the trail, and on the morning of the third day found that his horse was unable to move. The joints of his legs seemed locked rigidly. He would go his own length, stumbling and interfering, then collapse helplessly upon the ground with a pitiful groan. He was used up.

Marcus believed himself to be close upon McTeague now. The ashes at his last camp had still been smoldering. Marcus took what supplies of food and water he could carry, and hurried on. But McTeague was farther ahead than he had guessed, and by evening of his third day upon the desert Marcus, raging with thirst, had drunk his last mouthful of water and had flung away the empty canteen.

"If he ain't got water with um," he said to himself, as he pushed on, "if he ain't got water with um, I'll be in a bad way. I will, for a fact."

At Marcus's shout McTeague looked up and around him. For the

instant he saw no one. The white glare of alkali was still unbroken. Then his swiftly rolling eyes lighted upon a head and shoulder that protruded above the low crest of the break directly in front of him. A man was there, lying at full length upon the ground, covering him with a revolver. For a few seconds McTeague looked at the man stupidly, bewildered, confused, as yet without definite thought. Then he noticed that the man was singularly like Marcus Schouler. It *was* Marcus Schouler. How in the world did Marcus Schouler happen to be in that desert? What did he mean by pointing a pistol at him that way? He'd best look out or the pistol would go off. Then his thoughts readjusted themselves with a swiftness born of a vivid sense of danger. Here was the enemy at last, the tracker he had felt upon his footsteps. Now at length he had "come on" and shown himself, after all those days of skulking. McTeague was glad of it. He'd show him now. They two would have it out right then and there. His rifle! He had thrown it away long since. He was helpless. Marcus had ordered him to put up his hands. If he did not, Marcus would kill him. He had the drop on him. McTeague stared, scowling fiercely at the leveled pistol. He did not move.

"Hands up!" shouted Marcus a second time. "I'll give you three to do it in. One, two—" Instinctively McTeague put his hands above his head.

Marcus rose and came towards him over the break.

"Keep 'em up," he cried. "If you move 'em once I'll kill you, sure."

He came up to McTeague and searched him, going through his pockets; but McTeague had no revolver; not even a hunting knife.

"What did you do with that money, with that five thousand dollars?"

"It's on the mule," answered McTeague, sullenly.

Marcus grunted, and cast a glance at the mule, who was standing some distance away, snorting nervously, and from time to time flattening his long ears.

"Is that it there on the horn of the saddle, there in that canvas sack?" Marcus demanded.

"Yes, that's it."

A gleam of satisfaction came into Marcus's eyes, and under his breath he muttered: "Got it at last."

He was singularly puzzled to know what next to do. He had got McTeague. There he stood at length, with his big hands over his head, scowling at him sullenly. Marcus had caught his enemy, had run down the man for whom every officer in the state had been looking.

What should he do with him now? He couldn't keep him standing there forever with his hands over his head.

"Got any water?" he demanded.

"There's a canteen of water on the mule."

Marcus moved toward the mule and made as if to reach the bridle-rein. The mule squealed, threw up his head, and galloped to a little distance, rolling his eyes and flattening his ears.

Marcus swore wrathfully.

"He acted that way once before," explained McTeague, his hands still in the air. "He ate some loco-weed back in the hills before I started."

For a moment Marcus hesitated. While he was catching the mule McTeague might get away. But where to, in heaven's name? A rat could not hide on the surface of that glistening alkali, and besides, all McTeague's store of provisions and his priceless supply of water were on the mule. Marcus ran after the mule, revolver in hand, shouting and cursing. But the mule would not be caught. He acted as if possessed, squealing, lashing out, and galloping in wide circles, his head high in the air.

"Come on," shouted Marcus, furious, turning back to McTeague. "Come on, help me catch him. We got to catch him. All the water we got is on the saddle."

McTeague came up.

"He's eatun some loco-weed," he repeated. "He went kinda crazy before."

"If he should take it into his head to bolt and keep on running—"

Marcus did not finish. A sudden great fear seemed to widen around and inclose the two men. Once their water gone, the end would not be long.

"We can catch him all right," said the dentist. "I caught him once before."

"Oh, I guess we can catch him," answered Marcus, reassuringly.

Already the sense of enmity between the two had weakened in the face of a common peril. Marcus let down the hammer of his revolver and slid it back into the holster.

The mule was trotting on ahead, snorting and throwing up great clouds of alkali dust. At every step the canvas sack jingled, and McTeague's bird-cage, still wrapped in the flour bags, bumped against the saddle-pads. By and by the mule stopped, blowing out his nostrils excitedly.

"He's clean crazy," fumed Marcus, panting and swearing.

"We ought to come up on him quiet," observed McTeague.

"I'll try and sneak up," said Marcus; "two of us would scare him again. You stay here."

Marcus went forward a step at a time. He was almost within arm's length of the bridle when the mule shied from him abruptly and galloped away.

Marcus danced with rage, shaking his fists, and swearing horribly. Some hundred yards away the mule paused and began blowing and snuffing in the alkali as though in search of food. Then, for no reason, he shied again, and started off on a jog trot toward the east.

"We've got to follow him," exclaimed Marcus, as McTeague came up. "There's no water within seventy miles of here."

Then began an interminable pursuit. Mile after mile, under the terrible heat of the desert sun, the two men followed the mule, racked with a thirst that grew fiercer every hour. A dozen times they could almost touch the canteen of water, and as often the distraught animal shied away and fled before them. At length Marcus cried:

"It's no use, we can't catch him, and we're killing ourselves with thirst. We got to take our chances." He drew his revolver from its holster, cocked it, and crept forward.

"Steady now," said McTeague; "it won't do to shoot through the canteen."

Within twenty yards Marcus paused, made a rest of his left forearm and fired.

"You got him," cried McTeague. "No, he's up again. Shoot him again. He's going to bolt."

Marcus ran on, firing as he went. The mule, one foreleg trailing, scrambled along, squealing and snorting. Marcus fired his last shot. The mule pitched forward upon his head, then, rolling sideways, fell upon the canteen, bursting it open and spilling its entire contents into the sand.

Marcus and McTeague ran up, and Marcus snatched the battered canteen from under the reeking, bloody hide. There was no water left. Marcus flung the canteen from him and stood up, facing McTeague. There was a pause.

"We're dead men," said Marcus.

McTeague looked from him out over the desert. Chaotic desolation stretched from them on either hand, flaming and glaring with the afternoon heat. There was the brazen sky and the leagues upon leagues of alkali, leper white. There was nothing more. They were in the heart of Death Valley.

"Not a drop of water," muttered McTeague; "not a drop of water."

"We can drink the mule's blood," said Marcus. "It's been done before. But—but—" he looked down at the quivering, gory body "—but I ain't thirsty enough for that yet."

"Where's the nearest water?"

"Well, it's about a hundred miles or more back of us in the Panamint hills," returned Marcus, doggedly. "We'd be crazy long before we reached it. I tell you we're *done* for. We ain't ever going to get outa here."

"Done for?" murmured the other, looking about stupidly. "Done for, that's the word. Done for? Yes, I guess we're done for."

"What are we going to do *now*?" exclaimed Marcus, sharply, after a while.

"Well, let's be moving along—somewhere."

"*Where*, I'd like to know? What's the good of moving on?"

"Wat's the good of stopping here?"

There was a silence.

"Lord, it's hot," said the dentist, finally, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. Marcus ground his teeth.

"Done for," he muttered; "done for."

"I never was so thirsty," continued McTeague. "I'm that dry I can hear my tongue rubbing against the roof of my mouth."

"Well, we can't stop here," said Marcus, finally; "we got to go somewhere. We'll try and get back, but it ain't no manner of use. Anything we want to take along with us from the mule? We can—"

Suddenly he paused. In an instant the eyes of the two doomed men had met as the same thought simultaneously rose in their minds. The canvas sack with its five thousand dollars was still tied to the horn of the saddle.

Marcus had emptied his revolver at the mule, and though he still wore his cartridge belt, he was for the moment as unarmed as McTeague.

"I guess," began McTeague, coming forward a step, "I guess even if we are done for, I'll take—some of my truck along."

"Hold on," exclaimed Marcus, with rising aggressiveness. "Let's talk about that. I ain't so sure about who that—who that money belongs to."

"Well, I *am*, you see," growled the dentist.

The old enmity between the two men, their ancient hate, was flaming up again.

"Don't try an' load that gun either," cried McTeague, fixing Marcus with his little eyes.

"Then don't lay your finger on that sack," shouted the other. "You're my prisoner, do you understand? You'll do as I say." Marcus had drawn the handcuffs from his pocket, and stood ready with his revolver held as a club. "You soldiered me out of that money once, and played me for a sucker, an' it's *my* turn now. Don't you lay your finger on that sack."

Marcus barred McTeague's way, white with passion. McTeague did not answer. His eyes drew to two fine, twinkling points, and his enormous hands knotted themselves into fists, hard as wooden mallets. He moved a step nearer to Marcus, then another.

Suddenly the men grappled, and in another instant were rolling and struggling upon the hot, white ground. McTeague thrust Marcus backward until he tripped and fell over the body of the dead mule. The little bird-cage broke from the saddle with the violence of their fall, and rolled out upon the ground, the flour-bags slipping from it. McTeague tore the revolver from Marcus's grip and struck out with it blindly. Clouds of alkali dust, fine and pungent, enveloped the two fighting men, all but strangling them.

McTeague did not know how he killed his enemy, but all at once Marcus grew still beneath his blows. Then there was a sudden last return of energy. McTeague's right wrist was caught, something clicked upon it, then the struggling body fell limp and motionless with a long breath.

As McTeague rose to his feet, he felt a pull at his right wrist; something held it fast. Looking down, he saw that Marcus in that last struggle had found strength to handcuff their right wrists together. Marcus was dead now; McTeague was locked to the body. All about him, vast, interminable, stretched the measureless leagues of Death Valley.

McTeague remained stupidly looking around him, now at the distant horizon, now at the ground, now at the half-dead canary chattering feebly in its little gilt prison.—Arranged from "McTeague." Copyright by *Doubleday, Page & Co.*, New York, and used by kind permission.

MICHAEL STROGOFF, COURIER OF THE CZAR

BY JULES VERNE

The door of the imperial cabinet was opened and General Kissoff was announced.

"The courier?" inquired the Czar eagerly.

"He is here, sire," replied General Kissoff.

"Let him come in," said the Czar.

In a few moments Michael Strogoff, the courier, entered. The Czar fixed a penetrating look upon him without uttering a word. Then in an abrupt tone—

"Thy name?"

"Michael Strogoff, sire."

"Thy rank?"

"Captain in the corps of Couriers to the Czar."

"Thou dost know Siberia?"

"I am a Siberian."

"A native of—?"

"Omsk, sire."

"Hast thou relations there?"

"Yes, sire, my aged mother."

The Czar suspended his questions for a moment; then pointed to a letter which he held in his hand:

"Here is a letter which I charge thee, Michael Strogoff, to deliver into the hands of the Grand Duke, and to no one but him."

"I will deliver it, sire."

"The Grand Duke is at Irkutsk. Thou wilt have to traverse a rebellious country, invaded by Tartars, whose interest it will be to intercept this letter."

"I will traverse it."

"Above all, beware of the traitor, Ivan Ogareff, who will perhaps meet thee on the way."

"I will beware of him."

"Wilt thou pass through Omsk?"

"Sire, that is my route."

"If thou dost see thy mother, there will be the risk of being recognized. Thou must not see her!"

Michael Strogoff hesitated a moment, and then said:

"I will not see her."

"Swear to me that nothing will make thee acknowledge who thou art, nor whither thou art going."

"I swear it."

"Michael Strogoff, take this letter. On it depends the safety of all Siberia, and perhaps the life of my brother, the Grand Duke."

"This letter shall be delivered to His Highness, the Grand Duke."

"Go, thou, for God, for the Czar, and for your native land,"

The courier saluted his sovereign and that very night set out to fulfill his perilous mission. All went well until he reached Omsk. Compelled to stop here for food and a change of horses, he was about to leave the posting house to continue his journey when suddenly a cry made him tremble—a cry which penetrated to the depths of his soul—and these two words rushed into his ear: “My son!”

His mother, the old woman, Marfa, was before him! Trembling, she smiled upon him and stretched forth her arms to him. Michael Strogoff stepped forward; he was about to throw himself—when the thought of duty, the serious danger to himself, and his mother, in this unfortunate meeting, stopped him, and so great was his self-command that not a muscle of his face moved. There were twenty people in the public room, and among them perhaps spies, and was it not known that the son of Marfa Strogoff belonged to the corps of Couriers to the Czar? Michael Strogoff did not move.

“Michael!” cried his mother.

“Who are you, my good woman?”

“Who am I? Dost thou no longer know thy mother?”

“You are mistaken; a resemblance deceives you.”

Marfa went up to him, and looking straight into his eyes, said:

“Art thou not the son of Peter and Marfa Strogoff?”

Michael would have given his life to have locked his mother in his arms. But if he yielded now it was all over with him, with her, with his mission, with his oath. Completely master of himself, he closed his eyes that he might not see the inexpressible anguish of his mother.

“I do not know, in truth, what it is you say, my good woman.”

“Michael!”

“My name is not Michael. I never was your son! I am Nicholas Kopanoff, a merchant of Irkutsk.”

And suddenly he left the room, while for the last time the words echoed in his ears,—

“My son! My son!”

Michael Strogoff by a desperate effort had gone. He did not heed his old mother, who had fallen back almost inanimate on a bench. But when the postmaster hastened to assist her, the aged woman raised herself. Suddenly the thought occurred to her: She denied by her own son. It was impossible! As for being deceived, it was equally impossible. It was certainly her son whom she had just seen; and if he had not recognized her it was because he had some strong reason for acting thus. And then, her mother-feelings arising within her, she had only one thought: Can I unwittingly have ruined him?

"I am mad," she said to her interrogators. "This young man was not my son; he had not his voice. Let us think no more of it. If we do, I shall end in finding him everywhere."

This scene, however, was immediately reported to Ivan Ogareff, who was stationed in the town. He at once arrested Michael Strogoff, and then had Marfa brought before him. Marfa, standing before Ivan Ogareff, drew herself up, crossed her arms on her breast, and waited.

"You are Marfa Strogoff?" asked Ogareff.

"Yes."

"Do you retract what you said a few hours ago?"

"No."

"Then you do not know that your son, Michael Strogoff, Courier to the Czar, has passed through Omsk?"

"I do not know it."

"And the man whom you thought you recognized as your son was not your son?"

"He was not my son."

"And since then, you have seen him among the prisoners?"

"No."

"If he were pointed out to you, would you recognize him?"

"No."

"Listen! Your son is here, and you shall immediately point him out to me."

"No."

"All these men will file before you, and if you do not show me Michael Strogoff, you shall receive as many blows from the knout as men shall have passed before you."

On an order from Ogareff, the prisoners filed one by one past Marfa, who was immovable as a statue, and whose face expressed only perfect indifference. Michael was to all appearances unmoved, but the palms of his hands bled under the nails which were pressed into the flesh.

Marfa, seized by two soldiers, was forced on her knees on the ground. Her dress torn off left her back bare. A saber was placed before her breast at a few inches' distance. If she bent beneath her sufferings, her breast would be pierced by the sharp steel. The Tartar drew himself up and waited.

"Begin," said Ogareff.

The whip whistled through the air, but, before it fell, a powerful hand stopped the Tartar's arm. Ivan Ogareff had succeeded.

"Michael Strogoff!" cried he.

"Himself!" said Michael, and raising the knout, he struck Ogareff a blow across the face.

"Blow for blow!" said he.

Twenty soldiers threw themselves on Michael and in another instant he would have been slain, but Ogareff stopped them.

"This man is reserved for the Emir's judgment. Search him."

The letter bearing the imperial arms was found in Michael's bosom; he had not time to destroy it. It was handed to Ogareff. Michael was then led before the Emir.

"Your forehead to the ground!" exclaimed Ogareff.

"No!"

Two soldiers tried to make him bend, but were themselves laid on the ground by a blow from Michael's fist.

"Who is this prisoner?" asked the Emir.

"A Russian spy," answered Ogareff.

In asserting that Michael was a spy, he knew that the sentence would be terrible. The Emir made a sign, at which all bowed low their heads. Then he pointed to the Koran, which was brought to him. He opened the sacred book, and placing his finger on one of its pages, read in a loud voice a verse ending in these words: "And he shall no more see the things of this earth."

"Russian spy, you have come to see what is going on in the Tartar camp; then look while you may! You have seen for the last time. In an instant your eyes will be for ever shut to the light of day."

Michael's fate was to be not death, but blindness. He was going to be blinded in the Tartar fashion, with a hot saber-blade passed before his eyes.

The Emir's orders executed, Ivan Ogareff approached Michael, drew from his pocket the Imperial letter, opened it and held it up before the face of the Czar's courier, saying with supreme irony:

"Read, now, Michael Strogoff, read, and go and repeat at Irkutsk what you have read. The true Courier of the Czar is henceforth Ivan Ogareff."

The Emir retired with his train. Ivan followed after, and sightless Michael was left alone to his fate. One thought possessed him. He must somehow arrive at Irkutsk before the traitor and warn the Grand Duke of the intended deception.

Some months later Michael Strogoff had reached his journey's end!

He was in Irkutsk. Hastening to the governor's palace to see the Grand Duke, he meets in a waiting-room Ivan Ogareff, the traitor. The latter must act quickly. Ogareff arose, and thinking he had an immeasurable advantage over the blind man threw himself upon him. But with one hand Michael grasps the arm of his enemy and hurls him to the ground. Ogareff gathers himself together like a tiger about to spring, and utters not a word. The noise of his footsteps, his very breathing, he tries to conceal from the blind man. At last, with a spring, he drives his sword full blast at Michael's breast. An imperceptible movement of the blind man's knife turns aside the blow. Michael is not touched, and coolly waits a second attack. Cold drops stand on Ogareff's brow; he draws back a step and again leaps forward. But like the first, this attempt fails. Michael's knife has parried the blow from the traitor's useless sword. Mad with rage and terror, he gazes into the wide-open eyes of the blind man. Those eyes which seem to pierce to the bottom of his soul, and which do not, cannot, see, exercise a sort of dreadful fascination over him.

Suddenly Ogareff utters a cry: "He sees! He sees!"

"Yes, I see. Thinking of my mother, the tears which sprang to my eyes saved my sight. I see the mark of the knout which I gave you, traitor and coward! I see the place where I am about to strike you! Defend your life! It is a duel I offer you! My knife against your sword!"

Ogareff now feels that he is lost, but, mustering up all his courage, he springs forward. The two blades cross, but at a touch from Michael's knife the sword flies in splinters, and the wretch, stabbed to the heart, falls lifeless to the ground.

At the same moment the door is thrown open, and the Grand Duke, accompanied by some of his officers, enters. The Grand Duke advances. In the body lying on the ground he recognizes the man whom he believes to be the Czar's Courier. Then in threatening voice:

"Who killed this man?"

"I," answered Michael.

"Thy name? Who dares kill the servant of my brother, the Czar's Courier?"

"That man, your highness, is not a Courier of the Czar! He is Ivan Ogareff!"

"Ivan Ogareff!"

"Yes, Ivan the traitor."

"But who are you, then?"

"Michael Strogoff."

THE TIGER'S CAVE

AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF QUITO

On leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snow-crowned head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gathering gradually around it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid that the steelwork of our watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopped. The river beside which we were traveling rushed down with still greater impetuosity; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path were suddenly precipitated small rivulets that bore the roots of trees and innumerable serpents along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and violently that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes with the most terrific grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning, flash following flash—above, around, beneath—everywhere a sea of fire. We sought a momentary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, while one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time he returned, and informed us that he had discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the elements. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence that we could not hear the sound of our voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe, through the opening, which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar-trees were struck down, or bent like reeds; monkeys and parrots lay strewed upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain stream. From everything I saw I thought it extremely probable that we should be obliged to pass some days in this cavern. When the storm, however, had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge was extremely dark, so that if we moved a few paces from the entrance we could see no more than an inch before us; and we were debating as to the

propriety of leaving it, even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular rumbling or growling at the farther end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously, but our daring and inconsiderate young friend Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavored to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of a green color; strong claws were upon their feet; and a blood-red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed, in consternation, "Good God! we have come into the den of a—." He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, calling out, "A tiger! a tiger!" and at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar-tree, which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my firearms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone, which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength, for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, which rolled, glaring with fury, upon us. Its frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts, proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous, heart-piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton; with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barreled gun, and Lincoln his pistols; the former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew the triggers at the same moment, but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance, but, feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet. Frank and Lincoln, therefore, proceeded to draw the useless charges while Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder-flask. It was so extremely dark that we were obliged to grope about the cave; and, at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the cannister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewed over the damp earth and rendered entirely useless. This fearful discovery excited the greatest consternation.

"All is now over," said Wharton. "We have only now to choose whether we shall die of hunger, together with these animals who are shut up along with us, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone, which, for the moment, defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger.

Lincoln raved and swore; and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket and hastened to the farther end of the cave—I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low, stifled groaning; and the tiger, who had heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave, in the most wild, impetuous manner, then stood still, and stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. The animal was struck more than once, but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, and sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws, as if he would have dragged it to the ground.

But, having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, became more calm, and laid himself down as before in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of a string, were the two cubs. He had strangled them, and before we were aware what he intended, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them, than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I upbraided my huntsman for the cruel action he had so rashly committed, I perceived by his blunt and abrupt answers that he also had lost all hope of rescue from our impending fate, and, that, under these circumstances, the ties between master and servant were dissolved. For my own part, without knowing why, I could not help believing that some unexpected assistance would yet rescue us from so horrible a fate. Alas! I little anticipated the sacrifice that my rescue was to cost.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; the songs of the birds were again heard in the neighboring forest, and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw through the aperture that all nature was reviving after the wild war of elements which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation the more terrible. We were in a grave from which there was no deliverance; and a monster, worse than the fabled Cerberus, kept watch over us. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue, from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once, another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant, our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were.

"This enemy will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton; "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave when she had examined the bodies

of her cubs, surpassed everything of the horrible that we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she were determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled by her immense strength to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless she rejoined the tiger, who lay stretched beside his cubs, and he arose and added his howls to her hollow roarings. They stood together for a few moments, as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head.

"Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have had their revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless, there still appeared a chance for our rescue, for, to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of our yet saving ourselves by instant flight, for that the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the cave, with which they were no doubt acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it; he was unwilling to lose his double-barreled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us only thought of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and, following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a sidepath. From the number of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult. Wharton, though an active seaman, had a heavy step, and had great difficulty in keeping pace with us, and we were often obliged to slacken our own on his account.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff, with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us.

Urged by despair, we rushed towards the breaks, or gulfs, in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be trodden with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and, the moment they descried us they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering the rocky cliff, except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind.

As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down, and, with the edge of his sword, divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected an effectual barrier would thus be put to the farther progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken; for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal, suspended for a moment in the air above the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance; she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom, was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion; he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore-claws, and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest to the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Enraged beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength, and with a violent effort, fixing one of his hind-legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. The heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger.

All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his

side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near by, upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt-end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold and fell back into the abyss. All would have been well, had it ended thus; but the unfortunate Lincoln had not calculated upon the force of his blow; he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand to seize upon anything to save himself—but in vain. His foot slipped; for an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then was plunged into it to rise no more!—*Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

WHALE HUNTING

By J. ROSS BROWNE

"There she blows!" was sung out from the mast-head.

"Where away?" demanded the captain.

"Three points off the lee bow, sir."

"Raise up your wheel. Steady!"

"Steady, sir."

"Mast-head, ahoy! Do you see that whale now?"

"Aye, aye, sir! A school of sperm whales! There she blows! There she breaches!"

"Sing out! Sing out every time!"

"Aye, aye, sir! There she blows! There—there—thar' she blows—blowes—blo-o-o-s!"

"How far off!"

"Two miles and a half!"

"Thunder and lightning! so near! Call all hands! Clew up the fore-t'gallant-sail—there! belay! Hard down your wheel! Haul aback the main yard! Get your tubs in your boats! Bear a hand! Clear your falls! Stand by all to lower! All ready?"

"All ready, sir!"

"Lower away!"

Down went the boats with a splash. Each boat's crew sprang over the rail, and in an instant the larboard, starboard and waist boats were manned. There was great rivalry in getting the start. The waist-boat got off in pretty good time; and away went all three, dashing the water high over their bows. Nothing could be more exciting than the chase.

The larboard boat, commanded by the mate, and the waist-boat, by the second mate, were head and head.

"Give way, my lads, give way!" shouted our headsman; "we gain on them; give way! A long, steady stroke! That's the way to tell it!"

"Aye, aye!" cried Tabor, our boat-steerer. "What d'ye say, boys? Shall we lick 'em?"

"Pull! pull like vengeance!" echoed the crew; and we danced over the waves, scarcely seeming to touch them.

The chase was now truly soul-stirring. Sometimes the larboard, then the starboard, then the waist-boat took the lead. It was a severe trial of skill and muscle. After we had run two miles at this rate, the whales turned flukes, going dead to windward.

"Now for it, my lads!" cried our headsman. "We'll have them the next rising. Now pile it on! a long, steady pull! That's it! Don't give out! Half an hour more, and they're our whales!"

The other boats had veered off at either side of us, and continued the chase with renewed ardor. In about half an hour we lay on our oars to look around for the whales.

"There she blows! right ahead!" shouted Tabor, fairly dancing with delight.

"There she blows! There she blows!"

"Oh, Lord, boys, spring!" cried our headsman.

"Spring it is! What d'ye say, now, chummies? Shall we take those whales?"

To this general appeal every man replied by putting his weight on his oar, and exerting his utmost strength. The boat flew through the water with incredible swiftness, scarcely rising to the waves.

A large bull whale lay about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, lazily rolling in the trough of the sea. The larboard and starboard boats were far to leeward of us, tugging hard to get a chance at the other whales, which were now blowing in every direction.

"Give way! give way, my hearties!" cried our headsman, putting his weight against the aft oar. "Do you love gin? A bottle of gin to the best man! Oh, pile it on while you have breath! pile it on!"

"On with the beef, chummies! Smash every oar! double 'em up, or break 'em!"

"Every devil's imp of you, pull! No talking; lay back to it; now or never!"

On dashed the boat, cleaving its way through the rough sea as if the briny element were blue smoke. The whale, however, turned flukes before we could reach him. When he appeared again above the surface of the water, it was evident that he had milled while down, by

which maneuver he gained on us nearly a mile. The chase was now almost hopeless, as he was making to windward rapidly. A heavy, black cloud was on the horizon, portending an approaching squall, and the barque was fast fading from sight. Still we were not to be baffled by discouraging circumstances of this kind, and we braced our sinews for a grand and final effort.

"Never give up, my lads!" said the headsman, in a cheering voice. "Mark my words, we'll have that whale yet. Only think he's ours, and there's no mistake about it, he will be ours. Now for a hard, steady pull! Give way!"

"Give way, sir! Give way, all!"

"There she blows! Oh, pull my lively lads! Only a mile off! There she blows!"

The wind by this time had increased almost to a gale, and the heavy black clouds were scattering over us far and wide. Part of the squall had passed off to leeward and entirely concealed the barque. Our situation was rather unpleasant: in a rough sea, the other boats out of sight, and each moment the wind increasing.

We continued to strain every muscle till we were hard upon the whale. Tabor sprang to the bow, and stood by with the harpoon.

"Softly, softly, my lads," said the headsman.

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Hush-h-h! softly. Now's your time, Tabor!"

Tabor let fly the harpoon, and buried the iron.

"Give him another!"

"Aye, aye! Stern all!"

"Stern all!" thundered the headsman.

"Stern all!"

And, as we rapidly backed from the whale, he flung his tremendous flukes high in the air, covering us with a cloud of spray. He then sounded, making the line whiz as it passed through the chocks. When he rose to the surface again, we hauled up, and the second mate stood ready in the bow to dispatch him with lances.

"Spouting blood!" said Tabor. "He's a dead whale! He won't need much lancing."

It was true enough; for, before the officer could get within dart of him, he commenced his dying struggles. The sea was crimsoned with his blood. By the time we had reached him, he was belly up. We lay upon our oars a moment to witness his last throes, and, when he had turned his head toward the sun, a loud, simultaneous cheer burst from every lip.

A low, rumbling sound, like the roar of a distant waterfall, now reached our ears. Each moment it grew louder.

The whole expansive arch of the heavens became dark with clouds tossing, flying, swelling, and whirling over and over, like the surges of an angry sea. A white cloud, gleaming against the black mass behind it, came sweeping toward us, stretching forth its long, white arms, as if to grasp us in its fatal embrace. Louder and still louder it growled; yet the air was still and heavy around us. Now the white cloud spread, whirled over, and lost its hoary head; now it wore the mane and forefeet of a lion; now the heads of a dragon, with their tremendous jaws extended. Writhing, hissing, roaring, it swept toward us. The demon of wrath could not have assumed a more frightful form. The whole face of the ocean was hidden in utter darkness, save within a circle of a few hundred yards. Our little boat floated on a sea almost unruffled by a breath of wind. The heavy swell rolled lazily past us; yet a death-like calmness reigned in the air. Beyond the circle all was strife; within, all peace. We gazed anxiously in each other's faces; but not a word was spoken. Even the veteran harpooner looked upon the clouds with a face of unusual solemnity, as we lay upon our oars, awed to silence by the sublimity of the scene. The ominous stillness of everything within the circle became painful. For many long minutes the surface of the water remained nearly smooth. We dreaded, but longed for a change. This state of suspense was growing intolerable. I could hear the deep, long-drawn respirations of those around me; I saw the quick, anxious glances they turned to windward; and I almost fancied I could read every thought that passed within their breasts.

Suddenly a white streak of foam appeared within a hundred yards. Scarcely had we unshipped our oars, when the squall burst upon us with stunning violence. The weather side of the boat was raised high out of the water, and the rushing foam dashed over the gunwale in torrents. We soon trimmed her, however, and, by hard bailing, got her clear of water. It is utterly impossible to conceive the violence of the wind. Small as the surface exposed to the squall was, we flew through the foaming seas, dragging the dead body of the whale after us with incredible velocity. Thus situated, entirely at the mercy of the wind and sea, we continued every moment to increase our distance from the barque. When the squall abated, we came to under the lee of the whale, and looked to leeward for the barque. Not a speck could be seen on the horizon! Night was rapidly approaching, and we were alone upon the broad, angry ocean!

"Ship your oars," said the headsman; "we'll not part company with old blubber yet. If we can't make the barque, we can make land somewhere."

"Aye, aye," said Tabor, with a sly leer, "and live on roast-beef and turkey while we're making it."

With heavy hearts and many misgivings we shipped our oars, heartily wishing the whale in the devil's try-pots; for we thought it rather hard that our lives should be risked for a few barrels of oil. For two hours we pulled a long, lazy, dogged stroke, without a sign of relief. At last Tabor stood up on the bow to look out, and we lay on our oars.

"Well, Tabor, what d'ye see?" was the general inquiry.

"Why," said Tabor, coolly rolling the quid from his weather to his lee cheek, "I see a cussed old barque that looks like Granny Howland's wash-tub, with a few broomsticks rigged up in the middle of it."

"Pull, you devils!" cried our headsman; "there's duff in the cook's coppers."

"Yes! I think I smell it," said Tabor.

It was nearly dark when we arrived alongside of the barque with our prize; but what was our surprise to find that the starboard and larboard boats had killed five whales between them! They were all of a small size, and did not average more than fifteen barrels each.

That night not a breath of air ruffled the clear, broad ocean as it swelled beneath and around us, forming a multitude of mirrors that reflected all the beauties of the splendid canopy above. The moon arose with unusual brilliancy. It was a night for the winged spirits of the air. I enjoyed a melancholy pleasure in walking the decks beneath the soft moonbeams, thinking of past times. Silence reigned over the deep. The calm, broad ocean presented a beautiful simile of repose, and the light, shadowy clouds floated motionless in the air, as if in awe of the mighty wilderness of waters beneath them. A clear, silvery light beamed over the glassy swell; and far away the moon's rays, casting their soft and delicate glow over the whole scene, gradually vanished in a dreamy haze upon the horizon. I gazed with pensive feelings upon this scene; so calm, so heavenly, so unrivaled in its loveliness; and I thought, with a sigh, of the coming day: the fiery, tropical sun; the heat and smoke of the try-works; and all the realities of a whaleman's life. I have heard of the solitude of the desert; but what can compare with that of the ocean at such a time as this?

Never had the sea looked more beautiful than it did that night.

It was a source of pleasure to feel that, notwithstanding the wretched life I led, there were still left a few of the better feelings of my nature. A passage in the "Vision of Don Roderic" occurred to me as singularly expressive of the checkered fortunes of a seafarer. Well might I hope the light cloud which occasionally obscured the moon's brightness might prove a happy omen of my future fate:

"Melting, as a wreath of snow it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb in richer beauty than her own;
Then, passing, leaves her in her light serene."

—From "Etchings of a Whaling Cruise," by kind permission of *Harper & Brothers*, Publishers, New York.

THE MAN IN THE SHADOW

By R. W. CHILD

The late afternoon sunlight slanted down into the busy street through the trees of the Public Garden. It had been the sort of day which whispers of other scenes, old faces, gentle memories and painted possibilities. Now along the street came the ebb-tide of the day's work swept out from the business part of the city and jostling homeward.

Among the home-goers was a man distinguished a little from the rest by a refined and patient expression. His shoulders sloped as if they had borne much; his eyes were open in a stare as if astounded at the repetition of life's misfortunes; and his clothes, from his derby hat, shiny from his wife's endless brushings, to his shoes, flattened by the monotony of his daily life, told of the practice of much respectable economy. Trouble had felt of his throat, one would say, but never had succeeded in throttling him. There was a quiet, reserved strength in the furrows of his forehead and in the solidity of his chin, and the wrinkles at the corner of his blue eyes declared that there was a fund of persistent hope in Carter Clews.

Looking up suddenly he saw four men coming down the steps of a hotel toward an open carriage which had drawn up to the curb. Three were inclined to the stoutness of middle age, and all were laughing prosperously, and chatting vociferously of Commencement dinners and baseball games and class reunions; it was evident that they were four successful men on a holiday and straining to be young again.

Carter Clews smiled with boyish pleasure, for one of them was "Newt" Riggs, who used to row on the crew and was now a corporation attorney in Chicago; and there was Billy Drowson, who used to flunk examinations as easily as if he meant to do it; and the third was Joe Crane, who was making his two hundred thousand a year in metal refining in Colorado; and the little man was Lapham, the surgeon, who had been marshal of the class.

The last had just seated himself comfortably in the carriage, when Clews succeeded in pushing his way into the gap they had left in the crowd. Both Joseph Crane and Lapham, seeing him take a step toward them, opened their eyes in innocent surprise; neither of them recognized him. He stopped for a moment of embarrassed hesitation, and in that moment he felt with the sharp old pang that he belonged among them no more. They were successful men.

Carter Clews stepped back into the gray shadow of the portico. The carriage started away with a laugh and the scrape of a wheel on the curb, and Clews started on his way once more. His daily trudge to and from his office was the result of a calculation that enough car fare each year was saved to buy an extra gown for his daughter. Life had toyed with him, showing her splendors and snatching them from his fingers; had taught him culture and then laughed at him.

The rattle of his key brought his wife to the door, and the usual smiles and kisses of welcome reminded him of the old duty of keeping his feelings to himself.

"Was there any mail to-day?"

"There was a postal-card came to-day for you, dad. It had been to all of the four places we have lived since we came back from Iowa, and so it was late in getting here. It was the announcement of the twenty-fifth anniversary dinner of your class; you'll go, won't you?"

"Where's the postal?"

"Do go, dad, we don't like to have you forgotten. It's only six. The dinner's at eight. You'll have plenty of time, father."

Clews took the card, holding it under the light of the lamp on the center-table. His fingers trembled a little as he read it.

"The last dinner I went to was in our Senior year, just before I graduated and went West; I was toastmaster at that dinner. It was a spring night like this. I remember a little crowd of us sat under a tree in the college yard and talked until daylight. We promised each other, half in fun, that the one who got to be forty-five years old and wasn't successful should jump into the river. And then we went up

to my room for a cold bath, and I built a fire and heated the poker and burned my name into the mantel-piece."

He tossed the card aside. His wife could see upon his face the unmistakable sign that the accumulation of years of disappointment was no longer to be contained in silence.

"I've been a miserable fizzle! Unknown and forgotten because I deserve it!"

Edith looked straight at him. "That is not true," she said softly.

"Perhaps it's a bad dream! It's been my fault. No wonder I'm forgotten! Everybody flocks around a victor, but who cares where the man is who failed to do big things? Once he marched in the front line promising a great deal, and now he's got to watch the procession from the sidewalk. It would be better, if a man can't make himself felt and has got to walk around unknown—to keep his promise and—"

"Don't, father."

He looked up into his daughter's face, and seeing the trembling of her upper lip, drew a long breath and squared his shoulders.

"Well, perhaps we all have our compensations."

"You are going to the class dinner, aren't you?"

"No, I think I won't go this time. Perhaps next year—"

"Oh, yes, for me! I'll get your evening clothes. They're put away."

When he appeared in them a little later, he looked doubtfully at himself in the mirror, then suddenly smiled.

"I've had them ever since we were married. Their style looks rather quaint, doesn't it? But I've had some very happy minutes inside the old coat. Do you remember this tie, Alice?"

"Why, for mercy's sake! That was the first thing I ever made you!"

"I haven't forgotten," he answered.

As he went slowly out into the hallway and down the noisy wooden stairs, his wife and daughter leaned over the banisters looking at him anxiously.

At last he turned the corner into the avenue. As he looked, he saw a little group of laughing men going up the steps; then he squared his shoulders, and walked briskly across the street and up the steps into the lobby.

The clerk leaned over the desk toward him. "Seventy-six?" Clews nodded: "Yes, my class—Seventy-six."

"Just down at the end of that corridor."

There were others standing with him at the checkroom who nodded to him.

"Did you go to the game?" asked one.

"No. How did it come out?"

"Great guns! don't you know how it came out? Why, we beat 'em! My boy plays first base. I go to all the games."

"I wish I could. I wish I had gone to-day, but my work is rather confining. I have a daughter, and, of course, if I had a son, he'd be out there at the University too."

"There are several prominent members of the class here to-night. Drowson is here, and Crane is toastmaster. We're late, I think."

With his new acquaintance Clews followed a knot of men who opened the door, exposing two large tables filled with diners. The noise within burst out and drew the attention of several guests of the hotel, who peered down the corridor with mild curiosity.

When the man who was with Clews hesitated for a moment, a dozen voices rose up to greet him, and several men stood up to shout, "Oh, Billy, here's a seat!" or "Here you are, Lawton!"

Clews was lonely. Of the men who sat near him he remembered only two as acquaintances of undergraduate days, and the old associations recalled by their faces were so hazy that he was convinced that he had never known either of them well. They certainly did not recognize him. He determined grimly never to suffer another experience like this.

"The world likes success and sunlight," he said to himself. "I'll fight it out alone after this, and in my own little corner."

A waiter finally thrust a demi-tasse of coffee deftly over Clew's elbow. Crane had introduced Drowson with an accompaniment of cheers and hand-clapping, and Drowson had made a speech which had impressed every one, and Collingwood had been cajoled into singing an old song. Chairs were gradually moved back a little from the table, the room became foggy with the smoke that curled from the cigars, and a contented fullness and laughter tugged at nearly a hundred waistcoats.

Crane, the toastmaster, was rapping for silence.

"Before we break up," he said, "I want you to drink one more toast with me. We have toasted ourselves and each other, but this toast is to a man who is not here."

The interest and curiosity of every one was aroused. Even Clews leaned back in his chair to listen; it was plainly going to be a eulogy of some classman who had died.

"Twenty-five years ago, after our last college dinner, there were six men in our class sitting together under a tree in the yard and talking about what we would do. We said we would all be successful at

forty-five. If not, we were going to jump into the river. I was one of those men—Billy Drowson was another; Wright was there—he died the next year. Then there was Lapham and Riggs. But there was another. He was a prominent figure in our class—the smartest one of the six—very honorable and good-hearted. I will not name him. He is not here. We all thought he would have a brilliant career. He came out of college and was married, and his father died and left him a mother and two sisters and an inheritance of debts. That cut him off from the professional schools, and he went West, and I have found out that he went into a business where there was no chance in the world of advancement. But it had to be done because that offered a way of bearing the burdens and obligations that were on him. It was just like him. Then he had to take care of a wife and three others besides.

“His health became very bad—he used to work sixteen hours a day sometimes, and when he was forty years old he found himself very much out of order. Then he came back East. Part of his burdens had been removed, but it was too late to start life as he might have started it once. He had burned out in the service like a faithful, honest, well-made candle. His light had been dim, but it had also been steady. I suppose he is alive, although I don’t know. But all of us who knew him best are sure that wherever he is, he is still putting up a good fight, and though he hasn’t got the cheers and the lime-light, he’s pulling mighty well. I know it!”

The room was very still while Crane paused.

“We’ve tried to locate him, but we lost the scent after we found he had come back from Iowa. We had planned to go back to-night, Drowson and Lapham and Riggs and myself and this other man, and sit under the tree in the yard where twenty-five years ago we’d promised to reach success, before we came back to attend this dinner. I feel sure that this missing man—this lost member of the class, I might say, for I can’t find any one who knows where he is—ought to be there. We think he comes as near success as any one of us.

“We learned years ago at the University that faithful duty really counted; the kind of success we are looking for isn’t always gilt-edged; the band isn’t always playing for it to march by! When I looked up this man I found a good, clean, honest story—a story of devotion and loyalty and the kind of courage that holds out when nobody is looking on or waving hats! I think we all ought to be glad he is a ‘Seventy-six’ man, and that we are not so narrow or ignorant as to count him a lost cause and a failure. I want you to

drink a toast to him with me—gentlemen, to the man who does his job in a shadow!”

The whole class came to its feet together! Clews realized that toast was to him. Had his head been cool, he would have arisen with the rest unmarked and unknown—it was the old custom of remaining seated when so honored that betrayed him. It left him a second behind the rest, and the speaker’s big blue eyes were upon him at once. Crane lowered his glass and exclaimed, “Good God!”

Clews stumbled back into his chair. “Seventy-six” raised its voice in a great, generous roar. Clews looked up with wet cheeks and smiled like a pleased boy. This was his class, cheering—and for him!

Later in the night Clews returned to his wife and daughter. Governor William Drowson was with him.

“Alice,” said Carter Clews, “this is Billy. I roomed with him when I was a freshman. He’s going to spend the night with me.”

A WINDSTORM IN THE FORESTS

By JOHN MUIR

One of the most beautiful and exhilarating storms I ever enjoyed in the Sierra occurred in December, 1874, when I happened to be exploring one of the tributary valleys of the Yuba River. The sky and the ground and the trees had been thoroughly rain-washed and were dry again. The day was intensely pure, one of those incomparable bits of California winter, warm and balmy and full of white sparkling sunshine, redolent of all the purest influences of the spring, and at the same time enlivened with one of the most bracing wind-storms conceivable. Instead of camping out, as I usually do, I then chanced to be stopping at the house of a friend. But when the storm began to sound, I lost no time in pushing out into the woods to enjoy it. For on such occasions Nature has always something rare to show us, and the danger to life and limb is hardly greater than one would experience crouching deprecatingly beneath a roof.

It was still early morning when I found myself fairly adrift. Delicious sunshine came pouring over the hills, lighting the tops of the pines, and setting free a stream of summery fragrance that contrasted strangely with the wild tones of the storm. The air was mottled with pine-tassels and bright green plumes that went flashing past in the sunlight like birds pursued. But there was not the slightest dustiness, nothing less pure than leaves, and ripe pollen, and flecks of withered

bracken and moss. I heard trees falling for hours at the rate of one every two or three minutes; some uprooted, partly on account of the loose, water-soaked condition of the ground; others broken straight across, where some weakness caused by fire had determined the spot. The gestures of the various trees made a delightful study. Young Sugar Pines, light and feathery as squirrel-tails, were bowing almost to the ground; while the grand old patriarchs, whose massive boles had been tried in a hundred storms, waved solemnly above them, their long, arching branches streaming fluently in the gale, and every needle thrilling and ringing and shedding off keen lances of light like a diamond. The Douglas Spruces, with long sprays drawn out in level tresses and needles massed in a gray, shimmering glow, presented a most striking appearance as they stood in bold relief along the hill-tops. The Madroños in the dells, with their red bark and large, glossy leaves tilted every way, reflected the sunshine in throbbing spangles like those one so often sees on the rippled surface of a glacier lake. But the Silver Pines were now the most impressively beautiful of all. Colossal spires 200 feet in height waved like supple goldenrods chanting and bowing low as if in worship, while the whole mass of their long, tremulous foliage was kindled into one continuous blaze of white sun-fire. The force of the gale was such that the most steadfast monarch of them all rocked down to its roots with a motion plainly perceptible when one leaned against it. Nature was holding high festival, and every fiber of the most rigid giants thrilled with glad excitement.

I drifted on through the midst of this passionate music and motion, across many a glen, from ridge to ridge; often halting in the lee of a rock for shelter, or to gaze and listen. Even when the grand anthem had swelled to its highest pitch I could distinctly hear the varying tones of individual trees,—Spruce, and Fir, and Pine, and leafless Oak,—and even the infinitely gentle rustle of the withered grasses at my feet. Each was expressing itself in its own way,—singing its own song, and making its own peculiar gestures,—manifesting a richness of variety to be found in no other forest I have yet seen. . . .

Toward midday, after a long, tingling scramble through copses of hazel and ceanothus, I gained the summit of the highest ridge in the neighborhood; and then it occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to climb one of the trees to obtain a wider outlook and get my ear close to the Eolian music of its topmost needles. But under the circumstances the choice of a tree was a serious matter. One whose instep was not very strong, seemed in danger of being blown down,

or of being struck by others in case they should fall; another was branchless to a considerable height above the ground, and at the same time too large to be grasped with arms and legs in climbing; while others were not favorably situated for clear views. After cautiously casting about, I made choice of the tallest of a group of Douglas Spruces that were growing close together like a tuft of grass; no one of which seemed likely to fall unless all the rest fell with it. Though comparatively young, they were about 100 feet high, and their lithe, brushy tops were rocking and swirling in wild ecstasy. Being accustomed to climb trees in botanical studies, I experienced no difficulty in reaching the top of this one, and never before did I enjoy so noble an exhilaration of motion. The slender tops fairly flapped and swished in the passionate torrent, bending and swirling backward and forward, round and round, tracing indescribable combinations of vertical and horizontal curves, while I clung with muscles firmly braced, like a bobolink on a reed.

In its widest sweeps my tree-top described an arc of twenty to thirty degrees, but I felt sure of its elastic temper, having seen others of the same species still more severely tried—bent almost to the ground indeed, in heavy snows—without breaking a fiber. I was therefore safe, and free to take the wind into my pulses and enjoy the excited forest from my superb outlook. The view from here must be extremely beautiful in any weather. Now my eye roved over the piny hills and dales as over fields of waving grain, and felt the light running in ripples and broad, swelling undulations across the valleys from ridge to ridge, as the shining foliage was stirred by corresponding waves of air. Oftentimes these waves of reflected light would break up suddenly into a kind of beaten foam, and again, after chasing one another in regular order, they would seem to bend forward in concentric curves, and disappear on some hillside, like sea-waves on a shelving shore. The quantity of light reflected from the bent needles was so great as to make whole groves appear as if covered with snow, while the black shadows beneath the trees greatly enhanced the effect of the silvery splendor. . . . The sounds of the storm corresponded gloriously with this wild exuberance of light and motion. The profound bass of the naked branches and poles booming like waterfalls; the quick, tense vibrations of the pine-needles, now rising to a shrill, whistling hiss, now falling to a silky murmur; the rustling of laurel groves in the dells, and the keen, metallic click of leaf on leaf—all this was heard in easy analysis when the attention was calmly bent.

I kept my lofty perch for hours, frequently closing my eyes to enjoy

the music by itself, or to feast quietly on the delicious fragrance that was streaming past. The fragrance of the woods was less marked than that produced during warm rain, when so many balsamic buds and leaves are steeped like tea; but, from the chafing of resinous branches against each other, and the incessant attrition of myriads of needles, the gale was spiced to a very tonic degree. And besides the fragrance from these local sources there were traces of scents brought from afar. For this wind came first from the sea, rubbing against its fresh, briny waves, then distilled through the redwoods, threading rich ferny gulches, and spreading itself in broad, undulating currents over many a flower-enameled ridge of the Coast Mountains, then across the golden plains, up the purple foothills, and into these piny woods with the varied incense gathered by the way.

When the storm began to abate, I dismounted and sauntered down through the calming woods. The storm-tones died away, and, turning toward the east, I beheld the countless hosts of the forests hushed and tranquil, towering above one another on the slopes of the hills like a devout audience. The setting sun filled them with amber light, and seemed to say, while they listened, "My peace I give unto you."

As I gazed on the impressive scene, all the so-called ruin of the storm was forgotten, and never before did these noble woods appear so fresh, so joyous, so immortal.—From "The Mountains of California." Copyright by *The Century Company*, New York, and used by their kind permission.

AN UNEXPECTED ADVENTURE

By JOHN MUIR

A wild scene, but not a safe one, is made by the moon as it appears through the edge of the Yosemite Fall when one is behind it. Once, after enjoying the night-song of the waters and watching the formation of the colored bow as the moon came round the domes and sent her beams into the wild uproar, I ventured out on the narrow bench that extends back of the fall from Fern Ledge and began to admire the dim-veiled grandeur of the view. I could see the fine, gauzy threads of the fall's filmy border by having the light in front; and wishing to look at the moon through the meshes of some of the denser portions of the fall, I ventured to creep further behind it while it was gently wind-swayed, without taking sufficient thought about the consequences of its swaying back to its natural position after the wind-

pressure should be removed. The effect was enchanting: fine, savage music sounding above, beneath, around me; while the moon, apparently in the very midst of the rushing waters, seemed to be struggling to keep her place, on account of the ever-varying form and density of the water-masses through which she was seen, now darkly veiled or eclipsed by a rush of thick-headed comets, now flashing out through openings between their tails. I was in fairyland between the dark wall and the wild throng of illumined waters, but suffered sudden disenchantment; for, like the witch-scene in Alloway Kirk, "in an instant all was dark." Down came a dash of spent comets, thin and harmless-looking in the distance, but they felt desperately solid and stony when they struck my shoulders, like a mixture of choking spray and gravel and big hailstones. Instinctively dropping on my knees, I gripped an angle of the rock, curled up like a young fern frond with my face pressed against my breast, and in this attitude submitted as best I could to my thundering bath. The heavier masses seemed to strike like cobblestones, and there was a confused noise of many waters about my ears—hissing, gurgling, clashing sounds that were not heard as music. The situation was quickly realized. How fast one's thoughts burn in such times of stress! I was weighing chances of escape. Would the column be swayed a few inches away from the wall, or would it come yet closer? The fall was in flood and not so lightly would its ponderous mass be swayed. My fate seemed to depend on a breath of the "idle wind." It was moved gently forward, the pounding ceased, and I was once more visited by glimpses of the moon. But fearing I might be caught at a disadvantage in making too hasty a retreat, I moved only a few feet along the bench to where a block of ice lay. I wedged myself between the ice and the wall, and lay face downwards, until the steadiness of the light gave encouragement to rise and get away. Somewhat nerve-shaken, drenched, and benumbed, I made out to build a fire, warmed myself, ran home, reached my cabin before daylight, got an hour or two of sleep, and awoke sound and comfortable, better, not worse, for my hard midnight bath.—From "The Yosemite." Copyright by *The Century Co.*, New York, and used by their kind permission.

THE TORTURE OF THE STRAIT-JACKET

By JACK LONDON

Have you ever seen canvas tarpaulins or rubber blankets with brass eyelets set in along the edges? Then imagine a piece of stout canvas,

some four and one-half feet in length, with large and heavy brass eyelets running down both edges. The width of this canvas is never the full girth of the human body it is to surround. The width is also irregular—broadest at the shoulders, next broadest at the hips, and narrowest at the waist.

The jacket is spread on the floor. The man who is to be punished, or who is to be tortured for confession, is told to lie face-downward on the flat canvas. If he refuses, he is man-handled. After that he lays himself down with a will, which is the will of the hang-dogs, which is your will, dear citizen, who feeds and fees the hang-dogs for doing this thing for you.

The man lies face-downward. The edges of the jacket are brought as nearly together as possible along the center of the man's back. Then a rope, on the principle of a shoe-lace, is run through the eyelets, and on the principle of shoe-lacing the man is laced in the canvas. Only he is laced more severely than any person ever laces his shoe. They call it "cinching" in prison lingo. On occasion, when the guards are cruel and vindictive or when the command has come down from above, in order to insure the severity of the lacing the guards press with their feet into the man's back as they draw the lacing tight.

Have you ever laced your shoe too tightly, and, after half an hour experienced that excruciating pain across the instep of the obstructed circulation? And do you remember that after a few minutes of such pain you simply could not walk another step and had to untie the shoe-lace and ease the pressure? Very well. Then try to imagine your whole body so laced, only much more tightly, and that the squeeze, instead of being merely on the instep of one foot, is on your entire trunk, compressing to the seeming of death your heart, your lungs, and all the rest of your vital and essential organs.

I remember the first time they gave me the jacket down in the dungeons. It was at the beginning of my incorrigibility, shortly after my entrance to prison, when I was weaving my loom-task of a hundred yards a day in the jute mill and finishing two hours ahead of the average day. Yes, and my jute-sacking was far above the average demanded. I was sent to the jacket that first time, according to the prison books, because of "skips" and "breaks" in the cloth, in short, because my work was defective. Of course this was ridiculous. In truth, I was sent to the jacket because I, a new convict, a master of efficiency, a trained expert in the elimination of waste motion, had elected to tell the stupid head-weaver a few things he did not know about his business. And the head-weaver, with Captain Jamie present,

had me called to the table where atrocious weaving, such as could never have gone through my loom, was exhibited against me. Three times was I thus called to the table. The third calling meant punishment according to the loom-room rules. My punishment was twenty-four hours in the jacket.

They took me down into the dungeon. I was ordered to lie face-downward on the canvas spread flat upon the floor. I refused. One of the guards, Morrison, gullested me with his thumbs. Mobins, the dungeon trusty, a convict himself, struck me repeatedly with his fists. In the end I lay down as directed. And, because of the struggle I had vexed them with, they laced me extra tight. Then they rolled me over like a log upon my back.

It did not seem so bad at first. When they closed my door, with a clang and clash of levered boltage, and left me in the utter dark, it was eleven o'clock in the morning. For a few minutes I was aware merely of an uncomfortable constriction which I fondly believed would ease as I grew accustomed to it. On the contrary, my heart began to thump and my lungs seemed unable to draw sufficient air for my blood. This sense of suffocation was terrorizing, and every thump of the heart threatened to burst my already bursting lungs.

After what seemed hours, and after what, out of my countless succeeding experiences in that jacket I can now fairly conclude to have been not more than half an hour, I began to cry out, to yell, to scream, to howl, in a very madness of dying. The trouble was the pain that had arisen in my heart. It was a sharp, definite pain, similar to that of pleurisy, except that it stabbed hotly through the heart itself.

To die is not a difficult thing, but to die in such slow and horrible fashion was maddening. Like a trapped beast of the wild, I experienced ecstasies of fear, and yelled and howled until I realized that such vocal exercise merely stabbed my heart more hotly and at the same time consumed much of the little air in my lungs.

I gave over and lay quiet for a long time—an eternity it seemed then though now I am confident that it could have been no longer than a quarter of an hour. I grew dizzy with semi-asphyxiation, and my heart thumped until it seemed surely it would burst the canvas that bound me. Again I lost control of myself and set up a mad howling for help.

In the midst of this I heard a voice from the next dungeon.

"Shut up," it shouted, though only faintly it percolated to me. "Shut up. You make me tired."

“I’m dying,” I cried out.

“Pound your ear and forget it,” was the reply.

“But I am dying,” I insisted.

“Then why worry?” came the voice. “You’ll be dead pretty quick an’ out of it. Go ahead and croak, but don’t make so much noise about it. You’re interruptin’ my beauty sleep.”

So angered was I by this callous indifference, that I recovered self-control and was guilty of no more than smothered groans.—From “The Star Rover.” Copyrighted by *The Macmillan Co.*, New York, and used with their kind permission.

A SON OF COPPER SIN

BY HERMAN WHITAKER

Within his bull’s-hide tepee, old Iz-le-roy lay and fed his little fire, stick by stick. He was sick, very sick—sick with the sickness which is made up of equal parts of hunger, old age, fever and despair. Just one week before his tribe had headed up for Winnipegoos, where the whitefish may be had for the taking and the moose winter in their yards. But a sick man may not travel the long trail, so Iz-le-roy had remained at White Man’s Lake. And Batiste, his son, stayed also. Not that it was expected of him, for, according to forest law, the man who cannot hunt had better die; but Batiste had talked with the gentle priest of Ellice, and had chosen to depart from the custom of his fathers.

And things had gone badly, very badly, since the tribe had marched. North, south, east and west, the round of the plains, and through the leafless woods, the boy had hunted without as much as a jack-rabbit falling to his gun. For two days no food had passed their lips, and now he was gone forth to do that which Iz-le-roy had almost rather die than have him do—ask aid of the settlers.

“Yea, my son,” the old warrior had faltered, “these be they that stole the prairies of our fathers. Yet it may be that Big Laugh, best of an evil brood, will give us of his store of flour and bacon.”

So, after placing a plentiful stock of wood close to the old man’s hand, Batiste had closed the tepee flap and laced it. At the end of an hour’s fast walking, during which the northern sky grew dark with the threat of still more cruel weather, he sighted through the drift a spurting column of smoke.

The smoke marked the cabin of John Sterling, and also his present

occupation. Within, John sat and fired the stove, while Avis, his daughter, set out the breakfast dishes, and his wife turned the sizzling bacon in the pan.

"I declare," exclaimed the woman, pausing, knife in hand, "if that bread ain't froze solid!"

"Cold last night," commented Sterling. "Put it in the oven, Mary."

As she stooped to obey, the door quietly opened and Batiste slipped in. His moose moccasins made no noise, and he was standing close beside her when she straightened. She jumped and gasped:

"Lor' 'a' mercy! How you do scare one! Why don't you knock?"

Batiste stared. It was the custom of his tribe thus to enter a house, a custom established before jails were built or locks invented. His eye therefore roamed questioningly from one to another until Sterling asked:

"What d'ye want, young fellow?"

Batiste pointed to the frying pan. "Bakin!" he muttered. "The bakin of Big Laugh, I want. Iz-le-roy sick, plenty sick. Him want flour, him want ba-kin."

The thought of his father's need flashed into his mind, and realizing the impossibility of expressing himself in English, he broke into a voluble stream of Cree, punctuating its rolling gutturals with energetic signs. While he was speaking, Avis ceased rattling her dishes.

"He looks awfully hungry, dad," she whispered, as Batiste finished.

Now, though Sterling was a large-souled, generous man, and jovial—as evidenced by his name of Big Laugh—it happened that, during the past summer, a roving band of Sioux had camped hard by and begged him out of patience. That morning, too, the threatening weather had spoiled an intended trip to Russel and touched his temper—of which he had a goodly share.

"Can't help it, girl," he snapped. "If we feed every hungry Injun that comes along, we'll soon be out of house and home. Can't do anything for you, boy."

"Him want ba-kin," Batiste said.

"Well, you can just want."

"Iz-le-roy sick, him want ba-kin," the boy pleaded.

His persistence irritated Sterling, and, crowding down the better feeling which spoke for the lad, he sprang up, threw wide the door, and shouted:

"Get, you son of copper sin! Get, now! Quick!"

"Father!" pleaded the girl.

But he took no heed, and held wide the door.

Into Batiste's face flashed surprise, anger and resentment. Surprise, because he had not believed all the things Iz-le-roy had told him of the white men, but had preferred to think them all like Father Francis. But now? His father was right. They were all cold and merciless, their hearts hard as their steel ax-heads, their tongues sharp as the cutting edge. With head held high he marched through the door, away from the hot stove, the steaming coffee, and the delicious smell of frying bacon, out into the cold storm.

"Oh, father!" remonstrated his wife, as Sterling closed the door.

"Look here, Mary," he answered testily, "we fed a whole tribe last summer, didn't we?"

"But this lad don't belong to them," she pleaded.

"All the worse," he rejoined. "Do an Injun a good turn an' he never forgets. Give him his breakfast, an' he totes his tribe along to dinner."

"Well," sighed the good woman, "I'm real sorry."

For a few moments both were silent. And presently, as the man's kindly nature began to triumph over his irritation, he hitched uneasily in his chair. Already he felt ashamed. Casting a sheepish glance at his wife, he rose, walked to the door, and looked out. But a wall of whirling white blocked his vision. Batiste was gone beyond recall.

"Where's Avis?" he asked, returning to the stove.

"A-vis!" called her mother.

But there was no answer. For a moment man and wife stared each other in the eye; then, moved by a common impulse, they walked into the kitchen. There, on the table, lay the half of a fresh-cut side of bacon; the bread-box was open and a crusty loaf missing; the girl's shawl was gone from its peg and her overshoes from their corner.

"Good God!" gasped the settler. "The child's gone after him!"

They knew the risk. All the morning the storm had been brewing, and now it thundered by, a veritable blizzard. The blizzard! King of storms! It compels the settler to string a wire from house to stables, it sets men to circling in the snow, it catches little children coming home from school and buries them in its monstrous drifts.

Without another word Sterling wound a scarf about his neck, grabbed his badger mitts, and rushed outside.

When Avis softly closed the kitchen door she could just see Batiste rounding a bluff that lay a furlong west of her father's stables. She started after him; but by the time she had covered half the distance a sea of white swept in between and blotted him from view.

She struggled on, and on, and still on, until, in spite of the seventy

degrees of frost, the perspiration burst from every pore and the scud melted on her glowing face. This was well enough—so long as she kept moving; but when the time came that she must stop, she would freeze all the quicker for her present warmth.

This, being born and bred of the prairie, Avis knew, and the knowledge kept her toiling, toiling on, until her tired legs and leaden feet compelled a pause in the shelter of a bluff. She was hungry, too. All this time she carried the bread and meat, and now, unconscious of a pair of slant eyes which glared from a willow thicket, she broke the loaf and began to eat. While she ate, the green lights in the eyes flared brighter, a long red tongue licked the drool from grinning jaws, and forth from his covert stole a lank, gray wolf.

Avis uttered a startled cry. This was no coyote, to be chased with a stick, but a wolf of timber stock, a great beast, heavy, prick-eared, strong as a mastiff. His nose puckered in a wicked snarl as he slunk in half-circles across her front. He was undecided. So, while he circled, trying to make up his mind, drawing a little nearer at every turn, Avis fell back—back towards the bluff, keeping her white face always to the creeping beast.

It was a small bluff, lacking a tree large enough to climb, but sufficient for her purpose. On its edge she paused, threw the bacon to the wolf, and then ran desperately. Once clear of the scrub, she ran on, plunging through drifts, stumbling, falling, to rise again and push her flight. Of direction she took no heed; her only thought was to place distance between herself and the red-mouthed brute. But when, weary and breathless, she paused for rest, out of the drab drift stole the lank, gray shadow.

The brute crouched a few yards away, licking his sinful lips, winking his devil eyes. She still had the loaf. As she threw it, the wolf sprang and snapped it in mid-air. Then she ran, and ran, and ran, as the tired doe runs from the hounds. For what seemed to her an interminable time, though it was less than five minutes, she held on; then stopped, spent, unable to take another step. Looking back, she saw nothing of the wolf; but just when she began to move slowly forward, thinking he had given up the chase, a gray shape loomed right ahead.

Uttering a bitter cry, she turned once more, tottered a few steps, and fainted.

As, wildly calling his daughter's name, Sterling rushed by his stables, the wind smote him with tremendous power. Like a living thing it buffeted him about the ears, tore at his breath, poured over him an

avalanche of snow. Still he pressed on and gained the bluff which Avis missed.

As he paused to draw a free breath, his eye picked out a fresh-made track. Full of a sudden hope, he shouted. A voice answered, and as he rushed eagerly forward a dark figure came through the drift to meet him. It was Batiste.

"What do you want?" he asked.

Sterling was cruelly disappointed, but he answered quickly: "You see my girl? Yes, my girl," he repeated, noting the lad's look of wonder. "Young white squaw, you see um?"

"Mooniah papoose?" queried Batiste.

"Yes, yes! She follow you. Want give you bread, want give you bacon. All gone, all lost!" Sterling finished with a despairing gesture.

"Squaw marche to me? Ba-kin for me?" questioned Batiste.

"Yes, yes!" cried Sterling, in a flurry of impatience.

"I find um," he said, softly.

Briefly Batiste laid down his plan, eking out his scanty English with vivid signs. In snow, the white man rolls along like a clumsy buffalo, planting his feet far out to the right and left. And because his right leg steps a little further than the left, he always, when lost, travels in a circle. Wherefore Batiste indicated that they should move along parallel lines, just shouting distance apart, so as to cover the largest possible ground.

"Young squaw marche slow. She there!" He pointed north and east with a gesture. "Yes, there!"

Batiste paused until Sterling got his distance; then, keeping the wind slanting to his left cheek, he moved off north and east. Ever and anon he stopped to give forth a piercing yell. If Sterling answered, he moved on; if not—as happened twice—he traveled in his direction until they were once more in touch. And so, shouting and yelling, they bore off north and east for a long half-hour.

After that, Batiste began to throw his cries both east and west, for he judged that they must be closing on the girl. And suddenly, from the north, came a weird, tremulous answer. He started, and throwing up his head, emitted the wolf's long howl. Leaning forward, he waited—his very soul in his ears—until, shrill yet deep-chested and quivering with ferocity, came back the answering howl.

No coyote gave forth that cry, and Batiste knew it.

"Timber wolf!" he muttered.

Turning due north, he gave the settler a warning yell, then sped like a hunted deer in the direction of the cry. He ran with the long,

lithe lope which tires down even the swift elk, and in five minutes covered nearly a mile. Once more he gave forth the wolf howl. An answer came close by, but as he sprang forward it ended with a frightened yelp. Through a break in the drift he spied a moving figure; then a swirl swept in and blotted it from view.

But he had seen the girl. A dozen leaps and he was close upon her. Just as he opened his mouth to speak, she screamed and plunged headlong.

When consciousness returned, Avis was lying on her own bed. Her mother bent over her; Sterling stood near by. All around were the familiar things of life, but her mind still retained a vivid picture of her flight, and she sprang up screaming:

"The wolf; oh, the wolf!"

"Hush, dearie," her mother soothed. "It wasn't a wolf, but just the Cree boy."

Batiste had told how she screamed at the sight of his gray, snow-covered blanket, and the cry had carried even to her father. But when she recovered sufficiently to tell her story, the father shuddered and the mother exclaimed:

"John, we owe that boy more than we can ever pay!"

"We do!" he fervently agreed.

Just then the latch of the other door clicked, and a cold blast streamed into the bedroom. Jumping up, the mother cried:

"Run, John; he's going!"

"Here, young fellow!" shouted the settler.

Batiste paused in the doorway, his hand on the latch, his slight body silhouetted against the white of the storm.

"Where you going, boy?"

"To Iz-le-roy," he answered. "Him sick. Bezhou!"

Sterling strode forward and caught him by the shoulder. "No, you don't," he said, "not that way." Then, turning, he called into the bedroom: "Here, mother! Get out all your wraps while I hitch the ponies. And fix up our best bed for a sick man."—From "The Probationer," copyright and used by the kind permission of author and publishers, *Harper & Brothers*, New York.

SOMBRE¹

BY WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

Long golden beams from the setting sun swept over the plains of

¹ Pronounced "Sombray."

Andalusia, and fell upon the Geralda tower of the great cathedral of Sevilla, many miles in the distance. In their path they illumined a stretch of vast pastures enclosed by whitened stone walls, and dotted with magnificent cattle. In a far corner of one of the enclosures the figure of a young girl passed through an arched stone gateway. As she paused to look upon the scattered groups of grazing beasts, the level rays played in lights and shadows upon the waving masses of dark chestnut hair, richly health-tinted young face, creamy neck, and large, lustrous eyes now painfully dry, as if tears were exhausted. She gazed from group to group, calling eagerly, "Sombre! Sombre!"

A pair of long, gleaming horns rose abruptly amid the browsing herd, and a magnificent bull came towards her at a brisk trot. The sunbeams glinted upon his dark coat as it swelled and sank under the play of powerful muscles. His neck and shoulders were leonine in massive strength, the legs and hind-quarters as sleek and symmetrical as those of a race-horse, but his ferociousness was held in check by that devoted love dumb animals express for those who love them.

In a moment the young girl's white arms were thrown around the animal's dusky neck, and her cheek was lain against the silken skin. "Oh, Sombre!" she murmured, "do you know what they are going to do with you? Papa wants to send you to the Plaza de Toros! I have begged him in vain to spare you. Does he think after Anita has brought you from a tiny calf to be such a beautiful, dear toro that she can give you to the cruel matador to be tortured, made crazy and killed?"

She was sobbing bitterly, and the devoted beast was striving vainly to turn his head far enough to lick the fair neck bending down upon his. Presently the sobbing ceased, and she stroked the strong shoulders with her small hand.

"Never fear, Sombre, if they take you to Sevilla Anita will find a way to save you! Now, say good night."

Sombre thrust out his huge tongue and licked the little hand and arms. Then she bent forward and kissed him on the frowning, furry forehead and departed.

Anita's path homeward lay through another field where a herd of cattle were being driven. A young herdsman, riding a strong horse at a brisk canter, saw the young girl enter from the adjoining pasture. With joyful exclamation in English he rode towards her calling, "Anita, have you seen the posters?"

Waiting until he reached her side, with bated breath she asked, "Is—is Sombre advertised?"

"Yes, on the outer gateway. But here, I have a poster in my pocket."

Plaza de Toros de Sevilla
May 17.
Anniversary of the King's Birthday,
Six Bulls to be killed,
The two magnificent brother bulls
Sol and Sombre,
and others very ferocious,
against
The intrepid Matadores,
Lariato, the American, and
Amador, of Sevilla.

"It is cruel of them, cruel! (Reading) 'Lariato, the American.' Why, that is yourself! You will spare him! You will spare my Sombre!"

"They do not permit me to fight Don Alonzo's bulls, for I raise them and they would not fight me. Amador will fight Sombre."

"No, no! You must fight Sombre. That wicked Amador will kill him!"

"But so would I, Anita, or be killed by him!"

Anita was silent for a time; suddenly she exclaimed: "Orlando, do you love me well enough to put faith in a promise which will seem impossible of fulfillment?"

"God knows I do!"

"Then listen; if Sombre goes to the Plaza de Toros, you must fight him and spare him even though they hiss and jeer at you."

"Death is easier. Perhaps the managers will let me fight him, for you have raised him, and I can tell them that I have scarcely seen him. I will fight him, Anita, and for your sake I will let him kill me!"

"No, no, Orlando, for this is my promise, even in the last extremity Sombre shall not harm you!"

"And then, Anita!"

"Then I will leave my father's house and go with you. We will buy Sombre and go to those plains in your country you love so to tell about. You will become a ranch hero, and Sombre shall be the patriarch of our herd!"

"I have tried that once and failed!"

"Ah, but you had neither Sombre nor Anita then!" And waving him a kiss she ran off across the field.

On the 17th of May, in the Plaza de Toros, there was a murmur from thousands of throats like the magnified hum of bees. Amador of Sevilla had killed several bulls and now there was a short intermission. In a stall of the lowest tier sat Anita alone. Presently a band of music began a stately march, and under a high stone archway a long procession advanced. First, gaudily caparisoned picadors on blindfolded studs, two by two, separated and came to a halt, facing the center, with long lances abreast. Then red-coated toreadors carrying long barbs, with brilliant streamers of ribbon, grouped themselves near the heavy closed doors of the bull-pen; finally, the capeadors in yellow satin, carrying flaming red capes on their arms, filed around like the mounted picadors and stood between their studs.

The music ceased, the murmur of voices died away, and the gates of the bull-pen were thrown open. At a quick trot, a great black bull dashed in, receiving in his shoulders as he passed the toreador's two short barbs. Anita gripped her chair and gasped, "Sombre!"

Coming from a darkened pen, Sombre had trotted eagerly forward, expecting to find himself once more in his loved pastures, but he paused, bewildered in the glare of light. Hither and thither he turned in nervous abruptness, his head raised high, his tail slowly lashing his flanks. Then he lowered his grand head and sniffed the earth, and then he smelled fresh, warm blood, the blood of his own kind. With gathering rage he lowered his keen horns close to the ground and gave a deep, hoarse bellow of defiance, flinging clod after clod with his forefeet high above his back. Then there flaunted toward him a red object at which he charged, but it swept aside, and a new sting of pain was felt in his neck, and warm blood was trickling over his glossy skin. Again and again he charged, but each time the red thing vanished and there was more pain, more torturing barbs that maddened him.

Presently a horseman advanced with lowered spear. Surely horse and rider could not vanish. Ah, no! Sombre found that it was not intended that they should. Rushing upon them he struck them with such a blow that they were forced backwards twenty feet and both gave a scream of pain. The picador was dragged away with a broken leg, and the horse lay lifeless, for Sombre's horn had pierced its heart. Instantly a great cry went up from that crater of humanity, "Bravo! Bravo, Toro! Bravo, Sombre!"

More than once he earned that grand applause, then his tormentors

disappeared and through one of the archways advanced a young man tall and athletic. On his left arm hung a scarlet mantle, and in his right hand he carried a long, keen sword. Passing under the archway, the matador swept his sword in military salute, then with lowered point he stepped into the arena and faced his antagonist. Upon all fell an awful silence, for Lariato and Sombre were met in a struggle to the death!

For a time the combatants stood motionless, eyeing each other intently. Then came stealthy movements, hither and thither, then thundering, desperate charges, and graceful, hair-breadth escapes. At last in one great charge, Sombre's horn tore the mantle from Lariato's arm and carrying it half around the ring, as a flaming banner, the bull ground and trampled it in the dust. A slight hissing was heard in the audience which turned to thundering applause when Lariato contemptuously refused a new mantle! The audience became breathless, the man alone was now the mad beast's target!

Sombre, dripping with blood and perspiration, his flanks swelling and falling in his great gasps for breath, his eyes half blinded by the dust and glare of the arena, gave the matador one brief glance, then with head low down, charged upon him. Lariato's long keen blade was lowered confidently to its death-dealing slant.

Just as the murderous sword-point seemed about to sink through the bull's shoulders, into his very heart, a despairing woman's cry reached the matador's ears. Then a mighty hiss, interspersed with hoots and jeers, went up from the exasperated spectators, for the bull thundered on, with the sword scarcely penetrating the tough muscles, standing upright between his shoulders, while Lariato stood disarmed.

Coming to a standstill far beyond his antagonist, Sombre shook his huge neck and the sword spun high into the air and fell toward the center of the ring. Lariato took several steps toward it, but tottered and fell upon the ground in a swoon, for he had been severely bruised.

With an exultant roar, the bull rushed back to complete his victory; the hissing and the hooting was hushed, and groans of horror filled the air. Suddenly, just as the animal had gained full headway in his murderous charge, a slight, white figure glided into the ring, and a clear voice cried "Sombre!"

At the sound of that voice, the charging beast came strainingly to a halt, threw up his head, and gazed eagerly about, then turned and rushed toward the girl! Capeadors hurried forward flaunting their red capes, but she waved them back.

"Go back! You shall torment him no more, my poor, tortured, wounded Sombre!"

In a moment the great beast was beside her, licking her dress and arms and hands. As she deftly extricated the barbs from his neck and shoulders, the thousands of throats around them shrieked out a vast pandemonium of bravos. Blood was covering her hands and staining her dress, but Anita was blind to it. Meanwhile Lariato had struggled to his feet and hurried towards her. "God bless you," he was saying, but she pushed past him with a glad smile, saying, "Wait, I have something to say to them!"

Standing in the middle of the ring, Anita waited for silence. Delaying until not a sound was heard, she said in a clear voice that reached every ear:

"Jeer not at Lariato; he spared my pet, my Sombre, because he loved me."

No matador ever gained such applause as followed. Bouquets, sombreros, scarfs, and full purses showered into the ring, and as that strange group stood facing the ovation, "Bravo, Lariato, Bravo, la Señorita de Toros, Bravo, Sombre!" rang out and reëchoed over the distant housetops.

A COMBAT IN THE ARENA

BY GEORGE CROLY

A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led into the surroundery. The lion roared and ramped against the bars of his den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look around the amphitheater. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised a universal shout of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eyes at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses? Constantius was before me.

All my rancour vanished. An hour past, I could have struck the betrayer of the heart—I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But to see him hopelessly doomed, the man whom I had honored for his noble qualities, whom I had even loved, whose crime was, at the worst, but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man; to see the noble creature flung to the savage beast,

dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes, and his misery wrought by me, I would have supplicated earth and heaven to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero; but I sat like a man of stone—pale—paralyzed—the beating of my pulse stopped—my eyes alone alive.

The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air; when it waved again, it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest of Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, crouched for an instant, as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprang at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheater. The struggle was now for an instant, life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion, reared upon his hind feet with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword now swung round the Christian's head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with blood and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not lose his hold; but his strength was evidently giving way—he still struck his terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before; till, collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat and sank. The savage beast yelled, and spouting out blood, fled howling around the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane, and the conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrank from the hazard. At last, the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless on the ground.

What happened for some moments after, I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion; he tore the ground with his talons; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail; he lifted up his mane and bared his fangs. But his approaching was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came sniffing the blood on the sand, and stealing round the body in circuits still diminishing.

The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices

innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted, men burst into indignant clamors at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifice of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

I looked upon the woman's face; it was Salome! I sprang upon my feet. I called on her name; called on her, by every feeling of nature, to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice, she looked up, and, calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her eyes upon me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head—with the other she pointed to it as her only answer. I again adjured her. There was the silence of death among the thousands around me. A fire dashed into her eye—her cheek burned—she waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

"I am come to die," she uttered, in a lofty tone. "This bleeding body was my husband—I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet," and she kissed the ashy lips before her, "yet, my Constantius, it was to save that father that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil that you abandoned your quiet home!—Yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through the conflagration, that, to the last moment of his liberty, only sought how he might preserve and protect you." Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. "But," said she, in tones of wild power, "he was betrayed, and may the Power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared—"

I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my own child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped upon the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me; I tottered a few paces and fell. The lion gave a roar and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him, I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me.

An exulting shout arose. I saw him reel as if struck—gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprang high in the air with a howl. He dropped; he was dead. The amphitheater thundered with acclamations.

With Salome clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from

the ground—the roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion had broken in the heart of the monster.

The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened, and my children, sustaining my feeble steps, showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena.

KAWEAH'S RUN

BY CLARENCE KING

As I walked over to see Kaweah at the corral, I glanced down the river, and saw, perhaps a quarter of a mile below, two horsemen ride down our bank, spur their horses into the stream, swim to the other side, and struggle up a steep bank, disappearing among bunches of cottonwood trees near the river.

They were Spaniards—the same who had swum King's River the afternoon before, and, as it flashed on me finally, the two whom I had studied so attentively at Visalia. Then I at once saw their purpose was to waylay me, and made up my mind to give them a lively run.

I decided to strike across, and jumping into the saddle threw Kaweah into a sharp trot.

I glanced at my girth and then at the bright copper upon my pistol, and settled myself firmly.

By this time I had regained the road, which lay before me traced over the blank, objectless plain in vanishing perspective. Fifteen miles lay between me and a station; Kaweah and pistol were my only defense, yet at that moment I felt a thrill of pleasure, a wild moment of inspiration, almost worth the danger to experience.

I glanced over my shoulder and found that the Spaniards were crowding their horses to their fullest speed; their hoofs, rattling on the dry plain, were accompanied by inarticulate noises, like the cries of bloodhounds. Kaweah comprehended the situation. I could feel his grand legs gather under me, and the iron muscles contract with excitement; he tugged at the bit, shook his bridle-chains, and flung himself impatiently into the air.

It flashed upon me that perhaps they had confederates concealed in

some ditch far in advance of me, and that the plan was to crowd me through at fullest speed, giving up the chase to new men and fresh horses; and I resolved to save Kaweah to the utmost, and only allow him a speed which should keep me out of gunshot. So I held him firmly, and reserved my spur for the last emergency. Still we fairly flew over the plain, and I said to myself, as the clatter of hoofs and din of my pursuers rang in my ears now and then, as the freshening breeze hurried it forward, that, if those brutes got me, there was nothing in blood and brains; for Kaweah was a prince beside their mustangs, and I ought to be worth two villains.

For the first twenty minutes the road was hard and smooth and level; after that gentle, shallow undulations began, and at last, at brief intervals, were sharp, narrow arroyos (ditches eight or nine feet wide). I reined Kaweah in, and brought him up sharply on their bottoms, giving him the bit to spring up on the other side; but he quickly taught me better, and, gathering, took them easily, without my feeling it in his stride.

The hot sun had arisen. I saw with anxiety that the tremendous speed began to tell painfully on Kaweah. Foam tinged with blood fell from his mouth, and sweat rolled in streams from his whole body, and now and then he drew a deep-heaving breath. I leaned down and felt of the cinch to see if it had slipped forward, but, as I had saddled him with great care, it kept its true place, so I had only to fear the greasers behind, or a new relay ahead. I was conscious of plenty of reserved speed in Kaweah, whose powerful run was already distancing their fatigued mustangs.

As we bounded down a roll of the plain, a cloud of dust sprang from a ravine directly in front of me, and two black objects lifted themselves in the sand. I drew my pistol, cocked it, whirled Kaweah to the left, plunging by them and clearing by about six feet; a thrill of relief came as I saw the long, white horns of Spanish cattle gleam above the dust.

Unconsciously I restrained Kaweah too much, and in a moment the Spaniards were crowding down upon me at a fearful rate. On they came, the crash of their spurs and the clatter of their horses distinctly heard; and as I had so often compared the beats of chronometers, I unconsciously noted that while Kaweah's, although painful, yet came with regular power, the mustangs' respiration was quick, spasmodic, and irregular. I compared the intervals of the two mustangs, and found that one breathed better than the other, and then, upon counting the best mustang with Kaweah, found that he breathed

nine breaths to Kaweah's seven. In two or three minutes I tried it again, finding the relation ten to seven; then I felt the victory, and I yelled to Kaweah. The thin ears shot flat back upon his neck; lower and lower he lay down to his run. I flung him a loose rein, and gave him a friendly pat on the withers. It was a glorious burst of speed; the wind rushed by and the plain swept under us with dizzying swiftness. I shouted again, and the thing of nervous life under me bounded on wilder and faster, till I could feel his spine thrill as with shocks from a battery. I managed to look round—a delicate matter of speed—and saw, far behind, the distanced villains, both dismounted, and one horse fallen.

In an instant I drew Kaweah into a gentle trot, looking around every moment, lest they should come on me unawares. In a half-mile I reached the station, and I was cautiously greeted by a man who sat by the barn door, with a rifle across his knees. He had seen me come over the plain, and had also seen the Spanish horse fall. Not knowing but he might be in league with the robbers, I gave him a careful glance before dismounting and was completely reassured by an expression of terror which had possession of his countenance.

I sprang to the ground and threw off the saddle, and after a word or two with the man, who proved to be the sole occupant of this station, we fell to work together upon Kaweah, my cocked pistol and his rifle lying close at hand. We sponged the creature's mouth, and, throwing a sheet over him, walked him regularly up and down for about three-quarters of an hour, and then taking him upon the open plain, where we could scan the horizon in all directions, gave him a thorough grooming. I never saw him look so magnificently as when we led him down to the creek to drink: his skin was like satin, and the veins of his head and neck stood out firm and round like whipcords.—From "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada." Copyright and used by kind permission of the publishers, *Chas. Scribner's Sons*, New York.

A HERO OF THE FURNACE-ROOM

ANONYMOUS

The duty of the boiler-makers on warships is of the most dangerous nature. In action, between actions, and out of action the repairs that they are called upon at a moment's notice to effect are sufficient to send a chill of fear through the hearts of most men. They will creep

right inside a boiler or furnace which had but a few moments before been full of boiling liquid or hot coals. They will screw up nuts and fasten bolts or repair leaking pipes or joints in places that other men would consider impossible to approach. While the ship's big guns are making the vessel tremble, and the enemy's shells are bursting in every direction, these men, with positively reckless fearlessness, will venture down into the bowels of the fighting ship, amid roaring machinery, hissing steam, and flaming fires, to rectify an accident which, unrepaired, might send the ship and all her human freight to the bottom more easily and more surely and more quickly than shell or shot from the best guns of the enemy. These men are heroes.

The *Castine*, when she went to work to batter the walls of San Juan, carried on board three of these boiler-makers, Fish, another, and one Huntley, of Norfolk, Virginia. The *Castine* went into action under full steam, her triple screws revolving at the fullest speed, and her battery of eight guns started her quivering with excitement and the fierce delight of battle. The furnaces were heated almost to white heat, and the forced draught was urging the flames to greater heat, the boiling water to the higher production of steam, the engines to increasing revolutions. Suddenly, without expectation, without warning, far down in the furnace hole, unheard by officer or man, amid the din of battle, the thundering reverberations of exploding gunpowder, there arose a fierce hissing noise right inside one of the furnaces; and all those who heard it trembled as no guns or shot or shell had power to make them tremble.

A socket bolt in the back connection at the very farthest interior extremity of the furnace had become loose. A leak had been sprung; the steam was pouring in upon the fire, threatening in a few moments to put it out and stop the progress of the ship if it did not have the more awful effect of causing a terrible explosion and annihilation!

The faces of the men below, in that moment of terrible suspense, blanched beneath the grime that covered them. None knew what to do save to wait the awful coming of the shock they knew must come.

None? Nay, but there was one! The first to pull himself together, the first to whom returned the fear-driven senses, was boiler-maker Huntley. His name does not appear on the navy list. Even his first name was unknown to his confrère, Fish. Only boiler-maker Huntley, of Norfolk, Virginia. But that is enough, and the annals of fame whenever and wherever the story of the United States and her navy is told.

One instant of startled horror—then, without hesitation, without

trepidation, with stern-set jaws and fierce, devoted determination on every line of face and form—

"Turn off the forced draught!" he cried.

"Goodness, Huntley, what are you going to do?"

"Bank the fire! Quick!"

"It's certain death!"

"For one—unless, for all! Turn off the draught! Bank the fire!"

The orders were carried out feverishly.

"Now a plank!"

And before they could stop him this hero had flung the plank into the furnace, right on top of the black coal with which it was banked, and had himself climbed and crawled over the ragged mass, far back to where the steam was rushing like some hissing devil from the loosened socket.

For three minutes he remained inside that fearful place, and then the work was done—the ship was saved—and his friends drew him out at the door. The forced draught went to its work again, and in an instant the furnace was once more raging.

But what of Huntley? Scorched, scalded, insensible, well-nigh dead, he lay upon the iron floor of the furnace room, while around him stood his mates dousing him with water, and using every known means for his resuscitation. He did not die, but when once more he opened his eyes, and was able to be carefully lifted into daylight, there arose such cheers from the throats of those dirty, grimy mates as never greeted taking of city or sinking of fleet.

The story is briefly chronicled in the log of the *Castine*, and Huntley simply claims that he "did his duty." But while the United States remains a nation; so long as the banner bearing the silver stars on the field of blue, above alternate stripes of red and white, remains the symbol of purity, bravery, and patriotism to American hearts the whole world over; so long, when her heroes are spoken of, one name should never be omitted—that of Boiler-maker Huntley, of Norfolk, Virginia.—From *The Toledo Blade*.

THE DEATH IN THE WHEAT

BY FRANK NORRIS

S. Behrman soon discovered his elevator. It was the largest structure discernible, and upon its red roof, in enormous white letters, was his own name. Thither, between piles of grain bags, halted drays,

crates and boxes of merchandise, with an occasional pyramid of salmon cases, S. Behrman took his way. Cabled to the dock, close under his elevator, lay a great ship with lofty masts and great spars. Her stern was toward him as he approached, and upon it, in raised golden letters, he could read the words, "*Swanhilda*—Liverpool."

He went aboard by a very steep gangway and found the mate on the quarter deck. S. Behrman introduced himself.

"Well," he added, "how are you getting on?"

"Very fairly, sir," returned the mate, who was an Englishman. "We'll have her all snugged down tight by this time day after tomorrow. It's a great saving of time shunting the stuff in her like that, and three men can do the work of seven."

"I'll have a look 'round, I believe," returned S. Behrman.

"Right-o," answered the mate with a nod.

S. Behrman went forward to the hatch that opened down into the vast hold of the ship. A great iron chute connected this hatch with the elevator, and through it was rushing a veritable cataract of wheat.

It came from some gigantic bin within the elevator itself, rushing down the confines of the chute to plunge into the roomy, gloomy interior of the hold with an incessant, metallic roar, persistent, steady, inevitable. No men were in sight. The place was deserted. No human agency seemed to be back of the movement of the wheat. Rather, the grain seemed impelled with a force of its own, a resistless, huge force, eager, vivid, impatient for the sea.

S. Behrman stood watching, his ears deafened with the roar of the hard grains against the metallic lining of the chute. He put his hand once into the rushing tide, and the contact rasped the flesh of his fingers and like an undertow drew his hand after it in its impetuous dash.

Cautiously he peered down into the hold. A musty odor rose to his nostrils, the vigorous, pungent aroma of the raw cereal. It was dark. He could see nothing; but all about and over the opening of the hatch the air was full of a fine, impalpable dust that blinded the eyes and choked the throat and nostrils.

As his eyes became used to the shadows of the cavern below him, he began to distinguish the gray mass of the wheat, a great expanse, almost liquid in its texture, which, as the cataract from above plunged into it, moved and shifted in long, slow eddies. As he stood there, this cataract on a sudden increased in volume. He turned about, casting his eyes upward toward the elevator to discover the cause. His

foot caught in a coil of rope, and he fell headforemost into the hold.

The fall was a long one and he struck the surface of the wheat with the sodden impact of a bundle of damp clothes. For the moment he was stunned. All the breath was driven from his body. He could neither move nor cry out. But, by degrees, his wits steadied themselves and his breath returned to him. He looked about and above him. The daylight in the hold was dimmed and clouded by the thick, chaff-dust thrown off by the pour of grain, and even this dimness dwindled to twilight at a short distance from the opening of the hatch, while the remotest quarters were lost in impenetrable blackness. He got upon his feet only to find he sunk ankle deep in the loose packed mass underfoot.

"Hell," he muttered, "here's a fix."

Directly underneath the chute, the wheat, as it poured in, raised itself in a conical mound, but from the sides of this mound it shunted away incessantly in thick layers, flowing in all directions with the nimbleness of water. Even as S. Behrman spoke, a wave of grain poured around his legs and rose rapidly to the level of his knees. He stepped quickly back. To stay near the chute would soon bury him to the waist.

No doubt, there was some other exit from the hold, some companion ladder that led up to the deck. He scuffled and waddled across the wheat, groping in the dark with outstretched hands. With every inhalation he choked, filling his mouth and nostrils more with dust than with air. At times he could not breathe at all, but gagged and gasped, his lips distended. But search as he would, he could find no outlet to the hold, no stairway, no companion ladder. Again and again, staggering along in the black darkness, he bruised his knuckles and forehead against the iron sides of the ship. He gave up the attempt to find any interior means of escape and returned laboriously to the space under the open hatchway. Already he could see that the level of the wheat was raised.

"God," he said, "this isn't going to do at all." He uttered a great shout. "Hello, on deck there, somebody. For God's sake."

The steady, metallic roar of the pouring wheat drowned out his voice. He could scarcely hear it himself above the rush of the cataract. Beside this, he found it impossible to stay under the hatch. The flying grains of wheat, spattering as they fell, stung his face like wind-driven particles of ice. It was a veritable torture; his hands smarted with it. Once he was all but blinded. Furthermore, the succeeding waves of wheat, rolling from the mound under the chute,

beat him back, swirling and dashing against his legs and knees, mounting swiftly higher, carrying him off his feet.

Once more he retreated, drawing back from beneath the hatch. He stood still for a moment and shouted again. It was in vain. His voice returned upon him, unable to penetrate the thunder of the chute, and horrified, he discovered that so soon as he stood motionless upon the wheat, he sank into it. Before he knew it, he was knee-deep again, and a long swirl of grain sweeping outward from the ever-breaking, ever-reforming pyramid below the chute, poured around his thighs, immobilizing him.

A frenzy of terror suddenly leaped to life within him. The horror of death, the Fear of The Trap, shook him like a dry reed. Shouting, he tore himself free of the wheat and once more scrambled and struggled towards the hatchway. He stumbled as he reached it and fell directly beneath the pour. Like a storm of small shot, mercilessly, pitilessly, the unnumbered multitude of hurtling grains flagellated and beat and tore his flesh. Blood streamed from his forehead and, thickening with the powder-like chaff-dust, blinded his eyes. He struggled to his feet once more. An avalanche from the cone of wheat buried him to his thighs. He was forced back and back and back, beating the air, falling, rising, howling for aid. He could no longer see; his eyes crammed with dust, smarted as if transfixed with needles whenever he opened them. His mouth was full of the dust; his lips were dry with it; thirst tortured him, while his outcries choked and gagged in his rasped throat.

And all the while without stop, incessantly, inexorably, the wheat, as if moving with a force all its own, shot downward in a prolonged roar, persistent, steady, inevitable.

He retreated to a far corner of the hold and sat down with his back against the iron hull of the ship and tried to collect his thoughts, to calm himself. Surely there must be some way of escape; surely he was not to die like this, die in this dreadful substance that was neither solid nor fluid. What was he to do? How make himself heard?

But even as he thought about this, the cone under the chute broke again and sent a great layer of grain rippling and tumbling toward him. It reached him where he sat and buried his hand and one foot.

He sprang up trembling and made for another corner.

"My God," he cried, "my God, I must think of something pretty quick!"

Once more the level of the wheat rose and the grains began piling

deeper about him. Once more he retreated. Once more he crawled, staggering to the foot of the cataract, screaming till his ears sang and his eyeballs strained in their sockets, and once more the relentless tide drove him back.

Then began that terrible dance of death; the man dodging, doubling, squirming, hunted from one corner to another; the wheat slowly, inexorably flowing, rising, spreading to every angle, to every nook and cranny. It reached his middle. Furious and with bleeding hands and broken nails, he dug his way out to fall backward, all but exhausted, gasping for breath in the dust-thickening air. Roused again by the slow advance of the tide, he leaped up and stumbled away, blinded with the agony in his eyes, only to crash against the metal hull of the vessel. He turned about, the blood streaming from his face; he paused to collect his senses, and with a rush, another wave swirled about his ankles and knees. Exhaustion grew upon him. To stand still meant to sink; to lie or sit meant to be buried the quicker; and all this in the dark, all this in the air that could not be breathed, all this while he fought an enemy that could not be gripped, toiling in a sea that could not be stayed.

Guided by the sound of the falling wheat, S. Behrman crawled on hands and knees toward the hatchway. Once more he raised his voice in a shout for help. His bleeding throat and raw, parched lips refused to utter but a wheezing moan. Once more he tried to look toward the one patch of faint light above him. His eyelids, clogged with chaff, could no longer open. The wheat poured about his waist as he raised himself upon his knees.

Reason fled. Deafened with the roar of the grain, blinded and made dumb with its chaff, he threw himself forward with clutching fingers, rolling upon his back, and lay there, moving feebly, the head rolling from side to side. The wheat, leaping continuously from the chute, poured around him. It filled the pockets of the coat, it crept up the sleeves and trouser legs, it covered the great, protuberant stomach, it ran at last in rivulets into the distended, gasping mouth. It covered the face.

Upon the surface of the wheat, under the chute, nothing moved but the wheat itself. There was no sign of life. Then, for an instant, the surface stirred. A hand, fat, with short fingers and swollen veins, reached up, clutching, then fell limp and prone. In another instant it was covered. In the hold of the *Swanhilda* there was no movement but the widening ripples that spread flowing from the ever-breaking,

284. DELIGHT AND POWER IN SPEECH

ever-reforming cone; no sound, but the rushing of the wheat that continued to plunge incessantly from the iron chute in a prolonged roar, persistent, steady, inevitable.—From “The Octopus.” Copyright and used by kind permission of the publishers, *Doubleday, Page & Co.*, New York.

DIALECT SELECTIONS

BOY WANTED

BY MADGE ELLIOT

One 24th of December, Mr. Oscar Blunt, who kept a large hat store in the lower part of Broadway, was writing at his desk, which was at the very end of the store, when somebody touched his elbow softly, and, looking up, was much astounded to see a ragged boy, whose old broad-brimmed hat almost hid his face, standing beside him. He was so much astonished, in fact, that he dropped his pen upon his paper, and thereby made a blot instead of a period.

"Why, my lad, how came you here?"

"I slid past some of the fellers. Wot a woppin' big store dis is, and wot lots of fellers it takes to stan' 'roun', an' I cheeked some an' I tole de odders I had somethin' most awful partiklar to say to de big boss."

"And what have you most awful particular to say to me?" said the "big boss" in a kinder voice than that in which he had spoken at first, for there was something in the boy's dark gray eyes that made him think of a darling little son he had buried only a year ago in the same grave where he had buried his wife the year before.

"Well, I seen in yer window a sign wot reads, 'Boy Wanted.' An' I'm a boy; an' as nobody never wanted me yet, sez I to myself, sez I, 'Dusty, ole feller, p'r'haps there's *your* chance at last,' sez I, an' in I comes."

"Sorry, but you won't suit at all, my boy."

"How do you know 'fore you try a feller? I know I ain't worry pooty, nor I hain't got no fashnoble clothes, but I'm smart, I am. I've been to night-school two winters, I have, an' got a sixth 'ward of merit, I did, wunst, an' I kin read readin' fust rate wen it's only two syllabubbles an' I kin spell it out wen it's three syllabubbles, an' I kin speak some four syllabubbles, an' I can read writin' wen it's print-

letters, an' I kin wissel you or any oder man in des 'ere tre-men-yu-ous (four syllabubbles) old hat-box outer his boots." And he began to whistle a lively tune so loudly, clearly and sweetly that everybody in the large store turned in amazement toward the desk, and listened.

"Yes, yes, I see you whistle remarkably well, but we don't want a boy to whistle."

"I kin dance too. I danced for Johnny Sniffs ben'fit when he fell inter wun of dem cole-holes in de sidewalk, and broke his leg off short, I did, 'midst thunders of applause." And cutting a double shuffle he went off into a rollicking break-down, his big shoes wobbling about, and the broad brim of his hat flopping up and down at every step.

"Stop, stop! I tell you! I don't want a boy to dance. You won't do, my boy; you won't do, as I've told you before. Here's a quarter for you, and now go away."

"I don't want de quarter; nor I don't want to go 'way," persisted the boy. "I didn't come 'way from Fishhead Alley to dis swell street to go 'way so soon. I want a sit-u-wa-tion (four syllabubbles), I do. An' de fust thing I seen, wen I comes round de corner, was dat sign, 'Boy Wanted.' 'An' dat's good luck,' sez I. 'Go in, Dusty ole feller,' sez I. An' I ain't tole you haff what I kin do. Jess yez hole on a minnit. I kin see a cop funder nor any our gang; an' wen one comes in de front door arter you, I kin give you de wink, quicker'n lightenin', an' out de back door you pops. An' I kin speak pieces, I kin—'A hoss! A hoss! my kingdom fer a hoss! Dere's sixty Richmons in de field to-day, an' I've killed every wun of dem. A hoss—'"

"Silence!" commanded Mr. Blunt; and then in spite of himself he burst into a fit of laughter and laughed until he shook again, and there was a great deal of him to shake—two hundred pounds at the very least. "Tell me something about yourself, my boy, but mind, no more performances of any kind. What is your name, and where do you live, to begin with?"

"Dusty's my name. I don't know no odder. One feller, he's from the country, he is—calls me 'Dusty Miller'; he sez 'cause dey's a flower wot dey calls 'Dusty Miller' dare. I believe he's foolin'. But if I'm de boy wot's wanted, I must get a nobbier name dan dat. Wot's your name, boss?"

"Mr. Oscar Blunt."

"Well, you might call me dat, too, without de mister. It soun's werry nice—'Hoss car Blunt,' or you might keep de Hoss car, an I'd be de El-e-wa-ted (four syllabubbles) Road Blunt. Any way you've

mind to. You pay your money, and takes your choice. An' I lives roun' anywhere sence Aunt Kate died."

"Aunt Kate? And was Aunt Kate your only relation? Have you no father and mother?" asked Mr. Blunt.

"Nope; never had none, 'cept Aunt Kate. An' I ain't no frien's, 'cept Straw Hat. He keeps a paper stan', he does; an' onst he giv a party, he did, in a charcoal-box. I wos dere, an' it wuz bully, you bet. An' I've got a little brudder."

"A little brother?"

"Yep, sir. He wuz my cousin wunst, 'fore dey took Aunt Kate away; but he's my brudder now, an' I got to take care of him. He jess gobbles bread and milk, an' dat's w'y I'm lookin' for a sit-i-wa-tion—'nother four syllabubbles. Crackey! I'm as full of big words as a diction'ry, I am. An' Straw Hat he sez to me, sez he, 'If you want me to say you're honest an' sober an' 'dustyous, I'll say it,' says he. He's a bully good feller, he is, an' I ain't givin' taffy, neider. He's took care of me an' my little brudder sence Aunt Kate died—dat's lass week—but he can't do it forev'r'n'ever."

"And where is this little brother now?"

"Sittin' on your stoop, waitin' till I come out."

"Sitting on my stoop? Why he must be half frozen, poor little fellow. Go and bring him in directly."

The boy flew, and in a moment returned, leading by the hand a wee child, who could just walk, and whose very small nose was blue with cold, and who was wrapped in an old shawl, the ends of which dragged behind him.

"He's a boy too, an' he's real pooty, an' if he's the kind of boy yer want, you may have him; but you must be awful good to him, an' let me come and see him. Say, boss, to-morrer's Chrismus day!"

"Well, and what then?"

"Wen folks all gits presents, an' fellers wot's got stockin's hangs 'em up, an' spose, boss—jess fer fun—you let me an' my little brudder be your Chrismus present?"

"Done!" said Mr. Blunt, conquered at last by the boy's patient and persistent coaxing. "I'll make believe I found one in each stocking. But mind, Dusty, you must be the best of boys, and stop using slang, or I won't keep you."

"You kin bet you bottom dollar I'll do everything you want me to. Horay! ain't dis a bully racket? I'm de boy wot's wanted in dis es-tab-lish-ment (four syllabubbles) an' I mean to be in-wal-u-a-ble—five syllabubbles, by gracious! Mind my little brudder a minnit till

I run an' tell Straw Hat." And before Mr. Blunt could say a word, the crown of the hat was on his head, and he was out of the store and away.

And when he returned with Straw Hat the baby was sitting in the lap of the good natured colored woman who kept the store clean, as happy as any baby could be who had just eaten four sugar cakes and a stick of candy.

And Dusty E. Road proved himself to be, as he himself said he would be, the very boy wanted in that establishment.

THE HIEROGLYPHICS OF LOVE

BY AMANDA MATHEWS

The mother of Teodota sat in the doorway with a bowl of meat in her lap. Her greasy black dress wrinkled latitudinally about her shapeless figure. Her countenance was smooth, blank, and oily. As she cut the meat into bits for the tamales, an impotent dribble of monologue flowed from her flabby, pendulous lips. While awake, talking was a function as natural and continuous as respiration or digestion, and was interrupted only when her present husband exerted himself to beat or kick her into a brief interval of sniffing repression. On this particular afternoon Señor Garcia was not interested in damping the sluggish but endless current of his wife's conversation, for he lay in drunken sleep on a filthy blanket in a corner of the rough board pen, a Mexican Caliban, swart, lowbrowed, bestial.

Teodota knelt behind the metate grinding corn to be mixed with chile in the pungent tamales. She had dragged the clumsy stone implement to a position where she could see that her stepfather still slept, notwithstanding his frightful inarticulate gulps and growls. A thin, flat-chested slip of a girl was Teodota, with great, piteous brown eyes, high cheek bones, small, pointed chin, and a complexion of tan satin. She was not beautiful; rather was she an intaglio of beauty with hollows where there should have been roundness. Her untidy black braids had been slept on many times since they had known a comb; the scant, tattered calico gown fell away from the upturned leathery sole of her bare foot. She guided the heavy stone roller with languid, perfunctory movements, while some clockwork in her brain prompted the periodical "Si, madre," that fully satisfied her mother's conversational requirements.

The real Teodota was back in Old Mexico. Certainly she was not driven thither by any lack of familiar environment in the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles. Nor would it seem necessary for Teodota to keep tryst in Mexico with a lover who had not preceded her to the United States, but they had not found each other yet and she could meet her Pablo only at the plaza fountain in Texcoco.

Suddenly into the dream, but not of it, a white folded paper fluttered through the open window and lay on the floor beside the metate. The girl examined it curiously.

"What is it, daughter?" inquired the elder woman.

"I do not know, mother. It looks like drawing; I am sure it isn't writing."

"I can use it to light my cigarette."

"No, *mamacita*, I want it."

"For what?"

"I don't know."

The girl hid the paper where billows of a not overclean chemise escaped at long gaps between buttons, and returned to her labor, but the apparently trifling incident had taken a certain hold on her listless, stunted intelligence. Recklessly, she pushed a handful of corn off the end of the metate and edged about on her knees as if to pick it up, in order to study the document with her back to her mother. The unlettered brain, not accustomed to flat symbols for the appearance of things, was slow to find any significance in the lines. Very gradually did she achieve recognition of a railway train and the human figures, male and female.

As her stepfather pulled himself into a sitting posture she thrust the paper back into her bosom, trembling lest he had seen it, and still more lest he beat her for the unground corn.

"*Caramba!*" he growled. "May the roof fall upon the Labor Union."

Mother and daughter exchanged glances of relief that, so far, the object of his wrath was remote and intangible.

"They told me in Mexico," he continued, "of a fine thing here in America called the Labor Union that pays a man when he does not work, that throws stones at him if he is such a fool as to desire work, and calls him—calls him—a pest overtake their speech that is hard as rocks in the mouth—"

"Scabe, *padre*," supplied Teodota, timidly.

"I come here with my innocent family. I seek out this Labor Union and say, 'Here am I, Juan Garcia, who is no—no—'"

"Scabe, *padre*," ventured the girl again.

"But hates work like the very devil. Do they embrace me? Do they put money in my hand? Ah-h-h!"

His memory of the rest of that painful interview, when a muscular labor leader chose to consider that he was being trifled with, vented itself in a shrill howl of rage.

Teodota caught up a brown earthen pitcher, and slipping out as though to bring water from the hydrant, hid herself behind a scrubby red geranium in the angle between the last tenement and the high board fence. At first she crouched in wretched fear of being dragged forth to receive a beating, or witness one bestowed upon her mother, but the minutes slipped by without pursuit.

It was not because she needed to exercise her reposeful wits during this period of hiding that she fell to studying the paper again, but rather on account of a pleasant stir in some rudimentary faculty that under happier circumstances might have been imagination. Man, boy, woman, train, mules, she identified with growing ease and satisfaction. For her, it was a notable mental achievement when she perceived relations among the members of the groups of objects.

That man was kissing the hand of the maiden with a water-jar on her shoulder. Even so had Pablo kissed her hand under the *portales* that last morning, and when she inquired saucily if she were his grandmother, he snatched her to him and kissed both cheeks and called her *queridita*. In the next square the same girl was being flogged. Even so had she been used by her stepfather, who wished her to have no lover, but to continue making tamales for his support. Her beloved had left for the United States in just such a train.

This was a communication from Pablo! That supreme illumination in her dim intellect was a blessed miracle of love. She kissed the picture-letter and rocked back and forth, hugging it, while her heart nearly leaped out of her joy. Then she fell to studying it anew. The square showing forth a man driving a team of mules hitched to a scraper was beyond her comprehension, as she was unfamiliar with grading camps.

At the bottom of the sheet the boy with the shirt-waist and simulated fur cap was receiving a letter, running with it, and in the last square, delivering it to the maiden. Dear Pablo evidently believed that this boy was the messenger between them, whereas it must have been the angels or the saints, for had she not seen the boy looking as innocent and indifferent as you please?

When Teodota returned to the squalid room her stepfather had a more immediate grievance.

"You impudent, lazy hussy! You *sin verguenza*! I'll teach you to leave your work and gad about the court!"

"If you touch me again," blazed the girl, "you'd better keep awake. I'll kill you if I ever catch you asleep!"

A rabbit at bay is at least a surprise, and the brute's jaw dropped, the upraised arm fell back, and cursing and blustering, he strolled forth into the court. With a champion hovering near, there had suddenly come to the girl the power to hate bravely. Heretofore she had feared her stepfather as the savage who dares not hate the evil powers moving in the darkness lest they perceive his hatred and smite him afresh.

"Daughter! daughter!" wailed the frightened mother, "that was not a respectful manner to address a parent. When I was a girl it was the custom—"

"*Si, madre,*" responded Teodota, patiently, as she indited her answer to her lover with a burnt match on a scrap of wrapping paper. Roughly, but eloquently, she sketched two little imploring hands, and flung the epistle from the window with childlike confidence that whatever powers had brought Pablo's letter would convey her reply.

It was a transformed Teodota that stood just out of the heavy wooden gates of the court the next morning, apparently loitering in idle contemplation of the street, where Latin infants disported themselves on the sidewalks, and soft Spanish speech was heard in every doorway, but in reality her whole body was charged with excitement and impatience. Personal neatness in a board pen devoted chiefly to the manufacture of tamales could not be expected to attain any high standard, but her appearance this morning bore eloquent testimony to the civilizing power of love. Her abundant black hair, moist and glossy, rippled on her shoulders, with a red geranium glowing in its shadows. The billows of chemise between the distant buttons were snowy white, the worst rents in the tattered pink gown had been roughly mended, and even the blue *rebozo* lying across her shoulders had taken on a faded purity.

As though to set the seal of heavenly approval on such cleanliness, another communication from Pablo was found pinned to the *rebozo* when she drew it in from the window where it had swung to dry. That the small boy was not in sight was ample proof that it had come by supernatural agency.

This last letter said more eloquently than mere words could have done: "I await thee at the tunnel." Yet with seeming nonchalance, Teodota watched the squat, receding figure of her stepfather abroad

on the only tasks compatible with his dignity and tastes—the delivery of the tamales to a dealer down the street, and the collection of the revenue therefrom. The very instant, however, that he disappeared into a doorway, she was off in the opposite direction, wrapping her *rebozo* about her head as she went, and giving the end a final fling over her shoulder.

At the Mexican end of the tunnel, just beyond the Chinese laundry, but before one enters the cavernous chill and shadow, stands an unroofed adobe¹ hovel close to the highway. Teodota, hurrying by this ruin, thrilled from head to foot to hear her name.

"Pablo!" she gasped. Her soul rode the wave of joy to its crest; then dropped back into the trough of despair. "I took you for *gente decente*! How fine you are! How elegant! A grand señor!"

The tall, handsome Aztec looked down complacently at his black suit and the ends of his red tie, not displeased at the impression he made.

"Didst think, *queridita*," he laughed, kissing her cheeks as he had done under the *portales*, "that here in America I would be wearing white cotton trousers and leather sandals? No, indeed! This is another day."

"But I, Señor—"

"Call me not 'Señor,' but Pablo and thy sweetheart," he cried, swinging her to the top of a crumbling wall, where she was obliged to cling to him most deliciously.

"You will be ashamed of me."

"Nay, little one, we will soon mend thy distress. I know of a store not far from here with a sign—I cannot speak the strange word, but it looks thus." With a pencil he scrawled on a bit of plaster still clinging to the adobe: RUMMAGE SALE.

"This is a strange country, Teodota. At home it is the poor who sell their clothes—mostly in the pawn-shops, though my uncle had six serapes bought off his back by gringo tourists. Here, it is the aristocrats who sell their garments to the poor, and very cheap, though, of course, one offers the half. Poor rich, to lose their pretty clothes, but I suppose the rents are high where they live, and they must have plenty to eat, being so accustomed. I can buy thee silk and velvet and thou shalt be a grand señora, as I am a grand señor."

"Dear Pablo, you are as good as the blessed saints who brought me your letters."

"It was a little boy, Teodota, whose father works in the same camp."

"He seemed not to be concerned in the matter, and I was sure it

¹ Adobe, pronounced A-do'by, a thick clay of which sun-dried bricks are made.

was the saints. I must go back now or my 'stepfather will beat me."

"Back, little one? Never! Come with me instead. The beast shall never beat thee again."

"But the tamales?"

"I like tamales. You shall make them for me."

"What would my poor mother say?"

"We can let her know later, and she will be glad to have thee free from that *cochino*. Listen, *lindita*: Beyond this tunnel is a big red house that they say is the National Palace of Los Angeles, and here one must get a permit to marry, though the priest really does the work. Let us seek the red house."

"Oh, Pablo! Now?"

"Yes, *querida*."

Hand in hand, the lovers left the adobe, and the somber echoing tunnel, with the electric wires seen like a spider's web across its farther end, was to them an underground passage to Paradise.—Copyright, and used by kind consent of the author.

Note.—Spanish words are pronounced according to the continental pronunciation, and each vowel is given a syllable. "Si Ma-dre," pronounced See Ma'dray, yes, mother. "Ma-ma-ci-ta," pronounced Ma-ma-cee-tah, little mother. "Sin Ver-gu-en-za," pronounced Seen Vehr-goo-ain'tha, shameless. "Que-ri-di-ta," pronounced Kay-ree-dee'tah, little love. "Por-ta-les," pronounced Por-tah'lays, covered sidewalks. "Gente decente," pronounced Hen'tay day-then'tay, the aristocracy. "Coch-i-no," pronounced Co-chee'no, pig. "Lin-di-ta," pronounced Leen-dee'ta, pretty. "Que-ri-da," pronounced Kay-ree'da, beloved.

THE INTERVENTION OF PETER

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

No one knows just what statement it was of Harrison Randolph's that Bob Lee doubted. The annals of these two Virginia families have not told us that. But these are the facts:

It was at the home of the Fairfaxes that a few of the sons of the old Dominion were giving a dinner, and a brave dinner it was. The courses had come and gone, and over their cigars they had waxed more than merry. In those days men drank deep, and these men were young, full of the warm blood of the South and the joy of living. What wonder then that the liquor that had been mellowing in the Fairfax cellars since the boyhood of their revolutionary ancestor should have its effect upon them?

It is true that it was only a slight thing which Bob Lee affected to disbelieve, and that his tone was jocosely bantering rather than impertinent. But sometimes Virginia heads are not less hot than Virginia hearts. The two young men belonged to families that had intermarried. They rode together, hunted together and were friends as far as two men could be who had read the message of love in the dark eyes of the same woman. So perhaps there was some thought of the long-contested hand of Miss Sallie Ford in Harrison Randolph's mind when he chose to believe that his honor had been assailed.

His dignity was admirable. There was no scene to speak of. It was all very genteel.

"Mr. Lee," he said, "had chosen to doubt his word, which to a gentleman was a final insult. But he felt sure that Mr. Lee would not refuse to accord him a gentleman's satisfaction." And the other's face had waxed warm and red and his voice cold as he replied: "I shall be most happy to give you the satisfaction you demand."

Here friends interposed and attempted to pacify the two. But without avail.

Each of the young men nodded to a friend and rose to depart. The joyous dinner-party bade fair to end with much more serious business.

"You shall hear from me very shortly," said Randolph, as he strode to the door.

"I shall await your pleasure with impatience, sir, and give you such a reply as even you cannot disdain."

Peter, the personal attendant of Harrison Randolph, stood at the door as his master passed out, and went on before him to hold his stirrup. The young master and his friend and cousin, Dale, started off briskly and in silence, while Pete, with wide eyes and disturbed face, followed on behind. Just as they were turning into the avenue of elms that led to their own house, Randolph wheeled his horse and came riding back to his servant.

"Pete," said he sternly, "what do you know?"

"Nuffin', Mas' Ha'ison, nuffin' 't all. I do' know nuffin'."

"I don't believe you." The young master's eyes were shining through the dusk. "You're always slipping around spying on me."

"Now, dah you goes, Mas' Randolph. I ain't done a thing, and you got to 'mence pickin' on me—"

"I just want you to remember that my business is mine."

"Well, I knows dat."

"And if you do know anything, it will be well for you to begin for-

getting it right now. Take Bess around and see her attended to. Leave Dale's horse here, and—I won't want you any more to-night."

Pete turned away with an injured expression on his dark face. "Bess," he said to the spirited black mare, as he led her toward the stables, "you jes' better t'ank yo' Makah dat you ain't no human bein', 'ca'se human bein's is cur'ous articles. Now you's a horse, ain't you? And dey say you ain't got no soul, but you got sense, Bess, you got sense. You's a high steppah, too, but you don' go to work an' try to brek yo' naik de fus' chanst you git. Bess, I 'spect you 'ca'se you got jedgment, an' you don' have to have a black man runnin' aftah you all de time plannin' his head off jes' to keep you out o' trouble. Some folks dat's human bein's does. Yet an' still, Bess, you ain't nuffin' but a dumb beas', so dey says. Now, what I gwine to do? Co'se dey wants to fight. But whah an' when an' how I gwine to stop hit? Doan want me to wait on him to-night, huh! No, dey want to mek dey plans an' do' want me 'roun' to hyeah, dat's what's de mattah. Well, I lay I'll hyeah somep'n' anyhow."

Peter hurried through his work and took himself up to the big house and straight to his master's room. He heard voices within, but though he took many liberties with his owner, eavesdropping was not one of them. It proved too dangerous. So, though he lingered on the mat, it was not for long, and he unceremoniously pushed the door open and walked in. With a great show of haste, he made for his master's wardrobe and began busily searching among the articles therein. Harrison Randolph and his cousin were in the room, and their conversation, which had been animated, suddenly ceased when Peter entered.

"I thought I told you I didn't want you any more to-night."

"I's a-lookin' fu' dem striped pants o' yo'n. I want to tek 'm out an' bresh 'em; dey's pintly a livin' sight."

"You get out o' here."

"But, Mas' Ha'ison, now—now—look-a-hyeh—"

"Get out, I tell you."

Pete shuffled from the room, mumbling as he went: "Dah now, dah now! driv' out lak' a dog! How's I gwine to fin' out anyt'ing dis way? It do 'pear lak Mas' Ha'ison do try to give me all de trouble he know how. Now he plannin' and prijickin' wif dat cousin Dale an' one jes' ez scattah-brained ez de othah. Well, I 'low I got to beat dis time somehow er ruther."

He was still lingering hopeless and worried about the house when he saw young Dale Randolph come out, mount his horse and ride away.

After a while his young master also came out and walked up and down in the soft evening air. The rest of the family were seated about on the broad piazza.

"I wonder what is the matter with Harrison to-night," said the young man's father, "he seems so preoccupied."

"Thinking of Sallie Ford, I reckon," some one replied; and the remark passed with a laugh. Pete was near enough to catch this, but he did not stop to set them right in their conjectures. He slipped into the house.

It was less than two hours after this when Dale Randolph returned and went immediately to his cousin's room, where Harrison followed him.

"Well?" said the latter, as soon as the door closed behind them.

"It's all arranged, and he's anxious to hurry it through for fear some one may interfere. Pistols, and to-morrow morning at day-break."

"And the place?"

"The little stretch of woods that borders Ford's Creek. I say, Harrison, it isn't too late to stop this thing yet. It's a shame for you two fellows to fight. You're both too decent to be killed yet."

"He insulted me."

"Without intention, every one believes."

"Then let him apologize."

"As well ask the devil to take Communion."

"We'll fight then."

"All right. If you must fight you must. But you'd better go to bed, for you'll need a strong arm and a steady hand to-morrow."

"I'm going to write a couple of letters first," he said; "then I shall lie down for an hour or so. And, by the way, Dale, if I—if it happens to be me to-morrow, you take Pete; he's a good fellow."

The cousins clasped hands in silence and passed out. As the door closed behind them a dusky form rolled out from under the bed and the disreputable, eavesdropping, backsliding Peter stood up and rubbed a sleeve across his eyes.

"It ain't me dat's gwine to be give to nobody else. I hates to do it, but dey ain't no othah way. Mas' Ha'ison cain't be spaihed." He glided out mysteriously, some plan of salvation working in his black head.

Just before daybreak next morning three stealthy figures crept out and made their way toward Ford's Creek. One skulked behind the

other two, dogging their steps and taking advantage of the darkness to keep very near to them. At the grim trysting-place they halted and were soon joined by other stealthy figures, and together they sat down to wait for the daylight. The seconds conferred for a few minutes. The ground was paced off, and a few, low-pitched orders prepared the young men for business.

"I will count three, gentlemen," said Lieutenant Custis. "At three, you are to fire."

At last daylight came, gray and timid at first, and then red and bold as the sun came clearly up. The pistols were examined and the men placed face to face.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?"

But evidently Harrison Randolph was not. He was paying no attention to the seconds. His eyes were fixed on an object behind his opponent's back. His attitude relaxed and his mouth began to twitch. Then he burst into a peal of laughter.

"Pete," he roared, "drop that and come out from there!" and away he went into another convulsion of mirth. The others turned just in time to see Pete cease his frantic grimaces of secrecy at his master, and sheepishly lower an ancient fowling-piece which he had had leveled at Bob Lee.

"What were you going to do with that gun leveled at me?" asked Lee, his own face twitching.

"I was gwine to fiah jes' befo' dey said free. I wa'n't gwine to kill you, Mas' Bob. I was on'y gwine to lame you."

Another peal of laughter from the whole crowd followed this condescending statement.

"You unconscionable scoundrel, you! If I was your master, I'd give you a hundred lashes."

"Pete," said his master, "don't you know that it is dishonorable to shoot a man from behind? You see you haven't in you the making of a gentleman."

"I do' know nuffin' 'bout mekin' a gent'man, but I does know how to save one dat's already made."

The prime object of the meeting had been entirely forgotten. They gathered around Pete and examined the weapon.

"Gentlemen," said Randolph, "we have been saved by a miracle. This old gun, as well as I can remember and count, has been loaded for the past twenty-five years, and if Pete had tried to fire it, it would have torn up all this part of the country."

Then the eyes of the two combatants met. There was something

irresistibly funny in the whole situation, and they found themselves roaring again. Then, with one impulse, they shook hands without a word.

And Pete led the way home, the willing butt of a volume of good-natured abuse.—From "Folks from Dixie," copyright by *Dodd, Mead & Company*, New York, and used by arrangement.

PART THREE

Melodious Reading

Conversational elements: Pitch, Inflection, Color, Stress, Pause, Movement, Time. Separate discussions and illustrations with number of exercises for the pupil to practice. Melody in verse and in prose.

EXPRESSIVE SPEECH ¹

BY ROBERT LLOYD

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearer doze.

That voice all modes of passion can express
Which marks the proper word with proper stress;
But none emphatic can the reader call
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.

He who in earnest studies o'er his part
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl.
A single look more marks the internal woe
Than all the windings of the lengthened O!
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes.
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

¹ Robert Lloyd was an English poet of the middle eighteenth century.

CHAPTER X

MELODIOUS READING

WHAT charm and delight surround a sweet, melodious voice, whether of woman or man. Who is there that does not recall such a voice and its influence upon him? Who does not have clinging memories of the voice of the mother, crooning over her babe, or singing a sweet lullaby as it lay at her breast; of a father, softening its strong and resonant power to soothe the restlessness of his little one who was sick; of the blushing maiden, who consciously or unconsciously had learned the immeasurably greater power exercised over her fellows, whether of her own or the opposite sex, by a soft, pure, well-controlled voice, rather than the high-pitched, tense, loud and harsh chatter of her associates. The calm, quiet, soft and low-pitched, though firm, voice of the teacher, the parent, the employer, the salesman, the speaker, the statesman, is far more effective, far more likely to attain its end than the harsh, raucous, loud, too emphatic and high-pitched voice of the uncontrolled, untaught, or careless speaker. And to listen to a reader, be he preacher, lawyer, judge, or orator, reading in public to a large audience, or for the pleasure and instruction of his own loved ones, or a few chosen friends, whose voice is melodious in every cadence, whose every intonation is musical and in good taste, what joy such a reader is able to bestow. How memory thrills as we recall a few readers of this type. Why should they be so few? Why should there be so many harsh, nasal, raucous, high-pitched, unmelodious voices? The reason is found mainly in lack of training, lack of a little thought, in-

difference to the possession of the finer gifts of life. For every boy and girl has it in his or her power, by the exercise of a little care, a little thought, a little self-restraint, a little time spent in discipline to produce the sweet and charming voice, with clean-cut, distinct, pleasing enunciation and pronunciation that will afford joy during the whole of a long life.

One's own ear will tell whether his voice is properly pitched, pleasing, melodious, or the opposite. A few minutes spent in speech daily before a looking-glass will forever fix the habit of making the face pleasing; and an hour a day for a month will fix perfect habits of pronunciation and enunciation that will remain through life. When these arts are fixed, then a few hours' study of the thought of the author and the inflections and modulations of the voice necessary to represent, to convey to the ear of the listener, the full power of that thought, and the reader has equipped himself, herself, to give joy to countless thousands. Is it not worth while to spend a few hours to gain such power?

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION

By inflection is meant the glide of the voice within a word to a higher or a lower pitch. This glide may be quick and short, or long and slow. It may be a rising or a falling glide, or both. The value of inflection rests in its power to make what is said more emphatic, to aid in clear enunciation, to aid in overcoming monotony. On all emphasized words we have an intensified inflection. This is illustrated in Portia's speech in "The Merchant of Venice." In studying this excerpt we discover that all the emphasized words have a pronounced inflection. In the first group of words, "If to do were as easy as to *know* what were good to do," we find the most intensified inflection is upon the word "know" because this is the most emphatic word of the group. This reveals that inflection is one of the most vital means of emphasis.

In regard to inflection as an aid to clear enunciation, we find that inflection occurs upon the accented syllable of a long word, and if due attention is given to the syllable upon which the accent falls, the word will receive a more perfect utterance. For instance, we can readily see in the following words, which are often mispronounced, the important part that inflection plays in the proper pronunciation of them:

abdomen	exquisite	mausoleum
abject	finance	mischievous
acclimate	grimace	obligatory
address	herculean	research
admirable	horizon	resource
alias	impious	superfluous
brigand	impotent	traverse
caricature	incomparable	vagary
chastisement	indisputable	vehement
chauffeur	industry	vehicle
combatant	inexplicable	virago
contumely	interpolate	verbose
demoniacal	inquiry	virtue
discourse	lyceum	virtually

(For the correct pronunciations see Webster's New International Dictionary.)

We readily see that the proper use of inflection cannot help but give variety and contrast to our speech, and this aids immeasurably in overcoming the persistent use of monotones.

We shall take up the different kinds of inflection and illustrate them with appropriate exercises. The student should consider the aim and value of each kind of inflection and then proceed to practice orally the exercises, listening intently to his voice to see that it responds.

Kinds of Inflection

Falling Glide in the voice indicates a complete and positive assertion. For example:

"The Prince's banner wavered, staggered backward, hemmed by foes!"

A command, although punctuated with a question mark, is rendered with a falling glide in the voice. For example:

"Halt! who goes there?" "Speak, what trade art thou?"

Rising Glide in the voice indicates incompleteness and doubt. For example:

"How 'the fellow by the name of Rowan' took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail."

Circumflex Glide indicates a twist in the voice which reflects a like twist in the mind.

Well, I guess I'll have to, since you say so.

Exercises for Inflectional Agility:

I find earth not gray but rosy, heaven not grim but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy. Do I stand and stare? All's blue.
—BROWNING.

I must have left my book on this table last night. (Read two ways.)

There are three pleasures pure and lasting, and all derived from inanimate things—books, pictures, and the face of nature.—HAZLITT.

We are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.

What right have you, O passer by the way, to call any flower a weed? Do you know its merits? Its virtues? Its healing qualities? Because a thing is common, shall you despise it? If so, you might despise the sunshine for the same reason.

Oh, yes, I begin to remember you now. Do you really think it true?

Yes, he's a millionaire. (Read two ways.)

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land?
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like the hailstones,
 Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a shower,
 Now in two-fold column: Spondæ, Iamb, Trochee,
 Unbroken, firm-set, advance, retreat, trampling along,—
 Now with a sprightlier springiness, bounding in triplicate syllables,
 Dance the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences on;
 Now their voluminous coil intertangling like huge anacondas,
 Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.

—BROWNING.

Resolve!
 To keep my health!
 To do my work!
 To live!
 To see to it that I grow and gain and give!
 Never to look behind me for an hour!
 To wait in weakness and to walk in power;
 But always fronting onward to the light.
 Always and always facing toward the right.
 Robbed, starved, defeated, wide astray—
 On, with what strength I have!
 Back to the way!

A very interesting and helpful exercise in the study of inflection is the use of the one-word dialogue. The following scene, written by a pupil, is given as an illustration:

Scene: Midnight; and the two are awakened by a noise.

She. Philipe!

He. What?

She. Burglar!

He. Where?

She. Bathroom!

He. Gun?

She. No!

He. Sh-h!

She (fainting). Darling!

He. Huh! Cat! (*catching her*).

It is by use of tone and inflection that the following exercises are properly rendered.

How are you to-day?

Ha. (inquiry, surprise).

I say how are you to-day?

Ha. (rising doubt).

Have you suddenly become deaf?

Ha. (indignation).

I have been trying to find out how
you are to-day.

Ha. (satisfaction, laugh).

Ha. (short grunt).

I am glad you heard me.

Ha. (do not believe it).

I am on my way to the store.

Ha. (glad to).

Will you go with me?

A STUDY OF PITCH

Pitch is simply the modulation of the voice as high or low. In natural speech we seldom have more than one word on the same pitch. Note the constant change of pitch in a good conversationalist. In listening to such, we discover what?

First: If one idea is expressed on one pitch, its antithesis is instinctively expressed on another pitch. For example: "When our vices *leave us*, we flatter ourselves we *leave them*." "The prodigal *robs his heir*, the miser *robs himself*." "*Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding*."

Second: A quick leap of the mind causes a leap in the voice, or, in other words, it causes a change of pitch. For example: "So you say you are going to—Well, hello, John! How did you get here?"

There can be no definite rules laid down governing Changes of Pitch. If we think progressively, giving ourselves completely to each successive idea, permitting our movement of

tone to be the direct outcome of the *action of the mind* we shall have no difficulty in modulating our pitch.

In reading the following selections, note carefully the natural tendency of the voice to change pitch as the mind leaps from one thought to another.

O larks, sing out to the thrushes,
And thrushes, sing to the sky!
Sing from your nests in the bushes,
And sing wherever you fly.

Then sing, O bird in the tree,
Then sing, skylark in the blue,
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under:
And then again I dissolve in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance.

Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,—
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple.—“Merchant of Venice.”

Extremely high: Half a league, half a league, half a league onward!

Very high: Hats off! along the street they come! The flag is passing by.

High: Sail on, sail on, O ship of state!

Rather high: Now's the day and now's the hour!

Middle: In spite of rock and tempest roar.

Rather low: No stir in the air, no stir in the sea.

Low: Sunset and evening star

And one clear call for me.

Very low: Quoth the raven, "Never more."

Low as possible: O death, where is thy sting!

STUDY IN STRESS

If we read or speak aloud naturally and earnestly, there occurs in our voice a succession of beats or pulsations. If these pulsations occur at regular intervals, our speech will be "singsong" and monotonous. Thus:

I wandered lonely a cloud
 as
 and
 That floats on high o'er hills,
 vales
 a
 When all at once I crowd
 saw
 o
 A host of golden dills.
 daff

The fault is that we are responding to the rhythm of the line instead of the rhythm of the thought. There should be rhythmic action of the *voice*, but, at all times, it should be in perfect harmony with the rhythmic action of the *mind*. Therefore, we see again that correct *reading* depends upon getting the correct *thought*.

It is very important that we have control of our voice in stress or force of utterance. If a teacher requires one pupil out of a class of twenty to go on an errand for him, there is

but one way of clearly expressing that thought in the following sentence: Thus:

Will *you* please return this book to the library?

If we make prominent any other word than "you," we shall not be clear as to who shall return the book. Read the above sentence in as many ways as there are different meanings.

Practice reading aloud the following with especial attention to stress. Be sure that the action of the voice corresponds to the action of the mind. Stress is indicated by italics.

Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!

*Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eyes.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Abraham Lincoln used *scripture* quotations very frequently and *powerfully*.

All *learning* is *valuable*; all *history* is *useful*. By knowing what *has* been we can better *judge* the *future*; by knowing how men have acted *heretofore* we can *understand* how they will act *again* in *similar* circumstances.

Place the stress in the following exercises:

It is a compliment to a public speaker that the audience should discuss what he says rather than his manner of saying it; more complimentary that they should remember his arguments, than that they should praise his rhetoric. The speaker should seek to conceal himself behind his subject.

Our country is in danger, but not to be despaired of. Our enemies are numerous and powerful; but we have many friends, determining to be free, and Heaven and earth will aid the resolution. On you depend the fortunes of America. You are to decide the important questions on which rest the happiness and liberty of millions yet unborn. Act worthy of yourselves. The faltering tongue of hoary age calls on you to support your country. The lisping infant raises its suppliant hands,

imploing defense against the monster, slavery.—JOSEPH WARREN,
"Boston Massacre."

Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain, but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap in such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: "The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorred."

—SHAKESPEARE, "Coriolanus."

We say to you (our opponents) that you have made the definition of a business man too limited in its application. The man who is employed for wages is as much a business man as his employer; the attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the corporation counsel in a great metropolis; the merchant at the cross-roads store is as much a business man as the merchant of New York; the farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day, who begins in the spring and toils all summer, and who by application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of the country creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes upon the Board of Trade and bets upon the price of grain; the miners who go down a thousand feet into the earth, or climb 2,000 feet upon the cliffs, and bring forth from their hiding-places the precious metals to be poured into the channels of trade, are as much business men as the few financial magnates who in a back room corner the money of the world. We come to speak for this broader class of business men.

Oh do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers, pray for power equal to your tasks; then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life, which has come to you by the grace of God.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us,
To talk about the rest of us.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

If you would be known, and not know, vegetate in a village; if you would know and not be known, live in a city.—COLTON.

No man is inspired by the occasion; I never was.—WEBSTER.
(Does stress fall upon "I," or upon "never"?)

In men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men account divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line between the two,
Where God has not.

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

ALL IN THE EMPHASIS

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

Written expressly for *Delight and Power in Speech*

The crows flew over my field at morn,
Shouting disdain: "*Such* corn, *SUCH* corn!"
Hearing this, I said, "My corn is safe;
When crows deride, the corn is safe."

But the next hour I looked indeed,
And they were digging up the seed,
And shouting still—not now in scorn
But in delight—"Such *corn*, such *CORN*!"

A STUDY OF THE PAUSE

When we pause we suspend our speech, but continue our thought. It is a resting place for us better to conceive of the importance either of the thought just expressed or of the one that follows. The mind is busy re-creating a new idea for the one who is listening. Pausing gives time for the speaker to get the new idea and it also gives time for the auditor to hear the new idea. It often occurs that we are more impressive during the interval of pausing than during the interval of speech. The majority of people in ordinary conversation do

not use the pause enough. One result is that they are uninteresting and monotonous in speech.

In the following excerpt, taken from an address by Henry Ward Beecher, indicate the frequency of pauses and then tell fully, in your own words, what the successive ideas are upon which the mind is concentrating:

Now, a living force that brings to itself all the resources of the imagination, all the inspirations of feeling, all that is influential in body, in voice, in eye, in gesture, in posture, in the whole animated man, is in strict analogy with the divine thought and the divine arrangement; and there is no misconception more utterly untrue and fatal than this: that oratory is an artificial thing, which deals with baubles and trifles, for the sake of making bubbles of pleasure for transient effect on mercurial audiences. So far from that, it is the consecration of the whole man to the noblest purposes to which one can address himself—the education and inspiration of his fellow-men by all that there is in learning, by all that there is in thought, by all that there is in feeling, by all that there is in all of them, sent home through the channels of taste and beauty. And so regarded, oratory should take its place among the highest departments of education.

In reading the following of what value is pause? Does it indicate distance? Make selections from your own reading which illustrate the importance of the pause.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

—TENNYSON.

'What is our failure here but a triumph's evidence

For the fullness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know.

—BROWNING.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 O well for the sailor-lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill:
 But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

—TENNYSON.

KIND OF PAUSES

Pauses may be long or short, frequent or seldom.

In the following exercises indicate where and what kind of pauses you would naturally have:

Woman without her man is a brute
 Speech is a jewel silence must form its setting
 Silas Marner decided to keep the child who was frozen one evening
 outside his house in the snow
 We will hang together or we will hang separately
 Pausing is to speaking what shading is to drawing
 The perfection of art is to conceal art
 Henry wrote the book
 What do you think I'll shave you for nothing and give you plenty to
 eat and something to drink

STUDY OF THE IMPORTANCE OF TONE

When we are speaking in ordinary conversation, or in public address, the tones we use have much to do in making our meaning clear. How often a person, merely by the tone of his voice, conveys an entirely different meaning than was intended. He is accused of being sarcastic when he had no intention that his remark should be so regarded.

Let us remember that in whatever state of mind we may be it is unconsciously reflected in our voice. If we feel timid, embarrassed or self-conscious it is registered in our tone when we speak. On the other hand, if we feel gay, optimistic, earnest and confident these moods are likewise revealed in our speech. Thus we find tone to be an index to character.

The function of tone-color is most important. It reveals the subtle changes of our thoughts and feelings. It can make the hearer see more clearly and feel more deeply what you say. Nothing so quickly reveals your sincerity of purpose as the tone of your voice. It is the source of the greatest pleasure to the hearer. It marks you as a cultured person. And best of all it cannot be regulated by rule. If you can express the tone admiration in colloquial language, there is no reason why you cannot express it in the language of a Browning or a Shakespeare.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,
And the baby cowered and wept;
"Come here!" I cooed and he looked and smiled,
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

For *words* but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the *tones* leap forth from the inner *self*,
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not—
Whether you mean or care,
Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.

—SARAH EDWARDS HENSHAW.

In Part II instructions were given in word analysis and thought-grouping. Let the student analyze the words, outline the thought-groups and determine just where the pause naturally falls, and whether the interval of rest is long or short, in the following selections. He should also be able to explain just why certain groups are separated by a long, and others by a short, pause.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

(Extract from *The Philistine* for March, 1899.)

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his coöperation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you if anybody can." Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instructions about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia!"

The following is a one-minute composition by a student, illustrating the power of tone and also of mood suspense:

The lion crept stealthily onward, ever onward, with his eyes fixedly staring at the unfortunate boy who cowered before him. The boy, trembling from head to foot, backed slowly toward a yawning precipice. He was on the edge! The loose earth was slowly crumbling under his feet! He was falling! The earth was coming up to meet him at a terrific rate. Another second, and he would be dashed to death on those rocks below!

Then a sweet voice called to him: "Time to get up, Johnnie."

A most striking example of the power of suspense is Mark Twain's story of "The Golden Arm."

Once 'pon a time dey wuz a monsus mean man, 'en he live 'way out in de prairie all 'lone by hisself, 'cep'n he had a wife. En bimeby she died, en he tuck en toted her way out dah in de prairie en buried her. Well, she had a golden arm—all solid gold, fum de shoulder down. He wuz pow'ful mean—pow'ful; en dat night he couldn't sleep, caze he want dat golden arm so bad.

When it come midnight he couldn't stan' it no mo; so he git up, he did, en tuck his lantern en shoved out throo de storm en dug her up en got de golden arm; en he bent his head down 'gin de win', en plowed, en plowed, en plowed throo de snow. Den all on a sudden he stop (make a considerable pause here, and look startled, and take a listening attitude) en say: "My *lan'*, what's dat!"

En he listen—en listen—en de win' say (set your teeth together and imitate the wailing and wheezing singsong of the wind), "Bzzz-z-zzz"—en den, way back yonder whah de grave is, he hear a *voice!*—he hear a voice all mix' up in de win'—can't hardly tell 'em 'part—"Bzzz-zzz—W-h-o—g-o-t—m-y—g-o-l-d-e-n *Arm!*—zzz-zzz—W-H-O G-O-T

M-Y G-O-L-D-E-N ARM? (You must begin to shiver violently now.)

En he begin to shiver en shake, en say, "Oh, my! Oh, my lan'! en de win' blow de lantern out, en de snow en sleet blow in his face en 'mos' choke him, en he start a-plowin' knee-deep towards home mos' dead, he so sk'yerd—en pooty soon he hear de voice agin, en (pause) it is comin' *after* him! "Bzzz-zzz-zzz — W-h-o—G-o-t — M-y — G-o-l-d-e-n arm?"

When he git in de pasture he hear it agin—closter now, en a-comin'! —a-comin' back dah in de dark en de storm—(repeat the wind and the voice). When he git to de house he rush upstairs en jump in de bed en kiver up, head and years, en lay dah shiverin' en shakin'—en den way out dah he hear it *ag'in!*—en *a-comin'!* En bimeby he hear (pause—awed, listening attitude)—pat—pat—pat—hit's *a-comin' upstairs!* Den he hear de latch, en he know it's in de room!

Den pooty soon he know it's *a-standin' by his bed!* (Pause.) Den—he know it's *a-bendin' down over him*—en he cain't skasely git his breath! Den—den—he seem to feel somethin' *c-o-l-d*, right down 'most agin his head! (Pause.)

Den de voice say, *right at his ear*—"W-h-o—g-o-t—m-y—g-o-l-d-e-n arm?" (You must wail it out plaintively and accusingly; then you stare steadily and impressively into the face of the farthest-gone auditor—a girl preferably—and let that awe-inspiring pause begin to build itself in the deep hush. When it has reached exactly the right length, jump suddenly at that girl and yell, "*You've got it!*" If you've got the *pause* right, she'll fetch a dear little yelp and spring right out of her shoes. But you must get the pause right; and you will find it the most troublesome and aggravating and uncertain thing you ever undertook.)

The student may give himself fine exercise by choosing any one of the following moods and writing a one-minute composition upon it. Then let him read it aloud with the appropriate tone:

Admiration, Appeal, Argument, Comparison, Challenge, Command, Excitement, Geniality, Solemnity, Reproof, Modesty, Contempt, Encouragement, Determination, Affection, Pity, Joy, Gloom, Hate, Friendliness, Aspiration, Warning, Meditation, Horror, Belittlement, Exultation, Despair, Confusion, Calmness, Indifference, Suspense, Fear, Awe, Haste.

A wonderful illustration of "Mood" is afforded in a mar-

velous poem written by Bartholomew Dowling, at one time the editor of *The Mirror*, in San Francisco, California. It depicts the "heroism of despair," as, perhaps, it was never presented before or since in all literature. Without commending the sentiment expressed, the authors give this poem a place in their volume as an incomparable example, well worthy of prolonged study, of the power of words to express "mood." One of the greatest dramatists the world has ever known used to read this poem aloud, daily, for years.

HURRAH FOR THE NEXT THAT DIES !¹

BY BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare:
As they shout back our peals of laughter,
It seems as the dead were there.
Then stand to your glasses!—steady!
We drink 'fore our comrades' eyes;
One cup to the dead already:
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses!—steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise.
One cup to the dead already:
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
And many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.

¹ This remarkable poem relates to revelry in India at a time when the English officers serving in that country were being struck down by pestilence. It has been correctly styled "the very poetry of military despair."

Then stand to your glasses!—steady!
 'Tis here the revival lies;
 Quaff a cup to the dead already:
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we laughed at others;
 We thought we were wiser then.
 Ha! Ha! let them think of their mothers,
 Who hope to see them again.
 No! Stand to your glasses!—steady!
 The thoughtless is here the wise;
 One cup to the dead already:
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
 Not a tear for the friends that sink;
 We'll fall 'mid the wine-cup's sparkles,
 As mute as the wine we drink.
 Come! Stand to your glasses!—steady!
 'Tis this that the respite buys;
 One cup to the dead already:
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
 Who shrinks from the sable shore,
 Where the high and haughty yearning
 Of the soul can sting no more?
 No! Stand to your glasses!—steady!
 This world is a world of lies;
 One cup to the dead already:
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
 Betray'd by the land we find,
 When the brightest are gone before us,
 And the dullest are left behind.
 Stand!—stand to your glasses!—steady!
 'Tis all we have left to prize;
 One cup to the dead already:
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

CHAPTER XI

HOW TO READ POETRY

IN order to avoid the "singsong" habit, common to so many while reading poetry, let us remember to make but a very delicate pause at the end of each line. Of course, if the sense requires a decided pause, one should not fail to make it. Browning's "My Star" is a splendid example of where but a very slight swelling of the voice is necessary to indicate the end of each line.

All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
 (Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
 Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
 They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled:
 They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
 Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

To illustrate the contrary to this let us refer to a few lines from Riley's "The South Wind and the Sun," noting that the poise of the tone is considerably longer at the end of each line.

And the humming-bird that hung
Like a jewel up among
The tilted honeysuckle-horns,
They mesmerized and swung

In the palpitating air,
Drowsed with odors strange and rare,
And, with whispered laughter, slipped away
And left him hanging there.

We can hardly overestimate the value of a careful study of the lyric to the student of expressive speech. It demands superior powers to render a lyric adequately. Bertha Kuntz Baker, the great American reader, thus suggestively writes on this subject:

To clarify the diction, go over the poem, word by word, conform each word carefully, repeatedly to your ideal of that word, giving the vowel its fullest possible value, tucking in the consonants as clear, light envelopes around and between the vowels.

PISGAH-SIGHT

BY ROBERT BROWNING

Good, to forgive:
Best, to forget!
Living, we fret;
Dying, we live.
Fretless and free,
Soul, clap thy pinion!
Earth have dominion,
Body, o'er thee!

Wander at will,
Day after day,—
Wander away,
Wandering still—
Soul that canst soar!
Body may slumber:
Body shall cumber
Soul-flight no more.

Waft of soul's wing!
What lies above?
Sunshine and Love,
Skyblue and Spring!

Body hides—where?
 Ferns of all feather,
 Mosses and heather,
 Yours be the care!

DAWN

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

An angel, robed in spotless white,
 Bent down and kissed the sleeping night.
 Night woke to blush: the sprite was gone;
 Men saw the blush and called it Dawn.

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

BY LORD TENNYSON

Flower in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies,
 I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower—but if I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is.

THE WORKER'S GUERDON

BY FRANK PRESTON SMART

Expect nor fame, nor gold, nor any praise—
 The world puts not its meed in every hand;
 Work on and still be thankful all thy days
 If even one shall see and understand!

MY HEART LEAPS UP

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky:
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!

The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

When we think of melody in speech, we immediately think of the lyric. In form and in spirit it approaches nearest towards music, for it is "emotion all compact." When we have stimulated within us a noble emotion, we begin at once to respond in some rhythmic action, a beat of our foot, sway of the body, or humming in a tuneful way. There is melody in prose as well as in poetry, only it is not so pronounced. Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" is a splendid example of prose-poetry. We are under obligation to James Raymond Perry in the *North American Review* for metrically dividing this oration:

Four score and seven years ago
Our fathers brought forth upon this continent
A new nation conceived in liberty
And dedicated to the proposition
That all men are created equal.
Now we are engaged in a great civil war,
Testing whether that nation, or any nation
So conceived and so dedicated
Can long endure. We are met
On a great battle field of that war.
We have come to dedicate a portion of
That field as a final resting place
For those who here gave their lives
That this nation might live.
It is altogether fitting and proper
That we should do this
But in a larger sense
We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate,
We cannot hallow this ground. The brave men,
Living and dead, who struggled here,
Have consecrated it far above our power
To add or detract. The world will little note
Nor long remember what we say here,
But it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here
To the unfinished work which they who fought here
Have thus far so nobly advanced.
It is rather for us to be here dedicated
To the great task remaining before us ;
That from these honored dead we take
Increased devotion to that cause for which
They gave the last full measure of devotion ;
That we here highly resolve that these dead
Shall not have died in vain, that this nation,
Under God, shall have a new birth of freedom ;
And that the government of the people,
By the people, and for the people,
Shall not perish from the earth.

Channing's "Symphony" is another interesting illustration of musical prose :

To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion ; to be worthy, not respectable ; and wealthy, not rich ; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly ; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart ; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never ; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

The most striking example of all is the following excerpt taken from Ingersoll's oration entitled "A Vision of War" :

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars : they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead : Cheers for the living ; tears for the dead.

POETICAL SELECTIONS

Colloquial
Humorous
Humorous Dialect
Pathetic
Dramatic
Sublime
Lyric

Poetry is the highest, most beautiful and perfect verbal expression of thought allowed to man. The higher the poetry the more is it permeated with elevating human emotion.

COLLOQUIAL SELECTIONS IN POETRY

THE PESSIMIST

BY BEN KING

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air;
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus through life we are cursed,

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

THE RIVALS

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

'Twas three an' thirty year ago,
When I was ruther young, you know,
I had my last an' only fight
About a gal one summer night.
'Twas me an' Zekel Johnson; Zeke
'N' me 'd be'n spattin' 'bout a week,
Each of us tryin' his best to show
That he was Liza Jones's beau.
We couldn't neither prove the thing,
Fur she was fur too sharp to fling
One over fur the other one
An' by so doin' stop the fun
That we chaps didn't have the sense
To see she got at our expense.
But that's the way a feller does,
Fur boys is fools an' allus was;
An' when they's females in the game
I reckon men's about the same.
Well, Zeke an' me went on that way
An' fussed an' quarreled day by day;
While Liza, mindin' not the fuss,
Jest kep' a-goin' with both of us,
Tell we pore chaps, that's Zeke an' me,
Was jest plum mad with jealousy.
Well, fur a time we kep' our places,
An' only showed by frownin' faces
An' looks 'at well our meanin' boded
How full o' fight we both was loaded.
At last it come, the thing broke out,
An' this is how it come about.
One night ('twas fair, you'll all agree)
I got Eliza's company,

An' leavin' Zekel in the lurch,
Went trottin' off with her to church.
An' jest as we had took our seat,
(Eliza lookin' fair an' sweet),
Why, I jest couldn't help but grin
When Zekel come a-bouncin' in
As furious as the law allows.
He'd jest be'n up to Liza's house,
To find her gone, then come to church
To have this end put to his search.
I guess I laffed that meetin' through,
An' not a mortal word I knew
Of what the preacher preached er read
Er what the choir sung er said.
Fur every time I'd turn my head
I couldn't skeercely help but see
'At Zekel had his eye on me.
An' he 'ud sort o' turn an' twist
An' grind his teeth an' shake his fist.
I laughed, fur la! the hull church seen us,
An' knowed that suthin' was between us.
Well, meetin' out, we started hum,
I sorter feelin' what would come.
We'd jest got out, when up stepped Zeke,
An' said, "Scuse me, I'd like to speak
To you a minute." "Cert," said I—
A-nudgin' Liza on the sly
An' laughin' in my sleeve with glee,
I asked her, please, to pardon me.
We walked away a step er two,
Jest to git out o' Liza's view,
An' then Zeke said, "I want to know
Ef you think you're Eliza's beau,
An' 'at I'm goin' to let her go
Hum with sich a chap as you?"
An' I said bold, "You bet I do."
Then Zekel, sneerin', said 'at he
Didn't want to hender me.
But then he 'lowed the gal was his
An' 'at he guessed he knowed his biz,
An' wasn't feared o' all my kin

With all my friends an' chums throwed in.
Some other things he mentioned there
That no born man could no ways bear
Er think o' ca'mly tryin' to stan'
Ef Zeke had be'n the bigges' man
In town, an' not the leanest runt
'At time an' labor ever stunt.
An' so I let my fist go "bim."
I thought I'd mos' nigh finished him.
But Zekel didn't take it so.
He jest ducked down an' dodged my blow
An' then come back at me so hard,
I guess I must 'a' hurt the yard,
Er spilet the grass plot where I fell,
An' sakes alive it hurt me; well,
It wouldn't be'n so bad you see,
But he jest kep' a-hittin' me.
An' I hit back an' kicked an' pawed,
But 't seemed 'twas mostly air I clawed,
While Zekel used his science well
A-makin' every motion tell.
He punched an' hit, why, goodness lands,
Seemed like he had a dozen hands.
Well, afterwhile, they stopped the fuss,
An' some one kindly parted us.
All beat an' cuffed an' clawed an' scratched,
An' needin' both our faces patched,
Each started hum a different way;
An' what o' Liza, do you say,
Why, Liza—little humbug—darn her,
Why, she'd gone home with Hiram Turner.

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THE FIRST FURROW

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

Don't you ever feel a yearnin', 'long about this time o' year,
For a robin's song to tell you that the summer time is near?

Don't you ever sort o' hanker for the blackbird's whistlin' call,
Echoin' through the hillside orchard, where the blossoms used to fall?
Don't you wish that you were out there, breathin' in the April air,
Full o' glad an' careless boyhood, an' with strength an' health to spare?
Don't it *hurt* you to remember, when the springtime comes around,
How the first, long, rollin' furrow used to wake the sleepy ground?

How'd you like to take the children, born to dirty city streets,
Out to where the brook goes pulsin' when the heart o' nature beats?
How'd you like to watch 'em wonder at the boomin' of the bees,
Or to see 'em dodge the petals that are snowin' from the trees?
How'd you like to see their faces catch the color o' the rose,
As they raced across the meadow where the earliest crocus grows?
Wouldn't it be joy to watch 'em follow on behind the plow,
As it cut the first brown furrow, like it's doin' out there now?

SUNSHINE

BY FRED EMERSON BROOKS

Some people have the sunshine,
While others have the rain;
But God don't change the weather
Because the folks complain.
Don't waste your time in grumblin',
Nor wrinkle up your brow;
Some other soul has trouble,
Most likely has it now.

When nature lies in shadow,
On damp and cloudy days,
Don't blame the sun, good people,
But loan a few bright rays.
The sun is always shining
Above the misty shroud,
And if your world be murky,
The fault lies in the cloud.

Take sunshine to your neighbor,
In all you do and say;
Have sunshine in your labor,
And sunshine in your play.

Where'er the storm-cloud lowers,
 Take in the sunlight glow,
 And Heaven will show what flowers
 From seeds of kindness grow.

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"CICELY"

ALKALI STATION

BY BRET HARTE

Cicely says you're a poet: maybe; I ain't much on rhyme:
 I reckon you'd give me a hundred, and beat me every time.
 Poetry!—that's the way some chaps puts up an idee,
 But I takes mine "straight without sugar," and that's what's the matter with me.

Poetry!—just look round you,—alkali, rock, and sage;
 Sage-brush, rock, and alkali; ain't it a pretty page!
 Sun in the east at mornin', sun in the west at night,
 And the shadow of this 'yer station the on'y thing moves in sight.

Poetry!—Well now—Polly! Polly run to your mam;
 Run right away, my pooty! By by! Ain't she a lamb?
 Poetry!—that reminds me o' suthin' right in that suit:
 Jest shet that door thar, will yer?—for Cicely's ears is cute.

Ye noticed Polly,—the baby? A month afore she was born,
 Cicely—my old woman—was moody-like and forlorn;
 Out of her head and crazy, and talked of flowers and trees;
 Family man yourself, sir? Well, you know what a woman be's.

Narvous she was, and restless,—said that she "couldn't stay,"
 Stay,—and the nearest woman seventeen miles away.
 But I fixed it up with the doctor, and he said he would be on hand,
 And I kinder stuck by the shanty, and fenced in that bit o' land.

One night,—the tenth of October,—I woke with a chill and fright,
For the door it was standing open, and Cicely warn't in sight,
But a note was pinned on the blanket, which said that she "couldn't
stay,"

But had gone to visit her neighbor,—seventeen miles away.

When and how she stampeded, I didn't wait for to see,
For out in the road, next minit, I started as wild as she:
Running first this way and that way, like a hound that is off the scent,
For there warn't no track in the darkness to tell me the way she went.

I've had some mighty mean moments afore I kem to this spot,—
Lost on the plains in '50, drowned almost, and shot;
But out on this alkali desert, a hunting a crazy wife,
Was ra'ly as on-satis-factory as anything in my life.

"Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" I called, and I held my breath,
And "Cicely!" came from the canyon,—and all was as still as death.
And "Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" came from the rocks below,
And jest but a whisper of "Cicely!" down from them peaks of snow.

I ain't what you call religious,—but I jest looked up to the sky,
And—this 'yer's to what I'm coming, and maybe ye think I lie:
But up away to the east'ard, yaller and big and far,
I saw of a suddent rising the singlerist kind of star.

Big and yaller and dancing, it seemed to beckon to me:
Yaller and big and dancing, such as you never see:
Big and yaller and dancing,—I never saw such a star,
And I thought of them sharps in the Bible, and I went for it then and
thar.

Over the brush and bowlders I stumbled and pushed ahead:
Keeping the star afore me, I went wharever it led.
It might hev been for an hour, when suddent and peart and nigh,
Out of the yearth afore me thar riz up a baby's cry.

Listen! thar's the same music; but her lungs they are stronger now
Than the day I packed her and her mother,—I'm derved if I jest
know how.

But the doctor kem the next minit, and the joke o' the whole thing is
That Cis. never knew what happened from that very night to this!

But Cicely says you're a poet, and maybe you might, some day,
Jest sling her a rhyme 'bout a baby that was born in a curious way,
And see what she says; but, old fellow, when you speak of the star,
don't tell

As how 'twas the doctor's lantern,—for maybe 'twon't sound so well.

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AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE

BY ALICE CARY

O good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound)—
These and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush:
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the selfsame way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done

With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while!—

I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir: one like me,—

The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship *Commodore*,—
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck;
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee:
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea.

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn leaves rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so far and still,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top,

All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star
That we with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall, red mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—
Dead at the top—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day:—
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other, a bird held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

ONE, TWO, THREE

BY HENRY C. BUNNER

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three,
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee.
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be,
So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with a lame little knee;
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

RECIPROCITY

BY H. BEDFORD-JONES

Would you have men play square with you,
Play fair with you, and bear with you
In all the little weaknesses so easy to condemn?
Then simply try to do the same—
Hold up your head and play the game,
And when the others are to blame
Be sure to bear with them!

Would you have men, when new to you,
 Be true to you and do to you
 The things that faith and brother-love and nothing else impel?
 Then give them faith and brother-love
 And set sincerity above
 All other things—and it will prove
 That you have builded well!

THE YOUNG TRAMP

By CHAS. F. ADAMS

Hello, thar, stranger! Whar yer frum?
 Come in and make yerself ter hum!
 We're common folks, ain't much on style;
 Come in and stop a little while;
 'Twon't do no harm ter rest yer some.

Youngster, yer pale, and don't look well!
 What, way from Bosting? Naow, dew tell!
 Why, that's a hundred mile or so;
 What started yer, I'd like ter know,
 On sich a tramp; got goods ter sell?

No home, no friends? Naow that's too bad!
 Wall, cheer up, boy, and don't be sad,—
 Wife, see what yer can find ter eat,
 And put the coffee on ter heat,—
 We'll fix yer up all right, my lad.

Willing ter work, can't git a job,
 And not a penny in yer fob?
 Wall, naow, that's rough, I dew declare!
 What, tears? Come, youngster, I can't bear
 Ter see yer take on so, and sob.

How came yer so bad off, my son?
 Father was killed? 'Sho'; whar? Bull Run?
 Why, I was in that scrimmage, lad,
 And got used up, too, pretty bad;
 I shan't forgit old 'sixty-one!

So yer were left in Bosting, hey!
A baby when he went away?
Those Bosting boys were plucky, wife,
Yer know one of 'em saved my life,
Else I would not be here to-day.

'Twas when the "Black Horse Cavalcade"
Swept down on our small brigade,
I got the shot that made me lame,
When down on me a trooper came,
And this 'ere chap struck up his blade.

Poor feller! He was stricken dead;
The trooper's sabre cleaved his head.
Joe Billings was my comrade's name,
He was a Bosting boy, and game!
I almost wished I'd died, instead.

Why, lad! what makes yer tremble so?
Your father! what, my comrade Joe?
And you his son? Come ter my heart.
My home is yours; I'll try in part,
Ter pay his boy the debt I owe.

HULLO!

BY SAM WALTER FOSS

When you see a man in woe,
Walk straight up and say, "Hullo!"
Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?"
How's the world been using you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your hand down with a whack!
Waltz straight up and don't go slow,
Shake his hand and say "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, ho.
Walk straight up and say "Hullo!"
Rags are but a cotton roll
Just for wrapping up a soul;
And a soul is worth a true
Hale and hearty "How d'ye do?"

Don't wait for the crowd to go.
Walk straight up and say "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say,
They salute and sail away;
Just the same as you and me,
Lonely ships upon the sea,
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog;
Let your speaking trumpet blow,
Lift your horn and cry, "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?"
Other folks are good as you.
When you leave your house of clay,
Wandering in the far away,
When you travel through the strange
Country far beyond the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, and say "Hullo!"

COLUMBUS

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

How in heaven's name did Columbus get over,
Is a pure wonder to me, I protest,
Cabot, and Raleigh, too, that well-read rover,
Frobisher, Dampier, Drake, and the rest;
Bad enough all the same,
For them that after came;
But in great heaven's name,
How he should think
That on the other brink
Of this wild waste, terra firma should be,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

How a man should ever hope to get thither,
E'en if he knew that there was another side;
But to suppose he should come any whither,
Sailing straight on into chaos untried,

In spite of the motion,
Across the whole ocean,
To stick to the notion
That in some nook or bend
Of a sea without end,
He should find North and South America,
Was a pure madness, indeed, I must say.

What if wise men had, as far back as Ptolemy,
Judged that the earth like an orange was round,
None of them ever said, Come along, follow me,
Sail to the West, and the East will be found.
Many a day before
Ever they'd come ashore
Sadder and wiser men,
They'd have turned back again;
And that he did not, but did cross the sea,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

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THE USUAL WAY

ANONYMOUS

There was once a little man, and his rod and line he took,
For he said, "I'll go a-fishing in the neighboring brook."
And it chanced a little maiden was walking out that day,
And they met—in the usual way.

Then he sat down beside her, and an hour or two went by,
But still upon the grassy brink his rod and line did lie;
"I thought," she shyly whispered, "you'd be fishing all the day!"
And he was—in the usual way.

So he gravely took his rod in hand and threw the line about,
But the fish perceived distinctly he was not looking out;
And he said, "Sweetheart, I love you," but she said she could not stay,
But she did—in the usual way.

Then the stars came out above them, and she gave a little sigh
As they watched the silver ripples like the moments running by;
"We must say good-by," she whispered by the alders old and gray.
And they did—in the usual way.

And day by day beside the stream, they wandered to and fro,
And day by day the fishes swam securely down below,
Till this little story ended, as such little stories may,
Very much—in the usual way.

And now that they are married, do they always bill and coo?
Do they never fret and quarrel, like other couples do?
Does he cherish her and love her? Does she honor and obey?
Well, they do—in the usual way.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS IN POETRY

LITTLE MISS STUDY AND LITTLE MISS PLAY

BY FRED EMERSON BROOKS

Little Miss Study and little Miss Play,
Each came to the school from an opposite way;
While little Miss Study could always recite,
This little Miss Play hardly ever was right;
For little Miss Study found she could do more
By learning her lessons the evening before;
But, fond of a frolic, this little Miss Play
Would put off her lessons until the next day.
At the head of her class Miss Study was put,
While little Miss Play had to stay at the foot!
Thus little Miss Study and little Miss Play
Went onward through life—in an opposite way.

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of author and publisher.

A SIMILAR CASE

ANONYMOUS

Jack, I hear you've gone and done it,—
Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though you see I'm single still.
And you met her—did you tell me—
Down at Newport, last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a soiree?—So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room,
With its music and its light;
For they say Love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together,
Overhead, the starlit sky;
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—
You were frightened.—So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour,
All its radiance on the waters,
As they rippled on the shore,
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none was nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her,
That you loved her?—So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy,
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married,—eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over
And you're settled down, we'll try—
What? The deuce you say! Rejected?
You rejected?—So was I.

IRISH CASTLES

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN

"Sweet Norah, come here, and look into the fire;
Maybe in its embers good luck we might see;
But don't come too near, or your glances so shining,
Will put it clean out, like the sunbeams, machree!

"Just look 'twixt the sods, where so brightly they're burning,
There's a sweet little valley, with rivers and trees,
And a house on the bank, quite as big as the squire's—
Who knows but some day we'll have something like these?

"And now there's a coach and four galloping horses,
A coachman to drive, and a footman behind;
That betokens some day we will keep a fine carriage,
And dash through the streets with the speed of the wind."

As Dermot was speaking, the rain down the chimney,
Soon quenched the turf-fire on the hollowed hearth-stone:
While mansion and carriage, in smoke-wreaths evanished,
And left the poor dreamer dejected and lone.

Then Norah to Dermot, these words softly whispered:
"'Tis better to strive than to vainly desire:
And our little hut by the roadside is better
Than palace, and servants, and coach—in the fire!"

'Tis years since poor Dermot his fortune was dreaming—
Since Norah's sweet counsel effected its cure;
For, ever since then hath he toiled night and morning,
And now his snug mansion looks down on the Suir.

THE DEACON'S DRIVE

BY FRED EMERSON BROOKS

Good Deacon Jones, although a pious man,
Was not constructed on the meager plan;
And he so loved the Sabbath day of rest,
Of all the seven deemed it far the best;
Could he have made the year's allotment o'er,
He would have put in many rest-days more.
One Sunday morn, on sacred matters bent,
With his good wife, to church the deacon went.
And since there was no fear of being late,
The horse slow jogged along his Sunday gait.
This horse he got by trading with a Jew,
And called him Moses,—nothing else would do.
He'd been a race-horse in his palmy days,
But now had settled down to pious ways,—
Save now and then backsliding from his creed,
When overtempted to a burst of speed.

'Twas early, and the deacon's wife was driving,
While from the book the deacon hard was striving
On sacred things to concentrate his mind—
The sound of clattering hoofs is heard behind;
Old Mose pricked up his ears and sniffed the air;
The deacon mused: "Some racers, I declare!
Fast horse, fast man, fast speeds the life away,
While sluggish blood is slow to disobey!"
He closed the book; he'd read enough of psalms—
And, looking backward, spat upon his palms,
Then grabbed the sagging reins: "Land sakes alive!
It's late, Jerushee, guess I'd better drive!"

The wife suspects there's something on his mind;
Adjusts her spectacles and looks behind:
"Pull out, good Silas, let that sinner past
Who breaks the Sabbath day by drivin' fast!
What pretty horses; he's some city chap;
My, how he drives; he'll meet with some mishap!
Be quick thar, Silas; further to the side;
He's comin'; thank the Lord the road is wide!
Jes' look at Mose; if he ain't in fer war!
Say, Silas, what on earth you bracin' for?
Old man, have you forgot what day it is?"
"Git up thar, Mose! Jerushee, mind yer biz!"
"Upon my soul, look how that nag's a-pacin';
Why, Silas, dear, I do believe you're racin'!
Land sakes alive, what will the people say?
Good Deacon Jones a-racin', Sabbath day!"

"Jerushee, now you hold yer pious tongue,
And save yer voice until the hymns are sung!
'Make haste unto the Lord;' that's the command;
We're bound fer church—I trust you understand!"
"But goin' to church, good Silas, racin' so,
Will bring us into heaven mighty slow!"
"Hush up, Jerushee, else you'll make us late;
Gelong thar, Moses—strike yer winnin' gait!
God gave him speed and now's his time to show it;
If that's a sin, I never want to know it."

A loving wife to acquiescence used,
Jerusha soon begins to get enthused.
Said she: "Don't leave the church folk disappointed,
Nor let the ungodly beat the Lord's anointed!"
"You're right, Jerushee, thar yer head is level,
In life's long race the saint must beat the devil;
Though on this Hebrew horse depend we must
To keep the Christian from the sinner's dust.
That's right, Jerushee, give old Mose the birch,
Fer here's a race: The world ag'in' the church;
Both Testaments are at it fer their lives—
The Old one pacin' while the New one drives;
And Satan's found at last all he can do
To tackle both the Gentile and the Jew."

The stranger's horses come at such a pace
They dash ahead as if to take the race.
"The jig is up, Jerushee; guess he'll beat;
He's in the lead, and Mose is off his feet."
"What talk is that? Now, Silas, don't you scoff;
How can he jig if all his feet are off?
And now you say he's struck his gait at last,
I feared he'd strike on suthin', goin' so fast."
The stranger cries: "Come on, old Sanctimony,
Old wife, old wagon, and old rack-a-bony!"
Jerusha's dander's up; Jerusha's mad;
She grabs her bonnet and applies the gad.
And Mose at last has struck his old-time speed;
For once the Jew and Gentile are agreed.

Around the church the gathered country folk
Observe: "The Sabbath day is bein' broke."
With eager eye and half-averted face,
Though some condemn, yet all observe the race.
"Land sakes!" cries one, "I'll bet ye ten t' tew
It's Deacon Jones a-drivin' that ar Jew."
"I can't bet much, but here's my life upon it—
That thar's Jerushee—I know her by the bonnet!"
Along the dusty road the horses speed,
And inch by inch old Moses takes the lead.

Jerusha gets excited, now she's winning,
 And all her former anger dies a-grinning.
 "Come on, old Disbelief, old Satan's crony,
 Don't lag behind on any ceremony!
 Take my advice: Before you give much sass
 Jes' turn yer horses out on Sunday grass."

Old Mose had forged ahead at such a rate
 The Deacon couldn't stop him at the gate;
 The more he pulled the faster Mose would go;
 Jerusha grabbed one line and hollered: "Whoa!"
 Which swung him in; the buggy with a crash,
 Swinging against the horse-block, went to smash.
 The pastor said: "I hope you broke no bones,
 Although you broke the Sabbath, Deacon Jones."
 "Don't blame this onto Sile," Jerusha said:
 "But on that hoss; you know he's Jewish bred,
 An' won't do nothin' Saturday but rest;
 On Sunday he breaks loose like all possessed.
 At least we're here and safe, therefore rejoice,
 But I shall sing no more, I've strained my voice!"
 "I thought 'twould break," they heard the pastor say,
 "It has been cracked for many, many a day."

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THE CHRISTMAS RING

BY FRED EMERSON BROOKS

May was pretty, plump and pretty, and with such a lovely soul
 That a smile lit up her features like a mental aureole.
 People gazed in admiration—always listened—when she talked
 Always made you think of roses, but she limped whene'er she walked.
 Nothing crippled, nothing shriveled, nothing of the withered sort;
 Just a perfect human being, save one leg a trifle short;
 As though nature had intended her the rarest of her kind
 But fell short of precious matter and no substitute could find.
 Fair as polished alabaster that had wakened from its dream;
 But so modest and retiring she held every one's esteem.

Though her imperfection grieved her more than anybody knew,
Yet her life was like the heavens when the stars are peeping through.
At first sight of her you'd fancy as you blinked your startled eyes
You had chanced upon a seraph who had taken human guise:
As a man will gaze in wonder at a jewel on the ground
Ere he quite believes his senses that a treasure had been found.
Enter handsome, kindly David: comes a stranger to the place,
Searching for the soul of beauty hid behind a maiden face;
Not among the belles of fashion, not among the aimless kind,
Could he find the perfect woman he had pictured in his mind.
Thought to find a truer sweetheart in some pretty village lass;
Find his lily of the valley in the higher middle class;
Out among the quiet people where his riches were unknown,
Some fair maid whose homely virtues would appreciate his own.
It was at a social function where he met the charming May
And her sister, Belle, the elder, quite as handsome in her way.
May was sunny, sweet and gentle—Belle was haughty and austere;
While ambition strode beside her just a little bit too near.
As a gentleman of leisure, David played the friendly rôle,
As contented as a youngster when he's at a sugar-bowl.
David laid no special favor upon either Belle or May,
But he whispered things to Cupid—told him all he had to say.
Yet he played the gallant nobly, exercising all his art:
Hid behind the cunning Cupid he deployed to hide his heart.
May grew ever more unselfish, giving way to Sister Belle,
Till Dan Cupid felt like starting in a raucous college yell.
Belle had been the child of favor—May the daughter of regret;
One the Mount of Delectation, one the Mount of Olivet.
That a man preferred her sister was to Belle almost absurd:
She took everything for granted—simply waiting David's word.
Custom bids one ask the parents—though he heed not what they say—
If a lover love a lover love will get her anyway.
So when David sought permission he was just a bit obscure—
Which was laid to nervous tension such as lovers must endure.
May I win your noblest daughter? Both fond parents gave consent;
Thinking Belle the one intended—straight to her the father went.
Belle, too vain to hold the secret, poured it in the ears of May:
How the heart grows disappointed when a hope has gone astray.
As a graduate from college, David had excuse for staying,
But he gave the pair no inkling of the love-game he was playing.

Through the summer and the autumn David studied well his art:
Read up Cupid on devotion and the psychics of the heart.
At the Church on Christmas evening David played the Santa Claus:
Telling stories to the children; gaining laughter and applause;
Handed out the many presents till the tree was stripped and bare;
Gave to Belle a jewel-sunburst which she fastened in her hair.
With no special gift from David, May was getting trouble-hearted,
But by dint of constant smiling kept the tears from getting started.
In the midst of the excitement David cast off his disguise;
Gave a rousing speech of greeting, closing up with this surprise:
"Friends, I have an extra present, 'tis the last one on the tree,
For the Queen of Love and Beauty, choice of all the world to me:
One with that angelic nature, Heaven only can bestow;
But with just enough of human to detain her here below.
I have read her secret often as the star man reads the skies,
Till the horoscope got tangled in the flashlight of her eyes.
With a love beyond endurance and a wealth beyond control,
I have come to claim my sweetheart with the treasures of my soul.
As a symbol of devotion I have brought this solitaire—
For my heart is in the girdle and her name is graven there."
All are thrilled with expectation; every neck is craned to see
Who possesses all these virtues; whom the wonder maid can be.
Down the aisle our David hastened—passing Belle upon the way,
Till he paused to place the jewel on the pretty hand of May.
With her bosom over-flowing, May could utter not a word,
But her eyes and lips gave answer in the silence David heard.
And the tear that sorrow started changing quick to love's employ,
Trembled on her heavy lashes like a messenger of joy.
While her cheek has turned to crimson, down the drop of rapture
goes,
Stopping there awhile to glisten like a dewdrop on a rose.
Can you measure love's emotion when a sorrow turns to bliss,
When a maid whose heart is broken has it mended with a kiss?
It is said the first known lovers—and I think they do it yet,
As first aid in pressing cases, used their arms as tourniquet.
David kissed her there in public, and he hugged her all he could;
May had half-way hoped he wouldn't, then she half-way hoped he
would.

Though they broke a social custom, none was there to make ado,
And the pastor's benediction, *just for once, was just for two.*

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CUPID SWALLOWED

BY LEIGH HUNT

T'other day, as I was twining
 Roses for a crown to dine in,
 What, of all things, midst the heap,
 Should I light on, fast asleep,
 But the little desperate elf,—
 The tiny traitor,—Love himself!
 By the wings I pinched him up
 Like a bee, and in a cup
 Of my wine I plunged and sank him,
 And d'ye think I did?—I drank him!
 Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
 There he lives with ten-fold glee;
 And now this moment, with his wings,
 I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

THE VINEGAR MAN

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

The crazy old Vinegar Man is dead! He never had missed a day
 before!
 Somebody went to his tumble-down shed, by the Haunted House, and
 forced the door.
 There in the litter of his pungent pans, the murky mess of his mixing
 place,—
 Deep, sticky spiders and empty cans—with the same old frown on his
 sour old face.

“Vinegar-Vinegar-Vinegar Man!
 Face-us-and-chase-us-and-catch-if-you-can!
 Pepper for a tongue! Pickle for a nose!
 Stick a pin in him and vinegar flows!
 Glare-at-us-swear-at-us-catch-if-you-can!
 Ketch-up-and-chow-chow-and-Vinegar-Man!”

Nothing but recipes and worthless junk; greasy old records of paid
 and due;
 But, down in the depths of a battered old trunk, a queer, quaint valen-
 tine torn in two—

Red hearts and arrows, and silver lace, and a prim, dim, ladylike script
that said—

(Oh, Vinegar Man, with the sour old face!)—“With dearest love,
from Ellen to Ned!”

“Steal-us-and-peel-us-and-drown-us-in-brine!

He pickles his heart in”—a valentine!

“Vinegar for blood! Pepper for tongue!

Stick a pin in him and”—once he was young!

“Glare-at-us-swear-at-us-catch-if-you-can!”

“With dearest love”—to the Vinegar Man!

Dingy little books of profit and loss (died about Saturday, so they say)
And a queer, quaint valentine, torn across . . . torn, but it never was
thrown away!

“With dearest love from Ellen to Ned”—“Old Pepper Tongue! Pickles
his heart in brine!”

The Vinegar Man is a long time dead: he died when he tore his
valentine.

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HIS FAVORITE

She was a dainty little maid,
And he was very tall;
They gathered all the flowers
That grew by the garden wall.

“My favorite is the rose,” said she,
“Do you prefer the pink?
Perhaps you’re fond of hollyhocks,
You’re just like them, I think.

“You’re rather stiff and very tall
And nod your head just so
For all the world like hollyhocks
When summer breezes blow.

"But won't you tell me what
Your favorites are?
For if I only knew,"
(The words were soft and low),
"I'd try to raise a few."

"My favorites," he answered,
"This moment I can see.
I'm looking at your two lips,—
Will you raise tulips for me?"

THE MOURNFUL TALE OF THE SNEE ZEE FAMILEE

BY A. J. WATERHOUSE

There was a little yellow man whose name it was Ah Cheu,
And every time that Mongol sneezed he told his name to you.
This funny little yellow man had wedded Tish Ah Chee,
And they, when certain time had passed, had children one, two, three.

There was little Ah Cheu
And Tish Ah Tsu,
And the baby was named Ker Chee,
And their Uncle Ker Chawl
And his wife were all
Of the Snee Zee fam-i-lee,

And when the mamma stood and called her children from the door,
You would laugh and laugh for an hour and a half if never you
laughed before.

"Ah Cheu," she'd say in her feminine way, "bring in little Ker Chee,
And Tish Ah Tsu, bring him in, too, to the Snee Zee fam-i-lee."

Alas and alack! but my voice will crack as the mournful tale I tell.
To that sweet little band in the Mongol land a terrible fate befell.
On a summer day in a sportive way they called one another all,
And over and o'er the names they bore they would call and call and
call.

They called Ah Cheu
 And Tish Ah Tsu
 And the baby Ker Chee, Ker Chee,
 And their Uncle Ker Chawl,
 They called them all,
 Till they're dead as dead can be.

Ah Cheu was tough, and was used to snuff, so he lived at his fate
 to scoff,

But the rest are dead, as I've heretofore said, for their heads they
 were all sneezed off.

And this is the tale I have tried to wail of Ah Cheu and his little
 Ker Chee

And Tish Ah Tsu and Ah Chee, too, of the Snee Zee fam-i-lee.

—From "Lays for Little Chaps."

TO A USURPER

BY EUGENE FIELD

Aha! a traitor in the camp,
 A rebel strangely bold,—
 A lisping, laughing, toddling scamp,
 Not more than four years old!

To think that I, who've ruled alone
 So proudly in the past,
 Should be ejected from my throne
 By my own son at last!

He trots his treason to and fro,
 As only babies can,
 And says he'll be his mamma's beau
 When he's a "Gweat, big man!"

You stingy boy! you've always had
 A share in mamma's heart;
 Would you begrudge your poor old dad
 The tiniest little part?

That mamma, I regret to see,
 Inclines to take your part,—
 As if a dual monarchy
 Should rule her gentle heart!

But when the years of youth have sped,
The bearded man, I trow,
Will quite forget he ever said
He'd be his mamma's beau.

Renounce your treason, little son,
Leave mamma's heart to me;
For there will come another one
To claim your loyalty.

And when that other comes to you,
God grant her love may shine .
Through all your life, as fair and true
As mamma's does through mine!

MY RIVAL

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

I go to concert, party, ball—
What profit is in these?
I sit alone against the wall
And strive to look at ease.
The incense that is mine by right
They burn before her shrine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And she is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush,
My color comes and goes;
I redden to my finger-tips,
And sometimes to my nose.
And she is white where white should be,
And red where red should shine.
The blush that flies at seventeen
Is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had her constant cheek:
I wish that I could sing
All sorts of funny little songs,
Not quite the proper thing.

I'm very gauche and very shy,
Her jokes aren't in my line;
And worst of all, I'm seventeen
While she is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go,
Each pink and white and neat,
She's older than their mothers, but
They grovel at her feet.
They walk beside her rickshaw wheel:—
None ever walk by mine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And she is forty-nine.

She rides with half a dozen men,
(She calls them "boys" and "mashers")
I trot along the Mall alone;
My prettiest frocks and sashes
Don't help to fill my programme-card,
And vainly I repine
From 10 to 2 A. M. Ah me!
Would I were forty-nine!

She calls me "darling," "pet," and "dear,"
And sweet "retiring maid."
I'm always at the back, I know,
She puts me in the shade.
She introduces me to men,
"Cast" lovers I opine,
For sixty takes to seventeen,
Nineteen to forty-nine.

But even she must older grow,
And end her dancing days,
She can't go on forever so
At concerts, balls and plays.
One ray of priceless hope I see
Before my footsteps shine;
Just think, that she'll be eighty-one
When I am forty-nine.

LUCKY JIM

BY FRED EMERSON BROOKS

A FORGOTTEN STORY REWRITTEN FOR REINE DAVIES

Two jolly, boyish chums were we
For I loved Jim and Jim loved me.
We played together—went to school,
And learned the selfsame Golden Rule.
Jim kissed the girls and so did I;
But Jim got married on the sly.
The sweetest girl I ever knew
Her cheeks like roses wet with dew.
I kept my secret through the years
And tried to drown my love in tears.
Though oft I thought of suicide
The more I tried the less I died.

Refrain:

But every night I watched the sky
To see the moon and stars go by
And wondered how the angels fly
And thought of Jim—My lucky Jim—
And what I'd give to have her mine
That I might worship at her shrine,
But she was his, I'd not repine—
Oh, how I envied—envied him.

Some secret grief Jim sought to hide;
Grew weak and weaker till he died
And though I grieved that it was so,
I could not weep to see him go,
For joy, not sorrow, filled my bowl:
'Twas mine the widow to console.
Though Jim was dead, I was alive
To bring sweet honey to the hive.
I married her, and in my glee
Was happy as a honey-bee:
I called her "kitten"—In nine days
My eyes were opened to her ways.

Refrain:

Now every night I watch the sky
 To see the moon and stars go by
 And wonder how the angels fly
 And think of Jim—my lucky Jim:
 Deep lines of sorrow mar my face
 As time goes on with lagging pace
 Oh, how I long to take his place
 Oh, how I envy—envy him.

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THE WHISTLING BOY

BY FRED EMERSON BROOKS

What music like the whistle of a well-contented boy,—
 That rhythmic exhalation of an ever-present joy?
 Though the fragmentary cadence of a plain, untutored art,
 'Tis the melody of childhood, 'tis a psalm from out the heart.
 You will never find a criminal behind an honest smile;
 And the boy ne'er grows a villain who keeps whistling all the while,—
 Though he whistle out of tune.

What cares he for fickle fortune,—what the fashion may bestow?
 In his little barefoot kingdom royalty in rags may go.
 With an apple in his pocket and another in his mouth,
 Cares not how the wind is blowing, whether north or whether south;
 For he has no crops a-growing, has no ships upon the sea;
 And he keeps right on a-whistling, whate'er the tune may be,—
 For he whistles out of tune.

'Tis the early smile of Summer creeping o'er the face of June,
 Even though this crude musician many times is off the tune,
 Till it bears the same resemblance to the melody that's meant,
 That his garments do to trousers little matter how they're rent.
 When he's very patriotic then his tune is sure to be—
 Although a bit rebellious—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee!"
 Which he whistles out of tune:
 (America.)

Such a vision of good nature in his cheery, smiling face;
Better clothes would check his freedom, rob him of his rustic grace;
So he feels a trifle awkward in his brand-new Sunday clothes,
While repeating to his teacher all the Scripture that he knows.
Out of Sunday school he rushes, takes his shoes off on the sly;
Says: "The angels all go barefoot in the sweeter by and by!"
Which he whistles out of tune:
(Sweet By and By.)

Sometimes whistling for his playmate; sometimes whistling for his dog,
On the quiet, in the schoolhouse, to perplex the pedagogue;
Sometimes whistling up his courage; often whistling just because.
In the South he whistles "Dixie" o'er and o'er, without a pause,
Till he's out of breath completely, when it seems to be, perchance,
But a knickerbocker whistle, since it comes in little pants,—
For he whistles out of tune:
(Dixie.)

Should he hail from old New England you may safely bet your life
He can whittle out a whistle with his broken-bladed knife.
He will play his cornstalk fiddle, and his dog will never fail
To show appreciation, beating *tempo* with his tail;
Then he whistles "Yankee Doodle" like the tunes you often hear
On the old farmhouse piano when the sister plays by ear,—
For he whistles out of tune:
(Yankee Doodle.)

There is many a weeping mother longing, morning, night, and noon,
For her boy to come back whistling just the fragment of a tune;
But he's yonder entertaining all the angels unaware
With a melody so human they're bound to keep him there;
For all that heavenly music nothing sounds to them so sweet
As that cheery, boyish whistle and the patter of his feet,—
For he whistles all in tune:
(Nearer, My God, to Thee.)

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THE LITTLE PEACH

BY EUGENE FIELD

A little peach in the orchard grew,—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.
Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew,—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue.
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew,—
Boo hoo!

What of that peach of the emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
Adieu!

LITTLE BILLEE

BY W. M. THACKERAY

There were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.

"Oh! Billy we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled off his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,
And down he fell, on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee;
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill he made him
The Captain of a seventy-three.

A GALLANT THIRD PARTY

BY LITTELL McCLUNG

A wooer, a maid and the moon,
And a starry night, you'll allow,
Let's say in August or June,
Though it hardly matters just now.

The man in the moon peered down
With a jealous eye on the pair,
And his face was dark with a frown,
For the girl was bewitchingly fair.

"Just one," begged the lover. "Please, dear,
Don't you see I love only you?
And nobody's looking, don't fear;
And you know that I'll ever be true."

But the maid saw the man in the moon,
And she hardly knew how to reply;
Maybe she might pretty soon;
Yet maybe she oughtn't to try.

But the chap in the sky was a brick,
And he saw that he shouldn't be seen,
So he gathered a cloud, black and thick,
And set it up quick as a screen.

A TRAGIC STORY

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,
I'll turn me round." He turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain it mattered not a pin,
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back
The pigtail hangs behind him.

THE POOR LITTLE BIRDIES

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

The poor little birdies that sleep in the trees,
Going rockaby, rockaby, lulled by the breeze;
The poor little birdies, they make me feel bad,
Oh, terribly, dreadfully, dismally sad,
For—think of it, little one; ponder and weep—
The birdies must stand when they sleep, when they sleep;
And their poor little legs—
I am sure it is so—
They ache, and they ache,
For they're weary, you know.
And that is the reason that far in the night
You may hear them say "Dear-r-r!" if you listen just right,
For the poor little birdies must sleep on the bough,
And they want to lie down, but they do not know how.

Just think of it, darling; suppose you must stand
On those little brown legs, all so prettily planned;

Suppose you must stand when you wanted to sleep,
I am sure you would call for your mamma and weep,
And your poor little legs, they would cramp, I have guessed,
And your poor little knees, they would call for a rest;
And you'd cry, I am sure,
For so weary you'd be;
And you'd want to lie down,
But you couldn't, you see.
And that is the reason why we should feel bad .
For the poor little birdies, who ought to be glad;
For they want to lie down as they sleep on the bough;
They want to lie down, but they don't know how.

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THE FUNERAL AT PARADISE BAR

BY PAUL SHOUP

About four o'clock in the morning, Uncle Hank Witherspoon would climb up on the box while the sun was tossing a few experimental shafts of light across the canyon, and, watching with pride and satisfaction the leaders dancing little dust clouds out of the stage road, would remark to bystanders who turned up their coat collars and talked politics to keep warm: "Some men are born hostlers; you see it by the way they lifts a hoss's foot; some *sabes* how to ride, and most gin'r'lly they overruns their boots'n their spurs is bright; and then there be others that are fine at hoofin' it and lambastin' a pack train with a rawhide an' one hundred choice selections from two langidges; but as for me, my special speci-ality is just plain drivin' of a stage; a stage with four hosses; just that and nothin' more." With that Uncle Hank would loosen his whip, the leaders would rear like chargers on a monument, the wheel horses would gather their feet under them—and down the road, pitching, swaying, leaving behind them a wall of dust, would go the famous Mokelumne stage, while half the population of Paradise Bar—they were early risers in the camp—would stand with hands in pockets, staring after in silent admiration. Uncle Hank was wiry and grizzled and storm-beaten; his pointed beard stood out at a strong angle to his determined nose; his eyes were of a mild and pleasant blue, but the fire in them awaited only the flint. His laugh

was merry, but he had a voice that would make the most obstreperous horse remember that he was but as the dust of the earth before this master.

Uncle Hank was at the helm of the transportation system of Paradise Bar; he and his stage the connecting link between camp and civilization, the latter represented by the county seat, Meadow Lark.

Uncle Hank, recognizing his importance in both communities, and especially in Paradise Bar, was as gracious as an only hope—he was never forlorn. He was an absolute dictator, it was true; he even decided the locations of the passengers on the stage, and settled disputes as to outside and inside. But he was autocratic wisely, and there was really no reason why he should have been called upon to divide his sovereignty. Yet, one sad day the Alladin Bonanza Company built a lumber road down from Paradise Bar to Lone Pine. At Lone Pine the new road connected with the line of the Gray Eagle Stage Company, which, as Uncle Hank put it, flopped its way up from Meadow Lark. So, when the Gray Eagle extended its tri-weekly service from Lone Pine to Paradise Bar, trouble outcropped on Uncle Hank's trail at once. George William Pike, of the Upper Basin, was the driver to whom Uncle Hank referred as the dry goods clerk who handled the ribbons for the opposition corporation.

George William surmised here and there and elsewhere, when he cornered an audience, that the new route was two miles the shorter, and the grade, calculating ups and downs, at least five per cent better. The report reached Uncle Hank by air line, of course. He was silent a little while, and then with elaborate courtesy thanked his informant, adding that he was greatly obliged, not for the news itself, but because he had for a long time been trying to recollect the name of the chap who left Placerville after trying circumstances without advising his bondsmen. It was indeed strange that a man caught stealing garments from a poor washerwoman's clothes line should be directing horses; remarkably odd, when it was evident that he was cut out for a Chinaman and not a stage driver. So saying, Uncle Hank awoke an echo unusually far off, making it jump startled from the hillside at the crack of his whip, and drove on.

There was some difference of opinion in Paradise Bar concerning the merits of the two lines; so long as they ran on different days and at different hours, the question could not be satisfactorily settled, and the Bright Light kept open an hour later in the evening to permit a full discussion of the subject—thereby saving shutting up at all. The real trouble began when the Gray Eagle line, perceiving that Uncle

Hank continued to carry the larger part of the business, borrowed his schedule and started to operate upon it with their new yellow coach with vermillion trimmings and four white horses, to say nothing of George William Pike with his curled mustache, red necktie and stand-up collar. He would have worn a silk hat too—the owners of the line were aristocrats, with ideas and winter residences in Lunnon—but Morosin' Jones who squirmed his shoulders and clasped his hands like an awkward maid of fifteen when he talked, begged him to desist; he, Morosin', had such an unconquerable inclination to perforate high hats with his forty-four wherever they might be. George William wisely desisted. Uncle Hank's stage had nothing but a faint recollection of paint, and was written over with history recorded by bullet holes; the harness was apt to be patched, and Nebuchadnezzar, the off leader, was wall-eyed, and his partner, Moloch, sway-backed and short maned. Of the wheel horses, one was a gray with hoofs that needed constant paring; the other had the appearance of a white-washed house at which mud had been flung with startling effect. Of the two, Rome and Athens, no god could have decided which was entitled to the palm of ugliness; but Uncle Hank, who loved them all with the love a man may have for a homely dog, declared that the wheel-horses were beauty spots in nature alongside the leaders.

It was a memorable morning on which the two stages left Paradise Bar together. The yellow stage, with its nickel-plated harness and white horses and tan-gloved driver, started three minutes first; and then, as if gathering up his horses and the stage and the reins altogether, Uncle Hank went down the line. It was a lively experience for the passengers; bends they went around on two wheels, creeks they took at a leap, bowlders and ruts only they avoided, and that because a scientist was using his science. The grade of the other line must have been at that time very good, for Uncle Hank had been only four minutes hitched in front of the Elysium Hotel when the other stage drew up. It was true that he picked his teeth as if he had been in to lunch, and casually enquired of a passenger, so that George William might hear, if they had stopped for dinner on the road, or did they expect to get it at the hotel; whereat the passenger, jolted and jarred beyond good manners, roared: "Stop for dinner! Great Scott! We stopped for nothing—bowlders, rivers, landslides and precipices; if his Satanic Majesty was after us, he found the worst trail he ever traveled—and I can't imagine what other reason there could be for such driving."

The passenger went into the hotel. George William said something

below his breath, and Uncle Hank smiled. Alas for vanity! Ever it goes before a stumble, a broken spring or a sick horse. The stages had different schedules for the upward trip, but on the next journey downward disaster overtook Uncle Hank. Seven of the nine hours' ride were accomplished, and the stage was at the mouth of the canyon. Here a point of rock thrusts itself forward, marking a sharp turn in the road. Around this turn galloped the horses, and twenty feet before him, sunning itself in the road, Moloch saw an eleven-button rattler. He knew what that meant, and sat down and slid with all four feet plowing the mountain road. They stopped short of the snake, that had coiled and awaited their coming, and then perceiving the enemy otherwise engaged, had wisely slipped into the manzanitas by the roadside. Fifteen precious minutes were used in repairing the disaster to the harness—and the race was lost. That night, for the first time in the ten years in which he had been the oracle of two communities, Uncle Hank, instead of telling stories and expounding wisdom for the benefit of the unenlightened below, went up to his room immediately after dinner and retired without lighting his candle. George William put on a new pink necktie and his beloved silk hat, and went about, stepping high like one of his white horses, but casting wary glances abroad for the appearance of one Morosin' Jones, who was coy and fidgety and could perforate a dollar at one hundred feet.

In Paradise Bar every game was settled by the best two out of three. Life was too feverish and too short to await three out of five, and it was against the principles of the camp to leave any questions undecided. Therefore, it was tacitly understood that the winner of the next race would be the standard of comparison thereafter in matters pertaining to travel. Other stage lines would be second-class, ranking just above a mule train. There was another reason: Paradise Bar was exceedingly fond of excitement, but it had no mind to risk its neck in stage racing down the mountain-side forever and ever; precipices yawned too many invitations. The personal feeling and the betting both heavily favored Uncle Hank, both gratifying and troubling to him.

There is little doubt that in the third race, under fair conditions, Uncle Hank would have won; he would either have won or gone over a precipice. But Rome, who had never before been known to have anything the matter with him save an abnormal appetite for grain, fell slightly lame. All day before the race, Uncle Hank worried over this, all night he tossed in his blankets, and was only partly relieved the next day when Rome appeared again to be all right, and ate hay as

if under the impression that the sun was shining and there was plenty more being made. The last two days had greatly changed Uncle Hank; he carried his head so that his beard touched his breast; his hat was slouched low over his eyes; he kept his hands in his pockets and spoke in monosyllables. He ate little and had a far-away look in his blue eyes. He saw his fame departing, his reputation collapsing, all that a man may build in this life, whether he creates empires or digs post-holes, crumbling—the reputation of “being onto his job.”

The next morning with the fear of that lameness in his heart, Uncle Hank hitched up and drove down the main street. He saw the yellow stage also ready. There was no evidence of lameness in Rome as he drove up to the door of the express office, nor when the stage stopped at the Record Nugget for the hotel passengers. Uncle Hank's despondent face became more cheerful; he looked older and grayer and even bent a little that morning, but he climbed up on the box with his old-time energy. His courage and spirit were never to be doubted; only that lameness in Rome worried him. He gathered up the lines and loosened his whip; but the four did not go with their accustomed dashing display. Instead there was confusion and hesitation; in fifteen yards the slight lameness of the right wheel horse was apparent, and Uncle Hank drew up. He dropped the lines, and for a moment his face was in his hands.

The other stage had gone. Nothing could ever convince the public satisfactorily, he thought, that after starting he had not given up the race through fear. The limp was scarcely apparent. He perhaps would not have noticed it for some miles had it not been for his haunting dread and the false start. Yet he knew what it would mean before the level was reached—a steep down grade and he would have to go walking into Meadow Lark, a loser by an hour.

Uncle Hank, a broken old man, climbed down from the stage. “Take 'em, George,” he said to the hostler. “There won't be no stage down to-day.” He said no more, but passed amid a dead silence along the road through the population of Paradise Bar which had turned out to see the beginning of the deciding race. Some guessed at the reason; and to all it became apparent when the horses were taken back to the stable and carefully examined. That day Uncle Hank did not appear, nor the next; So Bob Allen went up to his cabin in the evening and, receiving no response to his knocking, kicked open the door and went in. Uncle Hank lay in his bunk, his face to the wall. To Bob's expressions of sympathy and encouraging remarks, he made no reply; they were to him as the expressions engraved on tomb-

stones, and but added bitterness now. To his arguments, Uncle Hank vouchsafed single words in return, and never turned his face from the wall. From sympathy to argument, from argument he drifted into bulldozing; alluded to Uncle Hank as a man afraid of things, among which he specified a large number in language that I will not reproduce; and when three connected words was the most he could get out of Uncle Hank even by this, Bob knew the case was desperate, and retired, defeated.

The friends of Uncle Hank, the entire population of Paradise Bar, gravely discussed the situation. It was unanimously decided that the yellow stage should thereafter stop outside of the camp limits, and Morosin' Jones publicly announced, his shoulders working up and down most nervously, that George William would immediately cease from wearing stand-up collars and red neckties; he would come into camp with a slouch hat, a flannel shirt and teamster's warranted-to-wear gloves—or it was quite likely he would never go out again. This statement met with the silent approval of the entire assemblage; and George William, hearing of it, puzzled and bewildered, wisely refrained from coming into the camp limits at all, but remained by the stage. He explained in Meadow Lark that Paradise Bar had gone crazy; and a cheerful miner from that camp acquiesced, but added that some of the lunatics were not yet corralled, but still straying about; and said it looking so significantly at George William that the latter went home and hunted up a flannel shirt at once.

The next morning a committee waited on Uncle Hank, prepared with arguments that would show him the error of broken-heartedness—the easiest thing in the world to cure if its victims would but live to tell us of it. Uncle Hank still lay with his face to the wall, and in a little while the news was abroad in the camp that Uncle Hank, still with his face to the wall, had resolutely died. It was a gray day in Paradise Bar; the melodion in the Red Light was hushed; friends nodded instead of speaking as they passed by; the camp began to realize what it had lost. It was determined, as a last mark of the camp's esteem for Uncle Hank, to make the journey to the place of the final tie-up simple but impressive. No formal meeting was held; the boys just gathered together and acted on a common idea. The whole camp would be in the procession, and they would go down to Meadow Lark over the old familiar road. Uncle Hank's stage carrying the old stage-driver, would be at the head, of course; then there was an awkward pause. More than one felt that it would add to the dignity of the occasion to have two stages, but finally, when Major

Wilkerson arose and suggested that the Gray Eagle stage, carrying leading citizens, be placed next, there was a murmur of dissent. Then Bob Allen arose in his place and made the only known speech of his life:

"Friends, you are on the wrong trail and will hit a blind canyon, certain. Of course we should have the other stage, and Pike to drive it. Uncle Hank wasn't the kind of a man to carry jealousy with him into camp. 'Twasn't being beat by Pike that broke Uncle Hank's heart; it was partly p'haps being beat at all, and partly, to my way of thinkin', because Paradise Bar didn't stand behind him. That was the main reason, gentlemen; he just died of pure lonesomeness. When this yaller ve-hicle comes into camp, does we say to it: 'You're purty and you're new, and probably your springs is all right and maybe your road; but you might jest as well pass on. Do you observe this old stage with its paint wore off and its bullet holes? Do you see that it's down a little on one side and some of the spokes is new and some are old? Do you know that these four old hosses have been whoopin' her up for Paradise Bar and for nothin' else these ten years—and a sunshiny day and one chuck full of snow and sleet was all the same to them? Be you aware that this is our Uncle Hank, and that he has been workin' our lead for us these fifteen years, and never lost a dollar or a pound of stuff or spilled a passenger, or asked one of the boys to hoof it because he hadn't no *dincro*? Those bullet holes—men behind masks made 'em, but Uncle Hank never tightened a ribbon for the whole caboodle. The paint's been knocked off that stage in our service, and it's ours. Therefore, though you be yaller and handsome, with consid'ble silver plate, we can't back you against our own flesh and blood. And that settles it.' Did we talk that way, boys? No, we jest stood off and gambled on the result as if Uncle Hank was a travelin' stranger 'stead of the best friend we had. We stood off impartial like and invited the white hoss outfit to git in and win if it could. And now, gentlemen, have we got the nerve to dynamite this opposition stage line, when the whole gang of us ought to be blown sky high?

"Uncle Hank wouldn't have had it so. He didn't cherish any ill feeling pussonly against anybody; whatever he said was because they was takin' away from him what he had worked all his life for. He wasn't jealous of George William, but of him as a stage driver, because we made him so. Boys, he loved us and was mighty proud of our regard—and we didn't show it in the time of trial. And he's gone over the great divide with tears in his eyes, and we are to blame.

Who among any of us poor fools has a right to say that the other stage shouldn't follow?"

Bob sat down amid absolute silence, wiping his face vigorously. Major Wilkerson rose to his feet. "I renew my suggestion," said he, "that we have the Gray Eagle stage. I think you'll all agree that Bob's right."

Morosin' Jones rose from his stump, suffused with emotion. "In course he's right," he said, huskily, "but the stage ou't to be painted black." A murmur of assent greeted this speech.

The day was beautiful. The procession went slowly down the old stage road, past Lime Point, through the Roaring River canyon, beyond up Reddy's grade, over the First Summit and then through Little Forest to the watering-place at the head of the last canyon. Every stream, every tree, every rock along the road was known to Uncle Hank. He was going home over a familiar way. The pine trees, with their somber green, were silent; the little streams that went frolicking from one side of a canyon to another seemed subdued; it was spring, but the gray squirrels were not barking in the tree-tops, and the quail seemed to pipe but faintly through the underbrush. The lupines and the bluebells nodded along the way; the chipmunks stood in the sunlight and stared curiously.

All would have gone well had not George William Pike been a man without understanding—and such a man is beyond redemption. He did not appreciate the spirit of the invitation to join in this last simple ceremony in honor of Uncle Hank. He accepted it as an apology from Paradise Bar and growled to himself because of the absurd request to paint the coach black—which he would not have done except for an order from the superintendent, who was a man of policy. A year could have been wasted in explaining that the invitation was an expression of humility and of atonement for the camp's treatment of its own. So he came and wore his silk hat and his red necktie, and Morosin' Jones almost had a spasm in restraining himself.

Down the mountain-side they went, slowly and decorously. Nothing eventful happened until the mouth of the canyon was cleared, and then George William became impatient. He could not understand the spirit of the occasion. Meadow Lark and supper were a long way off, and the luncheon at Half-Way House had been light. So he began making remarks over his horses' heads with the intention of hurrying up Gregg, who was driving the old stage. "Well fitted for this kind of work, those horses, ain't they?" he said. "Seems curious they were

ever put on the stage." Gregg said nothing, but tightened rein a bit. "Where will we stop for the night?" asked George William presently, flicking the off leader's ear with his whip.

Gregg turned around angrily. "If you don't like the way this thing is bein' done, you can cut and go on in town alone; but if you don't keep your mouth closed there'll be trouble."

"I don't want to go into town alone," rejoined George William pleasantly, "but I reckon we'd go in better fashion if we was at the head of this percession."

"Maybe you'd better try it," said Gregg, reddening, and thereupon George William turned out his four white horses and his black stage, without saying anything to his two passengers, and proceeded to go around. Gregg gathered in the slack in his reins. "Go back!" he roared. But Pike, swinging wide to the right to avoid the far-reaching whip, went on. Nebuchadnezzar pricked up his ears. Rome looked inquiringly at Athens, and Moloch snorted indignantly. Athens' expression said very plainly: "Are we at our time of life going to permit four drawing-room apologies for horses and a new-fangled rattletrap to pass us on our own road?" The negative response could be seen in the quiver that ran down each horse's back. The leaders gently secured their bits between their teeth. So absorbed was Gregg in the strange actions of George William that he paid little attention to his own horses.

Up and down the line behind him men were waving and gesticulating and shouting. "Don't let him pass you!" yelled Wilkerson. That instruction ran up and down the line, clothed in a variety of picturesque and forcible utterances. But no instruction was needed by the horses in front of Gregg. They understood, and scarcely had the other stage turned into the main road ahead when they at one jump broke from a walk into a gallop. George William saw and gave his four the rein and the whip. Glancing back, Gregg watched the whole procession change from a line of decorous dignity to one of active excitement. Dust began to rise, men on horseback passed men on mules; men in buckboards passed men on lumber wagons. George William held the road, and with it a great advantage. To pass him it would be necessary to go out among the rocks and the sage-brush, and the white four were racing swiftly, rolling out behind them a blinding cloud of dust. Gregg set his teeth, and spoke encouragingly to his horses. George William turned and shouted back an insult: "You needn't hurry; we'll tell them you'll be there to-morrow. 'Tend

to your new business; there is nothing in the other for you. We're going into town first."

"Maybe," said Gregg grimly—and loosened his whip. The four lifted themselves together at its crack; in another half mile they were ready to turn out to go around. Gregg watched for a place anxiously. Brush and boulders seemed everywhere, but finally he chose a little sandy wash along which ran the road for a way.

Turning out he went into the sand and lost ten yards. He heard George William laugh sarcastically. But the old stage horses had been in sand before, and had but one passenger besides their driver. In a little while they were abreast the leaders, and here they stayed and could gain no farther. For George William laid on the lash, and the road was good. On they went, the one stage running smoothly on the hard road, the other swaying, bounding, rocking among the rocks and gullies. A little while they ran thus, and then the road began to tell. Pike shouted triumphantly. Gregg, with despair in his heart, watched with grief the loss of inch after inch. "What can I do?" he groaned—and turning, he found himself face to face with Uncle Hank. The reins dropped from his nerveless hands, and his face went white.

"Give me a hand!" shouted Uncle Hank, and over the swinging door he crawled on the seat—and Gregg perceived he was flesh and blood. The old fire was in his eyes, he stood erect and loosened his whip with his left hand easily as of yore. And then something else happened. The line behind was scattered and strung out to perhaps a mile in length, but every eye was on the racing coaches. They saw the familiar figure of the old stage driver, saw him gather up the reins; saw and understood that he had come back to life again, and up and down that line went a cheer such as Paradise Bar will seldom hear again. Uncle Hank sent the whip waving over the backs of his beloved. "Nebuchadnezzar! Moloch! Rome! Athens! Come! No loafing now. This is our road, our stage—and our camp is shouting. Don't you hear the boys! Ten years together, you'n me. Whose dust have we taken? Answer me! Good, Athens, good—steady, Rome, you blessed whirlwind. Reach out, Neb—that's it—reach. Easy, Moloch, easy; never mind the rocks. Yo-ho! Yo-ho-o-o! In we go!"

At the first words of the master, the four lifted themselves as if inspired. Then they stretched lowly and ran; ran because they knew as only horses can know; ran as his voice ran, strong and straight. In three minutes they turned in ahead of the white horses and the

funeral stage. The race was practically won. Uncle Hank with the hilarious Gregg alongside, drove into Meadow Lark ten minutes ahead of all others—and Meadow Lark in its astonishment almost stampeded. After a while the rest of Paradise Bar arrived, two of its leading citizens, who had started out in a certain black stage drawn by four horses, coming in on foot. They were quite non-committal in their remarks, but it was inferred from a few words dropped casually that, after the stage stopped, they lost some time in chasing the driver back into the foothills; and it was observed that they were quite gloomy over their failure to capture him.

"Oh, never mind," said Morosin' Jones, in an ecstasy of joy. "What's the good of cherishin' animosity? Why, for all I care he kin wear that red necktie now if he wants to"—then after a pause—"yes, and the silk hat, too, if he's bound to be a cabby."

Uncle Hank was smiling and shaking hands with everybody and explaining how the familiar motion of the stage had brought him out of his trance. "I'm awful glad to have you here, boys; mighty glad to see you. The hosses and me are proud. I'll admit it. We oughter be. Ain't Paradise Bar with us, and didn't we win two out of three, after all?"—From *The Black Cat*, June, 1902, copyright by *Short Story Publishing Co.*, and used by their kind permission.

HUMOROUS DIALECT SELECTIONS IN POETRY

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

POPULARLY KNOWN AS
THE HEATHEN CHINEE

TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870

BY BRET HARTE

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland,

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

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PARODY ON "THAT HEATHEN CHINEE"

[The following remarkable parody was written by the Reverend Father Wood, Professor of English Literature at St. Ignatius College, San Francisco. For the annual exercises of his class, a debate was to be held as to the respective abilities of the various authors and poets studied during the year. Each had his advocates and strenuous adherents. The final test adopted was that each adherent should write out Bret Harte's *Heathen Chinee* in the form his favorite author would have followed. These verses are after the style of Samuel Lover, the Irish poet.]

Did ye hear of the haythen Ah Sin,
 Maginn?
The bouldest of bould Chaneymin,
 Maginn?
Oh. He was the bye
Who could play it on Nye
And strip him as aisy as sin,
 To the skin.
Oh. 'Twas he was the gossoon to win.

It was euchre w'd play, me and Nye,
 Me bye!
An' the stakes was uproariously high,
 Me bye!
Nye's sleeves they was stocked,
An' me feelin's was shocked,
But never a whisper said I—
 You know why!
For Bill is outrageously sly!

The game to the haythen was new,
 Aboo!
He didn't quite know what to do,
 Aboo!
With the cyards in his hand
He smiled childlike and bland,
And asked us of questions a few,
 Wirrastheu!
Which we answered as bad as we knew.

We tuk it the game was our own,
Ochone!
We'd pick him as cleane as a bone,
Ochone!
But the hands that he played
An' the p'intz that he made,
Made me feel like a babby ungrown,
I must own!
An' dull as I'd shwallowed a stone!

Nye wud give him a three or a four,
Asthere!
But niver a better cyard more.
Asthere!
Yet he'd dhrop down a king
Just the aiseest thing,
An' jokers an' bowers galore
By the score!
You may lay he'd been there before!

He was happy as haythen cud be,
Machree!
His manner surprisingly free,
Machree!
But William looked sour
When he played the right bower
Which William had dealt out to me,
Do ye see!
For to euchre the haythen Chinee.

Then William got up in a stew,
Hurroo!
An' shlated Ah Sin black and blue,
Hurroo!
An' shuk out of his sleeve,
I'm not makin' believe,
Of picture cyards quite a good few!
It is thue—
This shtory I'm tellin' to you.

We had danced to the haythen's own tune.

Aroon!

Oh! It's lucky we got out so soon,

Aroon!

He had twenty-four packs,

On his fingers was wax—

An' this in Tim Casey's saloon!

The ould coon!

How he played us that warm afternoon,

Aroon!

KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY

BY HARRISON ROBERTSON

You Wi'yam, cum 'ere, suh, dis instunce. Wu' dat you got under dat box?

I do' want no foolin'—you hear me? Wut you say? Ain't nu'h'n but *rocks?*

'Peahs ter me you's owdashus p'ticler. S'posin' dey's uv a new kine.

I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi yi! der you think dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain water-million, you scamp, en I knows whah it grewed;

It come fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel', dah on ter side er de road.

You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you fum down in de lot.

En time I gets th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't eb'n be a grease spot!

I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mirandy! go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase!

En cut me de toughes' en keenes' you c'n fine anywhah on de place.

I'll larn you, Mr. Wi'yam Joe Vettters, ter steal en ter lie, you young sinner,

Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy, en makin' her leave cookin' dinner!

Now ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, sur? I is. I's 'shamed you's my son!

En de holy accorjan angel he's 'shamed er wut you has done;

En he's tuk it down up yander in coal-black, blood-red letters—

"One water-million stoled by Wi'yam Josephus Vettters."

En wut you s'posen Brer Bascom, yo' teacher at Sunday school,

'Ud say ef he knowed how you's broke de good Lawd's Gol'n Rule?

Boy, whah's de raisin' I give you? Is you boun' fuh ter be a black villiun?

I's s'prised dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud steal any man's water-million.

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, en you shain't have nary bite,
Fuh a boy who'll steal water-millions—en dat in de day's broad light—
Ain't—*Lawdy!* its *green!* Mirandy! Mi-ran-dy! come on wi' dat switch!
Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n water-million! who ever yeered tell er des sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y, you thump 'um, en we'n dey go pank dey is green;

But w'en dey go *punk*, now you mine me, dey's ripe—en dat's des wut I mean.

En nex' time you hook water-millions—you heered me, you ign'ant, you hunk,

Ef you doan' want a lickin' all over, be sho dat dey allers go "punk!"
—*Harper's Magazine.*

OH, I DUNNO!

ANONYMOUS

Lindy's hair's all curly tangles, an' her eyes es deep cn' gray,
En' they allus seems er-dreamin' en' er-gazin' far away,
When I ses, "Say, Lindy, darlin', shall I stay, er shall I go?"
En' she looks at me er-smilin', en' she ses, "Oh, I dunno!"

Now, she knows es I'm er-lovin' her for years an' years an' years
But she keeps me hesitatin' between my doubts an' fears;
En' I'm gettin' pale and peaked, en' et's jes from frettin' so
Ovur Lindy with her laughin' an' er-sayin', "I dunno!"

T'other night we come frum meetin'. an' I asks her fer a kiss,
En' I tells her she's so many that er few she'll never miss;
En' she looks up kinder shy-like, an' she whispers sorter low,
"Jim, I'd ruther that you wouldn't, but—er well—Oh, I dunno!"

Then I ses, "Now see here, Lindy, I'm er-wantin' yer ter state
Ef yer thinks yer'll ever love me, an' if I had better wait,
Fer I'm tired of this fulein', an' I wants ter be yer beau,
An' I'd like to hear yer sayin' suthin' else but I dunno!"

Then I puts my arm around her an' I holds her close and tight,
En' the stars away up yander seems er-winkin' et th' sight,
Es she murmurs sof' an' faintly, with the words er-comin' slow,
"Jim, I never loved no other!" Then I ses, "Oh, I dunno!"

RORY O'MORE

BY SAMUEL LOVER

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,
He was bold as a hawk, she as soft as the dawn;
He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
(Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye),
"With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;
Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Oh! Jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to sootherin' Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound—"
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure I drame ev'ry night that I'm hatin' you so!"
"Oh," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For drames always go by conthrarities, my dear;
Oh! jewel, keep dramin' that same till you die,
And bright mornin' will give dirty night the black lie!
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me enough,
Sure I've thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself drinkin' your health quite a baste,
So I think after that, I may talk to the priest."

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm 'round her neck,
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
 And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,
 And he kissed her sweep lips;—don't you think he was right?
 "Now, Rory, leave off, sir; you'll hug me no more.
 That's eight times to-day you have kiss'd me before."
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

HOWDY SONG

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

It's howdy, honey, when you laugh,
 An' howdy when you cry,
 An' all day long it's howdy—
 I never shall say good-by.

I'm monst'us peart myse'f, suh,
 An' hopin' the same fer you,
 An' when I ketch my breff, suh,
 I'll ax you howdy-do!

It's howdy, honey, when you sleep,
 It's howdy, when you cry;
 Keep up, keep up the howdyin';
 Don't never say good-by!

I'm middlin' well myse'f, suh,
 Which the same I hope fer you;
 Ef you'll let me ketch my breff, suh,
 I'll ax you howdy-do!

"IMPH-M"

ANONYMOUS

When I was a laddie lang syne at the schule,
 The maister aye ca'd me a dunce an' a fule;
 For somehoo his words I could ne'er understan',
 Unless when he bawled, "Jamie, haud oot yer han'!"
 Then I gloom'd and say, "Imph-m,"
 I glunch'd, and say, "Imph-m,"
 I wasna owre proud, but owre dour to say—A-y-e!

Ae day a queer word, as lang-nebbits' himsel',
 He vow'd he would thrash me if I wadna spell,
 Quo I, "Maister Quill," wi' a kin' o' swither,
 "I'll spell ye the word if ye'll spell me anither;
 Let's hear ye spell Imph-m,
 That common word Imph-m,
 That auld Scotch word Imph-m, ye ken it means A-Y-E!"

Had ye seen hoo he glour'd, hoo he scratched his big pate,
 An' shouted, "Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!
 Get aff to your seat! yer the plague o' the schule!
 The de'il o' me kens if yer maist rogue or fule!"
 But I only said, Imph-m,
 That pawkie word, Imph-m,
 He couldna spell Imph-m, that stands for an A-y-e!

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean—
 O' Avon's braw lasses the pride an' the queen—
 When 'neath my gray pladdie, wi' heart beatin' fain,
 I speired in a whisper if she'd be my ain,
 She blushed an' said, Imph-m,
 That charming word, Imph-m,
 A thousan' times better an' sweeter than A-y-e!

Just ae thing I wanted my bliss to complete—
 Ae kiss frae her rosy mou', couthie an' sweet—
 But a shake o' her head was her only reply—
 Of course, that said No, but I ken she meant A-y-e,
 For her twa een said Imph-m,
 Her red lips said, Imph-m,
 Her hale face said Imph-m, an' Imph-m means A-y-e!

GRADING THE STREET

BY MISTUR MALOONEY

'Twas mesilf thin as bot me a swate little lot,
 Wid monies I digged for six years in the mines;
 An' I builded an' plastered a duck o' a cot,
 Which Biddy soon kivird wid crapers and vines,
 Wid a backyard and garding convanyent and neat,
 Where the childer and pig could kape out o' the street.

I warked wid the hod an' had plinty to do,
An' a stitch in my back ne'er minded at all;
Our childer was healthy and Biddy was true,
And I sung 'neath the load as I mounted the wall.
For I knew when at sundown my work was complete,
My supper was ready, all smoking and sweet.

'Twas down in a valley secure from the wind,
A sandhill a north and a sandhill a south;
I thought that dame nature to me was so kind
She opened her jaws an' we lived in her mouth.
Biddy oft at the sand would objection and grete,
But I tould her 'twould stop whin they graded the street.

Bad luck to the day thin—one Saturday night
I came back from working two month and a week;
Och! sorry an inch o' my cot was in sight,
'Twas kivered wid sand an' all livil and sleek;
I thought that an earthquake had made the hills meet,
Till poor Biddy cried out, "They've graded the street!"

"Bad luck to their sowls, thin," I cried in my hate;
"I'll sue them for spoiling my cottage an' land,"
Whin Biddy sobbed out, "Dear Pat, ye are late,
'Tis a bill agin us that I hould in my hand."
In trouble I looked at the figgers complete,
And saw *four hundred dollars* for grading the street!

Poor Biddy was faithful, an' didn't repine;
Her cousin the childer an' her had took in,
'Til I could wid our lavings another house find;
Wid a few pots an' kettles a new life begin;
But exparience had taught me a lesson I weet,
Ne'er to live in a valley beside o' the street.

So I wint to the highest o' hills I could find,
An' rinted a place that commanded a view,
An' got oursilves sittled so much to our mind,
I soon earned the monies, an' paid for it, too;
'Twas not so convanyent, but still it was neat,
Tho' my bones ached at night, as I toiled up the street.

The young uns grew healthy, the air was so good,
An' Biddy her clothes dried in half o' the time;
Fur to help me to pay for our vittals an' food,
The poor girl by washing earned many a dime,
An' she kept things so tidy, complaicint an' sweet,
I nivir drudgid climin' that hill o' a street.

Thin I wint to the mines for six months it may be,
An' wid goold in my pockit I hurried me back;
Whin I got to the hill, nary hill could I see;
'Twas gone, an' some lumber obstructed my track—
I saw in an instant my ruin complete—
Och! faith and Saint Peter, *They'd graded the street!*

DOT GOOD FOR NODINGS DOG

BY FRED EMERSON BROOKS

You vant to buy my dog? Ah, vell,
Dere vasn't much of him to sell.
His eye vas broke, his leg vas out,
Und ven you ask his pedigree,
Dot make her laugh come out o' me—
It vas a madder, I be blamed,
About der vich he vas ashamed.
His breed vasn't in der Catalogue,
He vas a good for nodings dog.

It vas a day I don't forgot,
Mit rain und sleet und dings like dot,
Dis homely dog he comed along
Und sing me such a hungry song,
I said: "Come in und take a seat
Und have some scraps und tings to eat!"
I smile mit him, he smile mit me,
Und look like he vas glad to be,
Although not in der Catalogue,
But yust a good for nodings dog.

Each time I come around, you bet
He vag dot tail already yet;

Und show me plain from either end,
 He always vant to be my friend.
 No madder I say yes! or no!
 Where'er I gone he bound to go.
 Und ven he lost me, runs around
 Und smells me out upon der ground,
 Den yumps yust like he vas a frog—
 Und not a good for nodings dog.

My Meenie vas a leedle tot,
 Yust big enough to be like dot;
 Und run about und have some play
 Yust mit der dog, until von day
 I call her, und she vasn't dere;
 I couldn't find her anyvere;—
 "Dot dog gone off," my vife, she say,
 "Und lead dot leedle girl away:—
 He vas a good for nodings dog,
 Und vasn't vorth der Catalogue!"

My leedle Meenie lost! Mine Got!
 I never tink I cry like dot!
 But ven I found dot leedle pet,
 I cry me more as effer yet:—
 Dot's funny, ven a man feels glad
 He cries, yust like ven he feel bad;
 Der tears vas yust der same; oh, my,
 But vat a difference in der cry!
 Dere Meenie sat upon der log
 Und pet dot good for nodings dog.

Und ven my senses all got clear,
 I ask me: "Vot's der matter here?"
 Und looking vere my Meenie said,
 Dere lay a great big vildcat dead!
 "Dot dog he killed him," said my vife,
 "Und save dot leedle Meenie's life!"
 I never saw her eyes more vet,
 Und vile I hug dot leedle pet
 She hug dot good for nodings dog,
 Vot vasn't vorth der Catalogue!

You want to buy dot dog? Ah, vell,
Nobody's here who wants to sell.
My vife she say, "You couldn't buy
Von look of kindness oud his eye!"
Und as for me—dere's not for sale,
Not e'en der vaggin' of his tail!
Und Meenie told you plendy quick,
"In all dis vorld you got your pick
Of dose vot's in der Catalogue,
But not dot good for nodings dog."

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SHE LIKED HIM RALE WEEL

ANONYMOUS

The Spring had brought out the green leaf on the trees,
An' the flowers were unfolding their sweets tae the bees,
When Jock says tae Jenny, "Come, Jenny, agree,
An' say the bit word that ye'll marry me."
She held doon her heid like a lily sae meek
An' the blush o' the rose fled awa' frae her cheek.
But she said, "Gang awa', man, your heid's in a creel."
She didna let on that she liked him rale weel—
Oh, she liked him rale weel,
Aye, she liked him rale weel,
But she didna let on that she liked him rale weel.

Then Jock says, "Oh, Jenny, for a twalmonth an' mair,
Ye ha'e kept me just hangin' twixt hope an' despair,
But oh, Jenny, last night something whispered tae me
That I'd better lie doon at the dyke-side and dee."
Tae keep Jock in life, she gave in tae be tied:
An' soon they were booked, and three times they were cried.
Love danced in Jock's heart, and hope joined the reel—
He was sure that his Jenny did like him rale weel—
Oh, she liked him rale weel,
Aye, she liked him rale weel,
But she never let on that she liked him rale weel.

When the wedding day cam' tae the manse they did stap,
 An' there they got welcome frae Mr. Dunlap,
 Wha chained them to love's matrimonial stake,
 Syne they took a dram an' a mouthfu' o' cake,
 Then the minister said, "Jock, be kind tae your Jenny,
 Nae langer she's tied to the string o' her minnie;
 Noo, Jenny, will ye aye be couthie an' leal?"
 And she vowed that she would, for she liked him rale weel—
 Aye, she liked him rale weel,
 Oh, she liked him rale weel,
 At last she owned up that she liked him rale weel.

S-H-H-H!

ANONYMOUS

My maw—she's upstairs in bed,
 An IT'S there wif her.
 It's all bundled up and red—
 Can't nobody stir;
 Can't nobody say a word
 Since *It* came to us.
 Only thing 'at I have heard,
 'Ceptin' all *It's* fuss,
 Is S-h-h-h!

That there nurse she shakes her head
 When I come upstairs.
 "S-h-h-h!" she sez—'at's all she's said
 To me anywheres.
 Doctor—he's th' man 'at brung
 It to us to stay—
 He makes me put out my tongue,
 'Nen says "S-h-h-h!"—'at way;
 Just "S-h-h-h!"

I goed in to see my maw,
 'Nen clumb on the bed.
 Was she glad to see me? Pshaw!
 "S-h-h-h!"—'at's what she said.

'Nen *It* blinked and tried to see—

'Nen I runned away

Out to my old apple tree,

Where no one could say

"S-h-h-h!"

'Nen I layed down on the ground

An' say 'at I just wish

I wuz big. An' there's a sound—

'At old tree says "S-h-h-h!"

'Nen I cry an' cry an' cry

Till my paw he hears,

An' comed there an' wiped my eye

An' mop the tears—

'Nen says "S-h-h-h!"

I'm goin' to tell my maw 'at she

Don't suit me one bit—

Why do they all say "S-h-h-h!" to me

An' not say "S-h-h-h!" to IT?

A FEW WORDS FROM WILHELM

BY WALLACE IRWIN

Man vants put leedle hier pelow

Und vants dot leedle Dutch—

Der vishes vich I vish, I know,

Are nicht so fery much:

Choost Europt, Asia, Africa,

Der Vestern Hemishpere

Und a coaling-station in Japan—

Dot vill pe all dis year.

Hi-lce, hi-lo, der winds dey plow

Choost like "Die Wacht am Rhein;"

Und vat iss mein pelongs to Me,

Und vat iss yours iss mein!

Jah also, ven I vloat aroundt
 Mitin mein royal yacht
 I see so much vat iss nicht Dutch
 Dot—ach, du lieber Gott!—
 It gif me such a shtrange distress
 I gannot undershtand
 How volks gan lif in happiness
 Mitout no Vaderland!

*Hi-lee, hi-lo, der winds dey plow
 As I sail around apout
 To gif der Nations good advice
 Und sausages und kraut.*

Each hour I shange mein uniform,
 Put I never shange mein mindt,
 Und efery day I make ein spooch
 To penefit mankindt:
 Race Soosancide, der Nation's Pride,
 Divorce and Public Sins—
 I talk so much like Rosenfeldt
 I dink ve must pe tvins!

*Hi-lee, hi-lo, der vinds dey plow
 Der maxim Rule or Bust—
 You gannot wreck our skyndicate
 Ven Gott is in der Trust!*

Being ein kviet Noodral Power,
 I know mein chob, you bet—
 I pray for Beace, und hope for War
 Und keep mein powder wet;
 Put ven I've nodings else to do,
 Put shtandt around und chat,
 Den der Right Divine talks nonsense t'rough
 Mein military hat.

*Hi-lee, hi-lo, der vinds dey plow
 Und softly visper dis:
 "Der Kaiser he iss more as yet
 Und all iss right vat Iss!"*

AT GRANDMA'S

ANONYMOUS

I went to visit Grandma
One cold Thanksgiving day;
I shookt and freezed and chattered
All along the way.

Grandma was knitting stockings,
So I tried to knit;
I pulled the string the wrong way,
And unmade every bit.

Next day I tried to tackle
A piggy for a horse,
And tumbled in the pig-pen—
And wasn't Grandma cross!
I'm sure it wasn't my fault
That my new dress was white,
If mamma had made it pig-color
It wouldn't have shown a mite.

My Grandma has a brick room
Filled up with pans of milk.
One day I took in pussy,
She's just as soft as silk—
She's a drefful funny pussy—
All along the shelf she ran,
And with her little nosey
Made blue holes in every pan.
My grandma's dreffully stingy,
She drove us both away,
And said she'd half a mind
To send me home that day.

Sometimes this pussy's naughty—
One time she caught a mouse;
She teased and scratched and bited it
All up and down the house.
I whipped her with the tater-masher
Every time she made a turn,
And got away poor mousey
And hid him in the churn.

Who ever knew that milk would drown?
 I thought 'twas only rivers.
 But when Grandma churned,
 My mousey was drowned all to shivers.
 I saw a tub of milk onct,
 We have ours in a dish.
 I thought 'twas good for nothing
 So I'd try to fish.

I just got settled down there,
 My legs were nearly freezed,
 When Grandma came in screaming—
 "O that girl is in my cheese."
 She jumped me out I tell you
 Right on the cold stone floor,
 And called my new boots dirty,
 And locked the dairy door.

She gave the butter to the pigs,
 And put me straight to bed.
 And whipped poor pussy dreffully
 Right on her little head.
 I's been dreffully good to Grandma,
 Not made a bit of muss.
 But I's going home to-morrow
 Cause, cause Grandma says I must.

A CHILD'S ALMANAC

BY J. W. FOLEY

My mamma says 'at w'en it rains
 'Eyre washin' Heaven's window-panes,
 An' careless angels 'ist do fill
 'Eir pails too full an' 'atway spill
 Some water down on us. 'At's w'y
 It rains some days w'en maybe I
 Would like to play. An' 'en she says
 It's 'ist 'em angels' carelessness
 'At makes 'em raindrops fall 'at way
 At picnics an' on circus day.

My mamma says 'at w'en it snows
'Eyre angels pickin' geese, she knows,
An' 'stead o' usin' 'em t' stuff
'Eir pillow-cases, 'ey 'ist puff
An' blow an' don't clear up 'eir muss
Till all 'em feathers fall on us.
An' she says 'ey 'ist pick 'atway
Cuz 'ey want geese f' Tristmas day.
An' 'at's w'y 'eres e' mostes' snow
Right 'close t' Tristmas time, you know.

My mamma says w'en e' wind 'ist roars
An' blows, 'at's w'en e' angel snores,
But w'en it lightnings, she says, w'y
'Eyre scratchin' matches on the sky,
An' w'en it rumbles 'bove our heads
'Eyre movin' furniture an' beds
Up 'ere, an' cleanin' house, an' shakes
'Eir moth-balls out an' 'at's w'at makes
It hail. An' weather, she 'ist 'clares
Is 'ist w'at angels does upstairs.

DOT LONG HANDLED DIPPER

By C. F. ADAMS

Der poet may sing of "Der Oldt Oaken Pooket,"
Und in schweetest langvich its virtues may tell,
Und how, ven a poy, he mit eggdsasy dook it,
Vhen dripping mit coolness it rose from der well:
I dón't take some stock in dot manner of drinking,
It vas too much like hosses and cattle, I dink,
Dher vas more sadisfaction in my way of drinking
Mit dot long-handled dipper that hangs py der sink.

"How schweet vrom der green mossy brim to receive it—"
Dot would sound pooty good, eef it only vas true,
Der water schbills ofer, you petter believe it,
Und run down your schleive und schlop indo your shoe:

Den down on your nose comes dot oldt iron handle,
 Und make your eyes water so quick as a wink!
 I dells you dot bookit don't hold by a candle
 To dot long-handled dipper dot hangs py der sink.

How nice it musd be in der cold vinter vedder,
 Vhen it settles right down to a cold, freezin' rain,
 To haf dot rope coom oup so light as a feather
 Und find dat der bookit vas broke off der chain!
 Den down in der well you go off a-fishing,
 While into your back comes an oldt fashioned kink!
 I bet you mine life all der time you vas vishing
 For dot long-handled dipper dot hangs py der sink.

Dhen give oup der bookit at vonce to der horses,
 Off mikrobos und tadpoles schust give dem their fill,
 Gife me dat pure vater dot all der time courses
 Droo dose pipes dot run from der schpring on der hill:
 Und eef der goot dings of dis vorld I get rich in,
 Und friends all around me dheir glasses schuld clink,
 I still vill remember dot old country kitchen
 Und dot long-handled dipper dot hangs py der sink.

DE FUST BANJO

BY IRWIN RUSSELL

Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin',
 Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de banjo talkin'?
 About the 'Possum's tail she's qwine to lecter—ladies, listen!—
 About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin':

"Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn—
 Fur Noah tuk the "Harald," an' he read the ribber column—
 An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber-patches,
 An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah Natchez.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin';
 An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';
 But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen:
 An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es—
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain! it comes so awful hebby,
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbee;
De people all wuz drowneded out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' an' a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; till whut wid all de fussin',
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an' cussin'.

Now Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de racket;
An' so, fur to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet der ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws an aprin;
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'r so long an' thick an' strong,—des fit fur banjo-stringin';
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,—'twas "Nebber min' de wedder,"
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin'; Noah called de figgers;
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slighes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curious, too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los' 'em—
Fur whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de 'possum!

THE MOO-COW-MOO

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

My pa held me up to the moo-cow-moo
So clost I could almost touch,
En I fed him a couple of times, or two,
En I wasn't a 'fraid-cat—MUCH.

But if my papa goes into the house,
En mamma she goes in, too,
I just keep still, like a little mouse,
Fer the moo-cow-moo might Moo!

The moo-cow-moo's got a tail like a rope
En it's raveled down where it grows;
En it's just like feeling a piece of soap
All over the moo-cow's nose.

En the moo-cow-moo has lots of fun
Just swinging his tail about;
En he opens his mouth and then I run—
'Cause that's where the moo comes out!

En the moo-cow-moo's got deers on his head
En his eyes sticks out of their place,
En the nose of the moo-cow-moo is spread
All over the end of his face.

En his feet is nothing but finger-nails
En his mamma don't keep 'em cut,
En he gives folks milk in water-pails
Ef he don't keep his handles shut.

'Cause ef you er me pulls the handles, why
The moo-cow-moo says it hurts,
But the hired man he sits down clost by
En squirts en squirts en squirts!

ENCOURAGEMENT

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Who dat knockin' at de do'?
 Why, Ike Johnson—yes, fu' sho'!
 Come in, Ike. I's mighty glad
 You come down. I t'ought you's mad
 At me 'bout de othah night,
 An' was stayin' 'way fu' spite.
 Say, now, was you mad fu' true
 W'en I kin' o' laughed at you?
 Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

'Tain't no use a-lookin' sad,
 An' a-mekin' out you's mad;
 Ef you's gwine to be so glum,
 Wondah why you evah come.
 I don't lak nobidy 'roun'
 Dat jes' shet dey mouf an' frown—
 Oh, now, man, don't act a dunce!
 Cain't you talk? I tol' you once,
 Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Wha'd you come hyeah fu' to-night?
 Body'd t'ink yo' haid ain't right.
 I's done all dat I kin do—
 Dressed perticler, jes' fu' you;
 Reckon I'd a' bettah wo'
 My ol' ragged calico.
 Aftah all de pains I's took,
 Cain't you tell me how I look?
 Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

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WHEN DE CO'N PONE'S HOT

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Dey is times in life when Nature
 Seems to slip a cog, an' go
 Jes' a-rattlin' down creation,
 Lak an ocean's overflow;

When do worl' jes' stahts a-spinnin'
Lak a picaninny's top,
An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'
'Twell it seems about to slop,
An' you feel jes' lak a racah,
Dat is trainin' fu' to trot—
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When you set down at de table,
Kin' o' weary lak an' sad,
An' you'se jes' a little tiahed
An' purhaps a little mad;
How yo' gloom tu'ns into gladness,
How yo' joy drives out de doubt
When de oven do' is opened,
An' de smell comes po'in out;
Why de 'lectric light o' Heaven
Seems to settle on de spot,
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When de cabbage pot is steamin'
An' de bacon's good an' fat,
When de chittlin's is a sputter'n'
So's to show you whah dey's at;
Tek away yo' sody biscuit,
Tek away yo' cake an' pie,
Fu' de glory time is comin',
An' it's 'proachin' mighty nigh,
An' you want to jump an' hollah,
Dough you know you'd bettah not,
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

I have hyeahd o' lots o' sermons,
An' I've hyeahd o' lots o' prayers,
An' I've listened to some singin'
Dat has tuck me up de stairs

Of de Glory-Lan' an' set me
Jes' below de Mastah's tr'one,
An' have lef' my hea't a-singin'
In a happy aftah tone;
But dem wu'ds so sweetly murmured
Seem to tech de softes' spot,
When my mammy says de blessin',
An' de co'n pone's hot.

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THE COURTIN'

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur'z you can look or listen.
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With a half a cord o' wood in,—
There warn't no stoves (tel comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm thet Gran' the Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, 'cause she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dog-rose bloomin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A-1,
Clean grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells,—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long 'o her his veins 'ould run
All crinky like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice had such a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bonnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
She seemed to've got a new soul,
For she felt sartin'-sure he's come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfe o' the sekle;
His heart kept goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal . . . no . . . I come designin'"—
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister";
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale as ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how matters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come next Sunday.

A RAINY DAY

BY ELLYE HOWELL GLOVER

I simply cannot understand
Why grown-ups always say,
"Don't spend your money, little boy;
Save for a rainy day."

Once, when the circus was in town
I asked Bob for a quarter;
He said, "You're so extravagant,
For shame; I think you'd oughter—

"Save all your pennies; after while
You'll need them, silly baby;
For if you spend them all, you'll go
Out to the poorhouse—maybe."

And so I waited till next time
When it rained cats and dogs;
I took the big umbrella, and
Put on my oldest togs.

And when they stopped me with the words
I knew of course they'd say,
I hollered, "I must spend my dime,
Cause it's a rainy day."

SCHOOL'S COMMENCED

BY LEONARD G. NATTKEMPER

Well, I guess I'll have to go—
For school's commenced again, you know;
An' now I'll have to be polite,
An' watch my words wif all my might.

I wish the school 'ud blow away,
Or teachers all were sick to-day;
For nen I'd be just what I am,
An' play all day wif Jake an' Sam.

I guess us boys 'ud ruther be
The pirates on a stormy sea,
That shoot wif guns an' cut wif knives,
Than spend in school most all our lives.

I can't see why Ma thinks 'at school
Is better place than swimmin' pool;
Or that I'll learn more in a book
Than from my pal, the flowin' brook.

It may be so, but I don't care,
I'd ruther be a-dreamin' there
How fine it is to be like men,
An' never go to school again.

My Ma an' Pa both said that they
Would be so glad when I'm away;
An' so, I guess I'll have to go—
For school's commenced again, you know.

DELIGHT AND POWER IN SPEECH

UNDERSTAENDLICH

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

(ABRIDGED)

Dhe contrariest t'ing on dhe erd is men,
Aber wimmens arr twice so contrary again,
Andt I am twice so contrary as you,
Andt you arr as worse as dhe worst one too;
Now, ain'd dhat zo?

You like to haf hoonger by dinner, you say,
Aber vhy do you eadt, so dat hoonger go 'vay?
You like to be tired, so you schleep like a top,
Andt you like to go schleep, so dhat tired feeling shtop;
Now, ain'd dhat zo?

You like to haf sugar on sauer t'ings you eadt
Andt you like to haf sauer mit dhe t'ings vhat arr sweet,
You like to be cold when dhe vetter is hot;
Andt it is cold, ach, how varm you would got!
Now, aindt dhat zo?

How you shdare at dhe man vhat can valk up dhe street
On his hands, yet you valk twice so goodt on your feet,
Vhat a long mind you haf, if I'm in your debt,
Budt if you arr in mine, O, how quick you forget!
Now, aindt dhat zo?

Are you single? You like to be married, of course.
Are you married? Most likely you like a divorce!
Andt if you vas get unmarried, why dhen
You go righd away and got married again.
Now, ain'd dhat zo?

It is bedter to laugh; it is foolish to fight
Yoost because I am wrong and because you ain'd right,
It is better to laugh mit dhe vorld, up and down
From dhe sole of our headt to the foot of our crown;
Now, ain'd dhat zo?

Zo, dhen you laugh at me andt dhen I laugh at you,
Andt dhe more dhat you laugh vhy dhe more I laugh, too,
Andt ve laugh till ve cry! Vhen ve cry, aber dhen,
Ve will bot' feel zo goot ve go laughing again!
Now, ain'd dhat zo?

A THURRU' REST

ANONYMOUS

Examination's over 'n' I don't care if I passed,
An' I don't care if I didn't fer vacation's come at last!
I thought 'twould never git here, fer the days dragged by as slow
As Davy Jones's ma, who calls 'n' don't know when to go.
Pop says I ort to go to work, but ma says she knows best,
'N' what a boy of my age needs is just a thurru' rest.

So me an' Dave 'll get up every mornin' bright 'n' soon,
An' pitch 'n' ketch till breakfast, 'n' bat up flies till noon.
'Cause after dinner every day the Hustlehard's—his nine—
Is goin' to play a series fer the champeenship with mine:
The one behind at dark has got to say the other's best.
Gee! ain't I glad vacation's here 'n' I got time to rest.

Then I'm a-goin' to learn the other fellers how to dive,
An' rassle Billy Potter, best thirteen in twenty-five!
'N' after supper Dave 'n' I are goin' to have a race,
Ten times around the block, 'n' if I win he'll bust my face.
That's what he says! But he'll find out which one of us is best;
I'm feeling pretty strong now since I'm havin' such a rest.

There's goin' to be a picnic 'n' you bet yer life I'm goin';
I'm entered in the swimmin' race, 'n' greasy pole, 'n' rowin',
The sack race 'n' potato race are mine, I bet a dime,
'N' in "the mile" I simply got to win the prize fer time,
'Cause it's a ticket to the Gym. I like that prize the best,
Fer a feller needs some exercise as well as just a rest.

I'm goin' to visit Uncle's farm. He lets me do the chores
'N' work just like the farm-hands do, right in the fields out-doors.

I'm goin' to git a bag to punch, so's I won't git too fat:
We're goin' to have a six-day race—I got to train fer that.
I want to do so many things, I don't know which is best;
I bet vacation's over 'fore I get a thurru' rest!

NO SHOOTIN' OFF THIS YEAR

ANONYMOUS

There ain't no Declaration. Naw
There ain't no Fourth-July.
There ain't no "free 'n' equal" law,
'N' Washin'ton could lie.
They never dumped no Boston tea;
It's fakey, all you hear,
Fer pop says there ain't goin' to be
No shootin' off this year.

They talk about pertectin' us
To keep the Fourth in peace;
But we ain't makin' any fuss,
Ner askin' fer police.
We ain't afraid of smoke 'n' noise,
Er little lumps of lead;
'N' why should they blame livin' boys
Because some boys is dead?

It ain't my fault the fuse went out
'N' Tom went up 'n' blew;
Besides he's just as well without
His extry ear er two.
They cut off Oscar's leg, but he
Don't seem to miss it much;
He'd beat us hoppin' yet, if we
'Ud let him use his crutch.

It ain't my fault that Willie blew
His hand off, like a chump;
I told him what those big ones do;
He needn't 'a' took the stump.

It ain't my fault a rocket flies
'N' hits some him er her;
Somebody's got to wear glass eyes;
That's what glass eyes is fer!

It ain't my fault the stuff was bad
They made Jim's pistol of;
Besides the preacher said, "We're glad
He's happier up above!"
Bet I'd be happier, anyhow,
Most any place but here,
Where they ain't goin' to allow
No shootin' off this year!

HAUL AWAY, JOE

BY CHARLES KEELER

O Oi wuz a loafin' lubber but bedad I learned to wurrk
Whin Oi loighted out o' County Corrk along wid Paddy Burrke.
We stowed abarrd a coaster an' her skipper wuz a brick;
Begorrah if yez didn't moind, he'd boost yez wid a kick!
Away, haal away, haal away, Joe!

Th' pigs wuz lane in County Corrk, th' men all starrved on taties,
But Oi shipped upon a Yankee barrk, and better, faith, me fate is!
Och Oi hed an Irish darlint, but she ghrew so fat an' lazy
Thet Oi bounced her fur a Yankee gurrl, an' surre but she's a daisy!
Away, haal away, haal away, Joe!

O since Oi lift auld Ireland Oi've poaked thro' miny plaices,
Oi've wurrked me way, Oi've arrned me pay at haalin' shates an' braces;
On farrin' shorres Oi've sot me eye on gurrls iv iv'ry nashin,
Me Yankee gurrl hes ne'er a mate throughout th' woid creashin!
Away, haal away, haal away, Joe!

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BLACK SAILORS' CHANTY

BY CHARLES KEELER

Yo ho, ma hahties, da's a hurricane a-brewin',
 Fo' de cook he hasn't nuffin fo' de sailah-men a-stewin',—
 He am skulkin' in his bunk, am dat niggah of a cook,
 An' his chaowdah 'm in de ocean while de pot am on de hook.
 You can chaw a chunk o' hahd-tack mos' as tendah as a brick,
 But d'ain't no smokin' 'possum when de cook am lyin' sick.

Ah remembah in de cane-fiel' we hed pone-cakes ebry day;
 Slack yo line a bit, ma hahties! pull away! pull away!
 An' Ah 'low Ah'm feelin' homesick, jes' t' mention ob ma honey,—
 She's a libbin' at de cabin an' she's out o' cloes an' money.
 While we chaw a chunk o' hahd-tack mos' as tendah as a brick,
 But d'ain't no smokin' 'possum while de cook am lyin' sick.

O ma po' neglected Liza an' her piccaninny Jo,
 Ah's ben roamin' sence Ah left her case Ah wanted fo' to go!
 Ah's ben hustlin' roun' de islands, navigatin' all de sea,
 While ma honey specs a hungry shark done stuff hisself wid me.
 While we chaw a chunk o' hahd-tack mos' as tendah as a brick,
 But d'ain't no smokin' 'possum while de cook am lyin' sick.

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JOSIAH AND SYMANTHY

BY FRED EMERSON BROOKS

Josiah loved Symanthy
 And Symanthy loved Josi',
 Which you couldn't fail to notice
 In the rollin' of the eye;
 But they never told each other,
 On account o' bein' shy,
 'Pears to me!

But they kept right on a-lovin'
Jes like any couple would.
Weren't no reason why they shouldn't,
Ner no reason why they should,
'Cause there wa'n't no p'int about 'em
Cupid reckoned on as good,
'Pears to me!

Now this love disease is mortal,
'Cause it tackles mortals so,
An' the oftener you have it
The worse it seems to grow;
More you try to hide the symptoms,
More the symptoms seem to show,
'Pears to me!

Josiah was uneasy
When Symanthy wasn't near,
An' he got still more uneasy
Whenever she'd appear.
But sittin' down beside 'er
Got his joints clean out o' gear,
'Pears to me!

He put his arm behind 'er,
An' then he pulled it back
Until Symanthy giggled:
"Guess yer gittin' on the track
By the way yer flusticatin';
Kind a-lookin' fer a smack,
'Pears to me!"

Then Josiah stopped a minute,
Jes consid'rin' how 'twould be
An' how best to go about it,
'Cause he hadn't much idee;
But he knew 'twas waitin' fer him,
By Symanthy's shy *te-he!*
'Pears to me!

Then Symanthy got pretending,
She was bitin' off her thumb,
But she wasn't—she was waitin'
For whatever chose to come;
While Josiah's tongue kept rollin'
In his cheek, like chewin'-gum,
'Pears to me!

When Josiah was persuaded
That Symanthy wouldn't shout,
Wa'n't a-jokin', ner a-foolin',
Ner a-fixin' to back out,—
Then he buckled up his courage:
Kissed her cheek or thereabout,
'Pears to me!

Then he asked 'er if she'd have him,
An' she answered: "What d' ye guess?"
Said he wa'n't no good at guessin';
So she smiled an' snickered: "Yes!
Since I git ye all fer nothin'
I couldn't do no less,
'Pears to me!"

When the Squire asked 'em the questions—
On the weddin'-day they set—
Which some people answer quickly
An' about as soon forget,—
Symanthy said: "I reckon!"
An' Josiah said: "You bet!"
'Pears to me!

When they took their weddin' journey
Up an' down the city street,
Josiah told Symanthy
That he guessed they'd have a treat:
So they went an' got some oysters—
What they never yet had eat,
'Pears to me!

Then Josiah, sort o' thinkin',
 Said: "I thought they had a shell;
 What the slipp'ry things resemble
 I'll be switched if I can tell;
 An' they look so pale an' sickly
 Kind o' reckon they ain't well,
 'Pears to me!"

"I wonder how they eat 'em?"
 Said Symanthy, "How'd I know?
 I've eat everythin' that you have
 Ever since you've been my beau!
 But I'll bet a cent ye dasn't
 Put one in an' let 'er go!
 'Pears to me!"

While Symanthy eat the crackers
 Josiah let one slip;
 Said it didn't taste like nothin';
 Wasn't ripe; then closed his lip;
 Vowed he wouldn't eat another,
 Fear 'twould spile his weddin' trip,
 'Pears to me!

When the tip-expectin' beggar
 Bowed, an' smilin' meekly, said:
 "Colonel hasn't feed the waitah!"
 Then Josiah jerked his head—
 "You can feed on them 'ere oysters
 If the pesky things ain't dead,
 'Pears to me!"

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CHARLIE JONES'S BAD LUCK

BY A. J. WATERHOUSE

(As discussed by little Willie)

I don't care if Charlie Jones
 Is better 'an I be;
 An' I don't care if teacher says
 He's smart 'long side er me;
 An' I don't care, w'en vis'tors come,
 If she on him does call;
 He ain't got measles, like I have—
 He don't have luck at all.

He never had the whoopin' cough,
 Ner mos' cut off his thumb,
 Ner ever fell an' broke his leg
 An' had a doctor come.
 He hardly ever stubs his toe,
 An' if he does, he'll bawl!
 There's nothin' special comes to him—
 He don't have luck at all.

An' I don't care if he can say
 More tex's an' things 'an I;
 He never burnt both hands to once
 'Long 'bout the Fo'th July.
 He never had the chicken-pox,
 Ner p'isen oak—las' Fall!
 He can't be proud o' nothin' much—
 He don't have luck at all.

—From "Lays for Little Chaps."

KISSING'S NO SIN

ANONYMOUS

Some say that kissing's a sin;
 But I think it's nane ava,
 For kissing has wonn'd in this warld
 Since ever that there was twa.

O, if it wasna lawfu',
 Lawyers wadna allow it;
 If it wasna holy,
 Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
 Maidens wadna take it;
 If it wasna plenty,
 Puir folks wadna get it.

IF I DARST

BY EUGENE FIELD

I'd like to be a cowboy, an' ride a firey hoss
 Way out into the big and boundless West;
 I'd kill the bears an' catamounts an' wolves I come across,
 An' I'd pluck the bal' head eagle from his nest!

With my pistol at my side,
 I would roam the prarers wide,
 An' to scalp the savage Injun in his wigwam would I ride—
 If I darst; but I darsen't.

I'd like to go to Afriky an' hunt the lions there,
 An' the biggest ollyfunts you ever saw!
 I would track the fierce gorilla to his equatorial lair,
 An' beard the cannybull that eats folks raw.

I'd chase the pizen snakes
 An' the pottimus that makes
 His nest down at the bottom of unfathomable lakes—
 If I darst; but I darsen't.

I would I were a pirut to sail the ocean blue,
 With a big black flag a-flyin' overhead;
 I would scour the billowy main with my gallant pirut crew,
 An' dye the sea a gouty, gory red.

With my cutlass in my hand
 On the quarterdeck I'd stand
 And to deeds of heroism I'd incite my pirut band—
 If I darst; but I darsen't.

And, if I darst, I'd lick my pa for the times that he's licked me,
 I'd lick my brother an' my teacher, too,
 I'd lick the fellers that call round on sister after tea,
 An' I'd keep on lickin' folks till I got through.

You bet. I'd run away
 From my lessons to my play,
 An' I'd shoo the hens, and tease the cat, an' kiss the girls all day—
 If I darst; but I darsen't.

DERNDEST GAL I EVER KNOWED

BY HERBERT BASHFORD

Derndest gal I ever knowed,
 Neatest gal I ever seen,
 Lived down in the Red Ravine
 Jest below the county road,
 Guess she wuz about sixteen—
 Sophy wuz her name, an' she
 Wuz ez cute ez cute kin be.

When I'd go t' town I brung
 Her the biggest lot o' stuff,
 Pop-corn, likrish, 'n' enough
 Candy fer t' fill a room.
 Once she hit me with a broom
 Cuz I kissed her on the cheek,
 An' the midget wouldn't speak
 T' me fer, perhaps, a week.

When I'd raise my eyes to hern
 Jeminny! my cheeks 'ud burn
 An' git redder 'n' a beet.
 Oh, she looked jest powerful sweet!
 When I'd try to call her dear,
 Why, I'd feel so doggoned queer

That I'd lean ag'in' th' fence
 'Zif I didn' hev no sense,
 Twist th' buttons on my vest,
 Ast her who she liked th' best,
 Ast her if it wuzn't Bill,
 Er old Jones thet run th' mill,
 Keep a-hintin' 'round, yuh see,
 Till she'd up an' say 'twuz me.

I wuz jellus o' Jim Pike,
 Jellus ez th' very deuce
 Though there didn't seem much use,
 Fer his freckles wuz so thick,
 An' his hair wuz so like brick
 Thet a feller one day said
 Yuh could toast a hunk o' bread
 Ef yuh'd hold it nigh his head.
 He wuz awkarder'n sin,
 Never fished along the crick
 But he'd hev t' tumble in.

Sophy 'peared t' pity Jim,
 While I thought if I wuz him
 I'd go off 'n' hide somewhere,
 Else put plaster on my hair.
 But this homely, lantern-jawed
 Lookin' cuss stood 'round 'n' chawed
 On a plug o' terbacker
 Half his time 'n' talked t' her
 Of his love, till I jest told
 Him t' mosey, an' he rolled
 Up his sleeves 'n' landed me
 Plumb betwixt th' eyes, then he
 Went to Sophy, an', sir, she
 Married him! The pesky mule!
 Wuzn't she a reg'ler fool?
 I wuz jest tetotally blowed—
 Derndest gal I ever knowed!

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DELIGHT AND POWER IN SPEECH

ON NEWBRASKY'S FERTILE SHORE

BY HERBERT BASHFORD

Oh, I am so orful humsick! An' I feel so wretched queer!
 Ephrum, he has gone a-ridin' on a wild eclectic keer,
 Rhody—that's my only darter—she has gone an' left me, tew,
 Both a trapesin' 'round like ijits—wonder what's th' next they'll do?
 They don't seem to think they're darin' Providence right in th' face,
 Ridin' without hoss er engine 'n' goin' at a break-neck pace:
 Course I needn't stand here waitin', both insisted I should come,
 But I vow I'll not be reckless when I am so fer from hum:
 Clear out here by th' Pacific, jist as fur as we kin git,
 An' if we stay here much longer I declare I'll hev a fit.
 It's th' most deceivin' kentry as ever' one'll say
 Ever' drap o' water salty in th' hull o' Frisco bay.
 Oh, I've tramped these pesky sidewalks till my feet is lame an' sore,
 An' a-yearnin' ever' minute fur Newbrasky's fertile shore!

Then they brag about their scenery! Californy! Humph! O dear!
 Scenery! Well, jest speaking plainly, I don't see no scenery here:
 Nothin' but the mount'in ranges rarin' up so 'tarnal high
 Thet a buddy kint look nowheres 'cept the middle o' th' sky.
 Mount'ins, everlastin' mount'ins, hills 'n' woods 'n' rocks 'n' snow,
 Where th' scenery is they're braggin' on I'm th' one as wants t' know.
 Let 'em stand in Lincoln county jest aback our cowyard fence,
 An' if they don't say there's scenery they hain't got a mite o' sense;
 Why yuh kin look fur miles around yuh an' see nothin' but th' flat
 Level prairie in th' sunshine kivered in its grassy mat.
 That is scenery—yuh kin look there jest as fur as yuh kin see
 With no hills a-interposin', er no rocks, er airy tree.
 Oh, I've told my husband, Ephrum, that I'd gallavant no more
 When ag'in I'd sot my foot on old Newbrasky's fertile shore.

Then I'm worried so 'bout Rhody, fur she's missin' ever' day
 All her lessons on th' melojun that paw bought fur her last May,
 An' she could perform amazin'; she could play "Old Hundred" nice
 An' another song beginnin' "Happy Day that Fixed My Ch'ice."
 Yes, th' singin' teacher told me as we parted at th' keers,
 He was shore she'd play th' organ in th' church 'fore many years.

Now her notion's highkerflutin', a pianner she wants now,
An' her paw sez he will get it soon as he kin sell a cow,
Sez he kin dispose o' Muly—I jest told him no sir-e-e
Not fur no new-fangled nonsense—Muly's my cow, an' you see
He's jest got a spite ag'in her 'cause she's got a lengthy tail
An' in fightin' skeeters sometimes whicks it in th' milkin' pail.
Oh, I'll be the gladdest mortal when I reach th' kitchen door
Of that dear old farmhouse standin' on Newbrasky's fertile shore!

No, I don't enjoy th' city where the wimmen folks is dressed
Monday an' clean through till Saturday all in their Sunday best.
I jest like to ketch my wrapper up 'n' pin it 'round my waist,
Carin' not a single copper if my shoe-string comes unlaced,
Then go out an' milk old Muly an' turn out th' spotted calf
While th' chickens giggle 'round me an' the speckled roosters laff,
Then go in th' summer kitchen, set me down an' churn a spell,
Till time comes t' put th' victuals on an' ring th' dinner bell.
Yes, I love th' peaceful quiet o' th' farm where it's so still,
Nothin' but th' ducks a-quackin' 'n' pigs a-squealin' fur their swill,
Nothin' but th' geese a-clackin' 'n' the bawlin' o' th' cows,
An' th' nickerin' o' th' hosses as they're comin' t' th' house;
Oh, I want t' leave th' city with its racket an' its roar
An' git back there t' the silence o' Newbrasky's fertile shore!

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“FUZZY-WUZZY”

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

We've fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
The paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.
So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Sowdan;
You're a poor benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
We give you your certifikit, and if you want it signed
We'll come an' have a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber hills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman guv us Irriwaddy chills,
An' a Zulu impi dished us up in style;
But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.
Then 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis and the kid;
Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went and did.
We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair;
But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you bruk the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
In usin' of 'is long two-handled swords;
When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
A 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last a 'ealthy Tommy for a year.
So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which is no more,
If we 'adn't lost some mess-mates we would help you to deplore;
But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair,
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumbled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a duck, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't care a damn
For the Regiment o' British Infantee.
So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Sowdan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you bruk a British square.

THOUGHTS FROM BUB

BY LEONARD G. NATTKEMPER

My name is Bub, 'cuz papa sed
He'd ruther call me so than Ned.
But mamma calls me 'ist her beau—
W'en I am good, I mean, you know.

So, I 'ist hardly knows my name
I guess—I bet 'ist all the same,
I'm papa's boy an' mamma's dear,
An' I be glad 'ist 'cuz I'm here.

It's hard to make a name, I s'pose,
W'en they have used 'bout all o' those
That they have heard or that they've read—
O' course, there's more w'en people's dead.

An' now I wonder if that I
Will leave my name w'en I must die.
I guess it's so, 'cuz we 'ist call
Angel's last name for them all.

I'm glad I'm not an angel yet,
Whose names are less than mine, I bet,
Still it must be nice to see
All the folks that used to be.

Oh, my, I don't know what to say
About my names, 'cuz every day
My mamma finds a new one, too—
I'm 'fraid she's left no names for you.

The bestest thing in all this worl'
Is, I'm a boy an' not a girl,
Girls are good as they can be,
But boys are best you must agree.

I guess I've tol' you all I know
From where names come to where they go;
But 'member now 'ist what I sed,
My name is Bub instead o' Ned.

THE VEGETABLE MAN

BY LEONARD G. NATTKEMPER

A Chinaman comes to our house each day
Wif horses that's colored both red an' gray,
An' wagon 'ist full of things to eat—
An' up I climbs on his big high seat.

This Chinaman's name I cannot tell—
But "veg'table man" will do as well;
For corn an' beans and cabbage, too,
He grows in the fields for me an' you.

An' w'en it's time to drive to town
He brings his wagon 'ist loaded down
With veg't'ble things an' peaches too—
He'll peel you one if I ask him to.

Gee, but I love this Chinaman;
He stops an' plays, an' one day ran
Aroun' his wagon clear out of sight—
But I found him there an' held on tight.

Then up he lifts me way up high,
An' laughs again wif his funny eye—
I forgot to tell that he can see
'Ist half so well as you an' me.

'Cause one day w'en he's 'ist a boy
An' playin' wif a home-made toy,
It flew aroun' an' hit his face,
An' left that funny open place.

But I don't care if he is queer,
He sees enough to know I'm here,
An' finds the time to stop an' play
W'en I am lonesome through the day.

But ma an' dad are not so kind
As veg't'ble man whose eye is blind.
I guess I love them all I can,
But most I love my Chinaman.

IMMIGRATION

BY WALLACE IRWIN

Ezekiel, the Puritan,
 Thus lifts his protestation:
 "By ginger, I'm American,
 And don't like immigration.
 Naow I jest guess I got here fust
 And know what I'm abaout,
 When I declar' we'll all go bust
 Or keep them aliens out."

Max Heidelberg, the German, says:
 "Jah also. Right, mein frendt.
 If ve dot foreign trash admit
 Our woes will nefer endt.
 I am Americans as you
 Und villing to ge-shout
 'Hurray mit red und vite und plue,
 Und kiip dose aliens oudt!'"

Ike Diamondstein, the Jew, exclaims:
 "Ah, Izzy, ain't dat grandt!
 Ve Yangees haf such nople aims
 Und vill togeder standt,
 Ve've got der goods, ve're nach'ralized—
 Vat hinters us from shouten
 'Americavich is civilzized,
 So keep dose aliens outen!'"

Pietro Garibaldi says:
 "Here ever-r-ry man is king.
 I catch-a da fun, I mak-a da mon,
 I like-a da ever-r-yt'ing.
 American he gent-a-man—
 Watch-a da Dago shout,
 'Sell-a da fruit, shin-a da boot,
 Keep-a da alien out!'"

The Irishman vociferates:

“Sure, Mike, it’s sahft as jelly.
I’ll take the shtick and crack the pates
Of ivery foreign Kelly.
If it’s the call o’ polyticks,
Then I’m the la’ad to shout,
‘Down wid th’ Da-agos an’ th’ Micks,
An’ keep th’ aliens out!’”

But covered with ancestral tan,
Beside his wigwam door,
The only real American
Counts idle talk a bore.
“Ugh! Pale-face man he mighty thief.
Much medicine talk about—
It heap too late for Injun chief
To keep-um alien out.”

PATHETIC SELECTIONS IN POETRY

PASSIN' BY¹

BY BOMBARDIER B. BUMPAS

Well, I went an' joined the army, an' I done my little bit—
'Ere's the bloke wot put my pot on; yes, I keeps 'im in my kit—
No, 'e ain't no proper soft-nose; just the end off on the sly;
'E's the only one wot got me—but I've 'ered 'em passin' by,
God A'mighty! Yes, I've 'eard 'em passin' by.

Passin' by; passin' by; with a little whistlin' sigh,
"Nearly got you that time, Sonny, just a little bit too high,"
Or a crack like, "Jack, look out there: Keep yer 'ead down, mind yer eye!"
But they're gone an' far behind yer 'fore you'll 'ear 'em passin' by.

Yes, I lay from Toosday mornin' till the Wensday afternoon;
'En the Black Watch took their trenches 'en it woke me from a swoon.
I was flamin', nearly mad wi' thirst an' pain, an' fit to cry,
But I cheered 'em as they trampled on me carcus, passin' by.
God A'mighty! Yes, I cheered 'em as I 'eard 'em passin' by.

Passin' by; passin' by; trippin', fallin', gettin' nigh.
Gettin' nearer to the trenches, 'en you 'eard a Tommy cry:
"Don't forget the Belgian wimmen, nor the little bairns forbye."
God! I wouldn't be a German when them men was passin' by.

Then they gathered us together an' they sorted out the worst—
Wot they called the "stretcher cases"—and they 'tended to us first,
They was overworked an' crowded, an' the Doc 'ud give a sigh—
"Hopeless, that case"—"that one, also"—speakin' softly, passin' by.
God! They watched 'im, silent, suff'rin', watchin', hopin'—passin' by.

¹ Some of the greatest literature of this war has been written by British Tommies—in the trenches or in hospitals; but nothing finer or better interpreting the psychology of the men at the front has yet appeared in print than this poem by Bombardier B. Bumpas, of the Australian contingent, wounded at Gallipoli and while convalescing in a hospital at Cairo, minus a leg and an eye.

Passin' by; passin' by; curt command an' stifled sigh,
 For it ain't no place for drama, an' a man 'as got ter die;
 'En I thought I 'eard a whimper an' a little soft reply—
 "Greater love than this hath no man"—some one speakin' passin' by.

So they ships me off to "Blighty," 'en they sticks me in a ward,
 I was short a leg an' peeper, but they treats me like a lord.
 I'd allus bin a lonely bloke, an' so I used ter lie
 An' watch the fren's of other men continual passin' by,
 Sisters, children, wives, an' mothers, everlastin' passin' by.

Passin' by; passin' by; with a smile or with a sigh;
 With their cigarettes an' matches, flowers or shirt or pipe or tie;
 An' one 'ud sometimes talk an' speak—I used ter wonder why—
 Cos I ain't no blame Adonis, not ter notice, passin' by.

I'm thinkin' if the angels 'ave a Union Jack around,
 An' sticks it somewhere prominent when Gabriel starts to sound,
 The people round that flag will be 'most half the hosts on high—
 The men who've passed, or waits to pass, or now are passin' by,
 Big 'earted men an' wimmen, white an' black, a-passin' by.

Passin' by; passin' by; just to keep that flag on high,
 An' all that flag 'as stood for in the days that's now gone by;
 An' when they pass before, I'm sure 'E'll listen to their cry,
 An' 'E'll treat 'em very gentle, an' forgive 'em, passin' by.

JEANIE MORRISON

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 Through mony a weary way;
 But never, never can forget
 The luve o' life's young day!
 The fire that's blawn on Beltanes e'en
 May weel be black 'gin Yule;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time,—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off the speel the braes,—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,—
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.

O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
 O lichtsome days and lang,
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts
 Like summer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
 The deavin' dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its waters croon?
 The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin' o' the wood
 The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
 The burn sang to the trees,—
 And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies;
 And on the knowe abune the burn
 For hours thegither sat
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trinkled doun your cheek
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak!
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gushed all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled,—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae bin to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thocts
 As ye hae been to me?
 O, tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine!
 O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luv o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygone days and me!

CUDDLE DOON

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faught an' din;
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrief rogues,
Your faither's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a froon,
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece;"
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out, frae neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at once,
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon,
But aye I hap them up and cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their faither's fit,
An' as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits off his shoon;
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

And just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at our wee lambs;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
And Rab his airm round Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who rules aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be beld
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

THE PATRIOT

BY ROBERT BROWNING

(An Old Story)

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered "And afterward, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
To give it my loving friends to keep!
Naught man could do, have I left undone:
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now
Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me?" God might question; now instead,
'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

ANNABEL LEE

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee,
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE LOVER OF ANNABEL LEE

By EDWIN D. CASTERLINE

Often I think of the beautiful soul,
The soul of Annabel Lee,
And the man who loved, in the years gone by,
The soul of Annabel Lee—
His beautiful bride, who sleeps by his side,
By the shores of the sounding sea.

They say he was mad, but the world was mad,
More mad and more wrong than he,
For the soul was true that loved the soul
Of the wondrous Annabel Lee,
And the touch of that love was the love that made
The soul of her lover free.

In the days gone by, in the wreck of things,
From the wave of Life's wide sea,
They were carried beyond by their kinsmen high,
He and his Annabel Lee;
Her heart was pure, too pure for the world
That chills the heart of the free—
And his was a life that chilled with the life
That passed from Annabel Lee.

But the angels are good; in heaven above
They gather the wrecks of the sea,
They gather the gold from the wrecks of love,
And the soul in its purity free—
So this is what they've done with the love
Of Poe and his Annabel Lee.

I've stood in the room where they lived and loved,
And my soul touched the Life to be,
And I felt the spell of the hidden light
That lived in Annabel Lee;
And I felt the hand of the man she loved,
(That she loved far better than we,)
And down in my soul the double soul
Awoke the God in me.

So down in my dreams I follow the beams
Of Poe and his Annabel Lee,
And deep in the night I see the pure light
That flashes and quivers to me.
Away in the years where the Future stands,
In the world that is to be,
I know that my hands will clasp the hands
Of Poe and his Annabel Lee.

THE BURIED HEART

BY DENNAR STEWART

"I sleep, but my heart waketh."

Tread lightly, love, when over my head,
Beneath the daisies lying,
And tenderly press the grassy bed
Where the fallen rose lies dying.

Dreamless I sleep in the quiet ground,
Save when, your foot-fall hearing,
My heart awakes to the old-loved sound
And beats to the step that's nearing.

Bright shone the moon, last eve, when you came—
Still, dust for dust hath feeling—
The willow-roots whispered low the name
Of him who weeps while kneeling.

The lily-cup holds the falling tears,
The tears you shed above me;
And I know through all these silent years
There's some one still to love me.

Oh, softly sigh; for I hear the sound
 And grieve me o'er your sorrow;
 But leave a kiss in the myrtle mound—
 I'll give it back to-morrow.

Whisper me, love, as in moments fled,
 While I dream your hand mine taketh;
 For the stone speaks false that says, "She's dead;"
 I sleep, but my heart awaketh.

BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 O, well for the sailor-lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But, O, for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

BESIDE THE DEAD

BY INA COOLBRITH

(One of the finest sonnets in the English language)

It must be sweet, O thou, my dead, to lie
 With hands that folded are from every task;
 Sealed with the seal of the great mystery,
 The lips that nothing answer, nothing ask.

The life-long struggle ended ; ended quite
The weariness of patience, and of pain,
And the eyes closed to open not again
On desolate dawn or dreariness of night.
It must be sweet to slumber and forget ;
To have the poor tired heart so still at last :
Done with all yearning, done with all regret,
Doubt, fear, hope, sorrow, all forever past :
Past all the hours, or slow of wing or fleet—
It must be sweet, it must be very sweet !

—From "Songs of the Golden Gate," copyright by *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*, and used by kind permission of author and publisher.

ROCKING THE BABY

BY MADGE MORRIS WAGNER

I hear her rocking the baby—
Her room is just next to mine—
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms
That round her neck entwine,
As she rocks, and rocks the baby,
In the room just next to mine.
I hear her rocking the baby
Each day when the twilight comes,
And I know there's a world of blessing and love
In the "baby bye" she hums.
I see the restless fingers
Playing with "mamma's rings,"
And the sweet little smiling, pouting mouth,
That to hers in kissing clings,
As she rocks and sings to the baby,
And dreams as she rocks and sings.

I hear her rocking the baby,
Slower and slower now,
And I know she is leaving her good-night kiss
On its eyes, and cheek, and brow.
From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
I wonder would she start,
Could she know, through the wall between us,
She is rocking on a heart,

While my empty arms are aching
For a form they may not press,
And my emptier heart is breaking
In its desolate loneliness?
I list to the rocking, rocking,
In the room just next to mine,
And breathe a prayer in silence,
At a mother's broken shrine,
For the woman who rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine.

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PUT FLOWERS ON MY GRAVE

BY MADGE MORRIS WAGNER

When dead, no imposing funeral rite,
Nor line of praise I crave;
But drop your tears upon my face—
Put flowers on my grave.

Close not in narrow wall the place
In which my heart finds rest,
Nor mark with tow'ring monument
The sod above my breast.

Nor carve on gleaming, marble slab
A burning thought or deed.
Or word of love, or praise, or blame,
For stranger eyes to read.

But deep, deep in your heart of hearts,
A tender mem'ry save;
Upon my dead face drop your tears—
Put flowers on my grave.

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THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

BY CHARLES LAMB

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I FEEL I'M GROWING AULD, GUDE-WIFE

BY JAMES LINEN

I feel I'm growing auld, gude-wife—
I feel I'm growing auld;
My steps are frail, my een are bleared,
My pow is unco bauld.
I've seen the snaws o' fourscore years
O'er hill and meadow fa',
And hinnie! were it no' for you,
I'd gladly slip awa'.

I feel I'm growing auld, gude-wife—
 I feel I'm growing auld;
 Frae youth to age I've keepit warm
 The love that ne'er turned cauld.
 I canna bear the dreary thocht
 That we maun sindered be;
 There's naething binds my poor auld heart
 To earth, gude-wife, but thee.

I feel I'm growing auld, gude-wife—
 I feel I'm growing auld;
 Life seems to me a wintry waste,
 The very sun feels cauld.
 Of worldly frien's ye've been to me,
 Amang them a' the best;
 Now, I'll lay down my weary head,
 Gude-wife, and be at rest.

DA THIEF¹

BY T. A. DALY

Eef poor man goes
 An' steals a rose
 Een Juna-time—
 Wan leetla rose—
 You gon' su'pose
 Dat dat's a crime?

Eh! w'at? Den taka look at me,
 For here bayfore your eyes you see
 Wan thief, dat ees so glad an' proud
 He gona brag of eet out loud!
 So moocha good I do, an' feel,
 From dat wan leetle rose I steal,
 Dat eef I gon' to jail to-day
 Dey no could tak' my joy away.
 So, leesen! here ees how eet come:
 Las' night w'en I am walkin' home
 From work een hotta ceety street

¹ From "Madrigali."

Ees sudden com' a smal so sweet
 Eet maka heaven een my nose—
 I look an' dere I see da rose!
 Not wan, but manny, fine an' tall,
 Dat peep at me above da wall.
 So, then, I close my eyes an' find
 Anudder peecture een my mind;
 I see a house dat's small an' hot
 Where many pretta theengs ees not,
 Where leetla woman, good an' true,
 Ees work so hard da whole day through,
 She's too wore out, w'en com's da night,
 For smile an' mak' da housa bright.

But presto! now I'm home, an' she
 Ees seetin' on da step weeth me.
 Bambino, sleepin' on her breast,
 Ees nevva know more sweeta rest,
 An' nevva was sooch glad su'prise
 Like now ees shina from her eyes;
 An' all baycause to-night she wear
 Wan leetla rose stuck een her hair.
 She ees so please'! Eet mak' me feel
 I shoul da sooner learned to steal!

Eef "thief's" my name
 I feel no shame;
 Eet ees no crime—
 Dat rose I got.
 Eh! w'at? O! not
 Een Juna-time!

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THE SAND STORM

BY LOWELL OTUS REESE

We are thirsty, Pedro mio! and the heat waves leap and beat
 Where the Spanish daggers quiver in the mighty desert heat,

And the aching eye looks longing from Old Baldy to the east,
Where the Panamint is crouching like some ugly, hidden beast;
'Tis a hell-wind, Pedro mio! and it beats the sandy hail;
And the Yellow Snake is hissing by the old Mohave trail.

Oh, the loneliness of nature when she turns on you her frown!
When you feel no eye upon you, save the fierce sun glaring down,
Searing death into your body and despair into your soul,
As you reel across the desert with the sky-line for your goal;
When the breath begins to falter and the step begins to fail,
And the Yellow Snake is hissing by the old Mohave trail!

Oh, the awfulness of Nature when she turns on you her frown!
When an unseen hand above you is forever pressing down!
When across the hungry desert flames the scorching sword of Death,
And the eyes and lips are blackened in the Spirit's blighting breath!
Oh, the agony of dying, when the step begins to fail,
And the Yellow Snake is hissing by the old Mohave trail!

Oh, the dry and flying sand that stings to fever cheek and brow!
Rain of Hell, O, Pedro mio! and the flame is on us now!
Spiral Phantoms on the desert writhe and wriggle slowly by,
Reaching earthward from the bosom from the black and yellow sky;
Oh, the spiral specters writhing where the yuccas beat and flail,
And the Yellow Snake is hissing by the old Mohave trail!

I have seen it, Pedro mio!—seen it dimly through the wrack!—
Over there beyond the basin where the cloud is whirling black!
Streams of water, peaceful meadows and the shade of bending trees,
Stirring gently—ah, so gently! in the coolest summer breeze.
Let us turn aside and rest there from the fury of the gale;
For the Yellow Snake is hissing by the old Mohave trail!

Faster—faster, Pedro mio!—for the blood is in my eyes!
I would reach the blessed water ere it o'er my vision dries!
For it thunders in my temples the tumultuous refrain
Of a mountain torrent singing to the first November rain!
Stumble—stumble—onward—farther from the desiccating hail
Where the Yellow Snake is hissing by the old Mohave trail!

We have fallen, Pedro mio! and the vision fair is gone;
But above us and around us yet the tempest hurtles on;

Hark! a swirling raven settles with a flap of twisted wings;
And I seem to feel about us many crawling, creeping things!
We have fallen, Pedro mio! Hark the raging of the gale!
And the Yellow Snake is hissing by the old Mohave trail!

I am dying, Pedro mio! and I fain would go to sleep.
Faugh! the raven 'lights upon me! and the frightened lizards creep
With a rush of tiny claws across my swollen lips! and swift
O'er my breast, a burning blanket, rushing sand-waves eager drift;
We are dying, Pedro mio! in the awful desert gale!
And the Yellow Snake is hissing by the old Mohave trail!

NATHAN HALE

By FRANCIS M. FINCH

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by:
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye, \\\nYet to drum-beat and heart-beat !
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the arm'd sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance;—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of Hale shall burn!

MOTHER AND POET

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

(Turin, after news from Gaeta, 1861)

Dead! One of them shot in the sea by the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea!
Dead! both my boys! when you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,—
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? O, vain!
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,
And I proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman? to hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat!
To dream and to doat!

To teach them . . . It stings there! I made them, indeed,
Speak plain the word *country*. I taught them, no doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes! . . .
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone!—Then one weeps, then one kneels!
God, how the house feels!

At first, happy news came, in gay letters moiled
 With my kisses,—of camp-life and glory, and how
 They both loved me, and, soon coming home to be spoiled,
 In return would fan off every fly from my brow
 With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin: "Ancona was free!"
 And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
 With a face pale as stone, to say something to me,—
 My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,
 While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime
 As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
 To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
 When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
 To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,
 Writ now but in one hand: "I was not to faint,—
 One loved me for two—would be with me ere long:
 And 'Viva l' Italia!' he died for, our saint,
 Who forbids our complaint!"

My Nanni would add, "He was safe, and aware
 Of a presence that turned off the balls,—was impressed
 It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
 And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
 To live on for the rest."

On which, without pause, up the telegraph-line
 Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta!—*Shot.*
Tell His Mother. Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother,—not "mine,"
 No voice says "my mother" again to me. What!
 You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
 They drop earth's affections, conceive not of war?
 I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
 Through that love and sorrow which reconciled us
 The above and below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of Thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead? but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done,
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
When the guns of Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short;

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,
When you have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head
(And *I* have my dead),—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly! *My* country is *there*,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow:
My Italy's *THERE*,—with my brave civic pair,
To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into wail such as this,—and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea!
Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast,
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me!

DORA

With farmer Allan, at the farm, abode William and Dora. William was his son, and she his niece. He often looked at them and thought, "I'll make them man and wife." Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all, and yearned towards William; but the youth, because he had always been with her in the house, thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day when Allan called his son, and said, "My son, I married late, but I wish to see my grandchild on my knees before I die: and I have set my heart upon a match. Now therefore look to Dora; she is well to look at, thrifty too beyond her age. She is my brother's daughter: he and I had once hard words, and parted, and he died in foreign lands; but for his sake I cared for his daughter Dora: take her for your wife; for I have wished this marriage, night and day, for many years."

But William answered short: "I cannot marry Dora; by my life, I will not marry Dora."

Then the old man was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said: "You will not, boy! You dare to answer thus? But in my time a father's word was law, and so it shall be now for you. Look to it; consider, William: take a month to think, and let me have an answer to my wish, or by the Lord that made me, you shall pack, and never more darken my doors again."

But William answered madly; bit his lips, and broke away. The more he looked at her the less he liked her; and his ways were harsh; but Dora bore them meekly. Then, before the month was out he left his father's house, and hired himself to work within the fields; and, half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed a laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

When the wedding bells were ringing, Allan called his niece and said: "My girl, I love you well; but if you speak with him who was my son, or change a word with her he calls his wife, my home is none of yours. My will is law." And Dora promised, being meek. She thought, "It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!" And days went on, and there was born a boy to William; then distresses came on him, and day by day he passed his father's gate, heart-broken, and his father helped him not. But Dora stored what little she could save, and sent it them by stealth, nor did they know who sent it; till at last a fever seized on William, and in harvest time he died. Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat and looked with tears upon her boy, and thought hard things of Dora. Dora came and said: "I have obeyed my uncle

until now, and I have sinned, for it was all through me this evil came on William at the first. . But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone, and for your sake, the woman that he chose, and for this orphan, I am come to you. You know there has not been for these five years so full a harvest: let me take the boy, and I will set him in my uncle's eye among the wheat; that when his heart is glad of the full harvest, he may see the boy, and bless him for the sake of him that's gone." And Dora took the child and went her way across the wheat, and sat upon a mound that was unsown, where many poppies grew. Far off the farmer came into the field and spied her not; for none of all his men dare tell him Dora waited with the child. And Dora would have risen and gone to him, but her heart failed her; and the reapers reaped, and the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took the child once more, and sat upon the mound; and made a little wreath of all the flowers that grew about, and tied it round his hat to make him pleasing in her uncle's eye. Then when the farmer passed into the field he spied her, and he left his men at work, and came and said: "Where were you yesterday? Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"

So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground, and answered softly, "This is William's child!"

"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not forbid you, Dora?"

Dora said again: . "Do with me as you will, but take the child, and bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"

And Allan said, "I see it is a trick got up betwixt you and the woman there. I must be taught my duty, and by you! You knew my word was law, and yet you dared to slight it. Well!—for I will take the boy; but go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying he took the boy that cried aloud and struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell at Dora's feet. She bowed over her hands, and the boy's cry came to her from the field, more and more distant. She bowed down her head, remembering the day when first she came, and all the things that had been. She bowed down and wept in secret; and the reapers reaped, and the sun fell, and all the land was dark. Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy was not with Dora. She broke out in praise to God, that helped her in her widowhood. And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy; but, Mary, let me live and work with you; he says that he will never see me more."

Then answered Mary, "This shall never be, that thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself: and, now I think, he shall not have the boy,

for he will teach him hardness, and to slight his mother; therefore thou and I will go, and I will have my boy, and bring him home; and I will beg of him to take thee back: but if he will not take thee back again, then thou and I will live within one house, and work for William's child, until he grows of age to help us."

So the women kissed each other, and set out, and reached the farm. The door was off the latch: they peeped and saw the boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees, who thrust him in the hollows of his arms, and clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks, like one that loved him: and the lad stretched out and babbled for the golden seal that hung from Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire. Then they came in: but when the boy beheld his mother, he cried out to come to her: and Allan set him down, and Mary said: "O Father!—if you let me call you so—I never came a-begging for myself, or William, or this child; but now I come for Dora: take her back, she loves you well. O Sir, when William died, he died at peace with all men; for I asked him, and he said he could not ever rue his marrying me—I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said that he was wrong to cross his father thus: 'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know the troubles I have gone through!' Then he turned his face and passed—unhappy that I am! But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you will make him hard, and he will learn to slight his father's memory; and take Dora back, and let all be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face by Mary. There was silence in the room; and all at once the old man burst in sobs: "I have been to blame—to blame. I have killed my son. I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son. May God forgive me! I have been to blame. Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about the old man's neck, and they kissed him many times. And Allan was broken with remorse; and all his love came back a hundred-fold; and for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child thinking of William. So those four abode in one house together; and as years went forward, Mary took another mate; but Dora lived unmarried until her death.

THE FAMINE¹

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

O the long and dreary Winter!

O the cold and cruel Winter!

¹ From *Hiawatha*.

Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy;
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,

Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O Father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,

And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests, that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She, the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!"

Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine;
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,

Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell," said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

THE CHILDREN OF THE BATTLE-FIELD

BY JAMES GOWDY CLARK

Upon the field of Gettysburg
The summer sun was high,
When Freedom met her haughty foe
Beneath a northern sky.
Among the heroes of the North
That swelled her grand array,
And rushed like mountain eagles forth
From happy homes away,
There stood a man of humble fame,—
A sire of children three,—
And gazed within a little frame
His pictured ones to see:
And blame him not if, in the strife,
He breathed a soldier's prayer,—
"O Father! shield the soldier's wife,
And for his children care."

Upon the field of Gettysburg,
When morning shone again,
The crimson cloud of battle burst
In streams of fiery rain:

Our legions quelled the awful flood
Of shot and steel and shell,
While banners, marked with ball and blood,
Around them rose and fell:
And none more nobly won the name
Of Champion of the Free
Than he who pressed the little frame
That held his children three;
And none were braver in the strife
Than he who breathed the prayer,—
“O Father! shield the soldier’s wife,
And for his children care.”

Upon the field of Gettysburg
The full moon slowly rose,—
She looked, and saw ten thousand brows
All pale in death’s repose;
And down beside a silver stream,
From other forms away,
Calm as a warrior in a dream,
Our fallen comrade lay;
His limbs were cold, his sightless eyes
Were fixed upon the three
Sweet stars that rose in memory’s skies
To light him o’er death’s sea.
Then honored be the soldier’s life,
And hallowed be his prayer,—
“O Father! shield the soldier’s wife,
And for his children care.”

PRESIDENT LINCOLN’S FUNERAL

BY SARAH E. CARMICHAEL

Toll! Toll!
Toll! Toll!
All rivers seaward wend.
Toll! Toll!
Toll! Toll!
Weep for the nation’s friend.

Every home and hall was shrouded,
 Every thoroughfare was still;
 Every brow was darkly clouded,
 Every heart was faint and chill.
 Oh! the inky drop of poison
 In our bitter draught of grief!
 Oh! the sorrow of a nation
 Mourning for its murdered chief!

Toll! Toll!
 Toll! Toll!
 Bound in the reaper's sheaf—
 Toll! Toll!
 Toll! Toll!
 All mortal life is brief.
 Toll! Toll!
 Toll! Toll!
 Weep for the nation's chief!

Bands of mourning draped the homestead,
 And the sacred house of prayer;
 Mourning folds lay black and heavy
 On true bosoms everywhere:
 Yet there were no tear-drops streaming
 From the deep and solemn eye
 Of the hour that mutely waited
 Till the funeral train went by.
 Oh! there is a woe that crushes
 All expression with its weight!
 There is pain that numbs and hushes
 Feeling's sense, it is so great.

Strongest arms were closely folded,
 Most impassioned lips, at rest;
 Scarcely seemed a heaving motion
 In the nation's wounded breast;
 Tears were frozen in their sources,
 Blushes burned themselves away;
 Language bled through broken heart-threads,
 Lips had nothing left to say.

Yet there was a marble sorrow
In each still face, chiseled deep;
Something more than words could utter,
Something more than tears could weep.

Selfishly the nation mourned him,
Mourned its chieftain and its friend;
Eye no traitor mist could darken,
Arm no traitor power could bend;
Heart that gathered the true pulses
Of the land's indignant veins,
And, with their tempestuous spurning,
Broke the slave's tear-rusted chains:
Heart that tied its iron fibers
Round the Union's starry band;
Martyr's heart, that upward beating,
Broke on hate's assassin hand!
Oh! the land he loved will miss him,
Miss him in its hour of need!
Mourns the nation for the nation
Till its tear-drops inward bleed.

There is one whose life will mourn him,
With a deep, unselfish woe;
One who owned him chief and master
Ere the nation named him so.
That the land he loved will miss him
Does she either think or care?
No! the chieftain's heart is shrouded,
And her woman's world was there.
No! the nation was her rival;
Let its glory shine or dim,
He hath perished on its altar—
What were many such to him?

Toll! Toll!
Toll! Toll!
Never again—no more—
Comes back to earth the life that goes
Hence to the Eden shore!

Let him rest!—it is not often
That his soul hath known repose;
Let him rest!—they rest but seldom
Whose successes challenge foes.
He was weary—worn with watching;
His life-crown of power hath pressed
Oft on temples sadly aching—
He was weary, let him rest.

Toll, bells at the Capital!
Bells of the land, toll!
Sob out your grief with brazen lungs—
Toll! Toll! Toll!

THE FISHERMAN'S STORY

BY HERBERT BASHFORD

I knew he was morose that day
Because he did not speak to me,
But now I know he was away
Upon the hills of Italy.

He showed me once long months before
The picture of a dark-eyed girl
Within a locket that he wore—
A little keepsake wrought of pearl.

His life had known no counter gale,
He had the aid of wind and tide,
And dreamed that soon a snowy sail
Should bear him to his future bride.

'Twas but a letter—nothing much—
A scrap of paper sent to him,
Yet something he did clutch and clutch
The while his dusky eyes grew dim.

And oh, how eagerly he scanned
Each syllable that formed her name!
He crushed the letter in his hand
And fed it to the driftwood flame.

As in a dream he sat and stared
At night's black pall around us hung;
I would have spoken if I'd dared,
But silence had a gentler tongue.

He did not curse as men will do,
Of grief he gave no outward sign;
That bitter draught of myrrh and rue
He drank as though it had been wine.

With joyless heart he crooned a song
Of love and hope, as day by day
We hauled our heavy seine along
The pebbled beaches of the bay.

At last—ah, Christ, I'll not forget!
I never saw the like before!
An empty boat—we, chilled and wet,
And ten leagues from our cabin door!

Ten leagues—a stormy row!
But fishermen know naught of fear;
Had we ere this not faced the snow
When winter nights were dark and drear?

Had we not braved the Storm-king's glee
When winds were shrill and waves were high,
Been battered by a raging sea
And swung below a ragged sky?

"Oho! Cheer up!" I cried,
"We've dared the seas before, my mate,
What matter if ill luck betide?—
Why, we were born to laugh at fate!"

He grasped his oar with one long sigh,
Nor spoke he any word to me;
And so together, he and I,
Put out upon the angry sea.

And side by side, with steady stroke,
We fought against the veering flaw;
In flakes of froth the billows broke—
The wildest wolves I ever saw!

Ah, how the cutting north wind blew,
And in our faces dashed the spray!
The sullen twilight round us grew,
The green shore faded into gray.

“Cheer up! Cheer up! A merry row
We’ll have ere dawn of day!” laughed I;
“And what care we how winds may blow?”
The Sea’s voice only made reply.

A silent man he left the shore,
Nor yet a single word had said;
A silent man he dipped his oar
As though it were a thing of lead.

The night came down and still we toiled,
The tumult fiercer grew, and now
The swirling tide-rip foamed and boiled,
And ghostly seas swept o’er the prow.

The air was filled with flying spume,
Cloud-galleons sailed down the sky,
Strange forms groped toward us in the gloom,
Pale phantoms glided swiftly by.

Afar, at times, a lonely loon
Sent quavering laughter through the night,
While from a filmy sheath the moon
Drew forth a sabre, keen and bright.

Oh, it was weird!—the seabird’s screech,
The distant buoy’s warning bell,
The white palms lifting high to reach
A loosened star that downward fell!

Within my breast each moment grew
A fear of more than wind-blown sea;
And lo! that mute man, laughing, threw
Aside his oar and leered at me.

That moonlit face! It haunts me still!
The eyes that spoke the maddened brain!
That moonlit face! it sent a thrill
Of terror through my every vein!

"Aha! You thought me dead, you cur!"—
His breath blew hot against my cheek;
"Aha! You coward, you lied to her!"—
I felt my limbs grow strangely weak.

"Lorenzo! Look! The boat! The boat!"—
But how can mad men understand?
My God! He leaped to clutch my throat,
A wicked dagger in his hand!

That lifted knife! Ah, yet I feel
A horror of the deadly thing!
The long, keen blade of polished steel
Against the white stars quivering.

I upward sprang—I grasped somehow
The hand that held the hilt of bone;
With panther strength he struggled now,
A demon I must fight—alone!

He strove to slay, and I to save
His life and mine if such might be,
And in the trough and on the wave
Like beasts we grappled savagely.

To plead were vain; I could not hear
My voice above the tempest's breath,
I only knew my feet were near
The awful, icy edge of Death.

We fought until the dark became
A glare of crimson to my eyes,
Until the stars were snakes of flame
That writhed along the lurid skies.

We fought I know not how—to me
All things of that mad night appear
As vague as when in dreams you see
The ghouls that haunt the coast of Fear.

We fought—we fought and then—and then—
A leap—a cry—and he was gone!
And I alone pulled shoreward when
The East had grown the flower of dawn.

I knew he was morose that day
Because he did not speak to me,
But now I know he was away
Upon the hills of Italy.

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WHY SANTA CLAUS FORGOT

BY HERBERT BASHFORD

A wind from the south swept down the bay,
And pale with anger the waters turned
As the ranchman's wife looked far away
To where the lights of the city burned.

Like feeble stars on that Christmas eve
Were the pulsing lights beyond the tide;
“Now play with your dolly and do not grieve,”
Said she to the wee one at her side.

“Good Santa Claus will come to you
This very night if you do not cry,”
And she wiped a tear like a drop of dew
From the rosy cheek and the anxious eye.

"No sail! No sail!" and the sad wife pressed
A wan face close to the window-pane,
But naught she saw but the sea's white breast
And the long gray lash of the hissing rain.

The night fell black and the wild gale played
In the chimney's throat a shrill, weird tune,
While into a cloud as if afraid
Stole the ghostly form of the groping moon.

Then the steeds of the sea all landward came,
Each panting courser thundered o'er
The rocks of the reef and died in flame
Along the utmost reach of shore.

Ah, heavy the heart of the ranchman's wife!
And long she listened, yet only heard
The voice of breakers in awful strife
And the plaintive cry of a frightened bird.

So long she waited and prayed for day
As the firelight flickered upon the floor,
While the prowling wind like a beast of prey
Did growl and growl at the cabin door.

The gray dawn crept through the weeping wood,
The clouds set sail and all was still;
With a breast of gold the fair morn stood
Above the firs of the eastern hill.

The waters slept and the raindrops clung
Like shimmering pearls to the maple tree;
The sky was clear and the brown birds flung
Sweet showers of crystal melody.

A splintered mast and a tattered sail
Lay out in the sun on the hard brown sands
And plainer than words they told a tale
To the woman who wept and wrung her hands.

And the little girl with the gold-crowned head
Looked up with her tear-wet eyes of blue;
"Oh, please don't cry, mamma," she said,
"Old Santa Claus forgot me, too."

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DICKENS IN CAMP

BY BRET HARTE

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow:

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o’ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines’ incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak, and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine!

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WHEN THE OLD MAN DREAMED

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Sometimes ’long after supper my grandsire used to sit
Where the sunbeams through the window things of beauty liked to knit,
And he’d light his pipe and sit there in a sort of waking dream,
While to bathe his form in glory seemed the sunlight’s pretty scheme;
And then, whatever happened, he didn’t seem to see,
And a smile lit up his features that used to puzzle me,
And I would often wonder what pleasant inner theme
Had caused that strange and tranquil smile when grandpa used to
dream.

Sometimes, though, when I’d listen I’d hear the good man sigh,
And once I’m almost sure I saw the moisture in his eye,

But whether he would smile or sigh, he didn't seem to see
The things that happened 'round him, and that's what puzzled me.
With the wreaths of smoke ascending as the twilight gathered there,
The shadows crept about him in the old arm chair,
And through the evening darkness I could see the fitful gleam
From the embers in his lighted pipe when grandpa used to dream.

I used to wonder in those days. I wonder now no more,
For now I understand the thing that puzzled me of yore,
And I know that through the twilight and the shadows gathering fast
Came unto my grandsire, dreaming, the visions of the past.
The boys who played with him were there within that little room;
His mother's smile no doubt lit up the darkness and the gloom;
Again he ran and leaped and played beside an Eastern stream;
The ones he loved were there, I know, when grandpa used to dream.

And so he smiled—and then she stood, his dearest, at his side,
With the glow of youth upon her, red-lipped and laughing eyed,
And he told the old, sweet story, and she listened, nothing loth,
And dreams of hope were written in the happy hearts of both;
And then, by strange transition, he saw her pulseless lie—
And 'twas then I viewed the moisture in the corner of his eye.
Old friends were gathered round him, though they'd crossed death's
mystic stream,
In that hour of smiles and sighing when my grandsire used to dream.

Oh, glad, sad gift of memory to call our dear ones back
And win them from their narrow homes to Time's still beaten track!
Yours was the power my grandsire held while twilight turned to night:
Through you his loved returned again and blessed his longing sight;
And I no longer wonder, when his dreaming I recall,
At smiles and sighs succeeding while the shadows hid us all,
For, while my pencil's trailing and I've half forgot my theme,
I, too, am seeing visions, as my grandsire used to dream.

WHEN LITTLE SISTER CAME¹

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

We dwelt in the woods of the Tippe-canoe,
In a lone lost cabin, with never a view
Of the full day's sun for a whole year through.
With strange half hints through the russet corn
We children were hurried one night. Next morn
There was frost on the trees, and a sprinkle of snow,
And tracks on the ground. Three boys below
The low eave listened. We burst through the door,
And a girl baby cried,—and then we were four.

We were not sturdy, and we were not wise
In the things of the world, and the ways men dare.
A pale-browed mother with a prophet's eyes,
A father that dreamed and looked anywhere.

¹ Mr. Miller gives the following interesting note to the above poem:

"We had been moving West and West from my birth, at Liberty, Union County, Indiana, November 10, 1841 or 1842 (the Bible was burned and we don't know which year), and now were in the woods of the Miami Indian Reserve. My first recollection is of starting up from the trundle-bed with my two little brothers and looking out one night at father and mother at work burning brush-heaps, which threw a lurid flare against the greased paper window. Late that autumn I was measured for my first shoes, and Papa led me to his school. Then a strange old woman came, and there was mystery and a smell of mint, and one night, as we three little ones were hurried away through the woods to a neighbor's, she was very cross. We three came back alone in the cold, early morning. There was a little snow, rabbit tracks in the trail, and some quail ran hastily from cover to cover. We three little ones were all alone and silent, so silent. We knew nothing, nothing at all, and yet we knew, intuitively, all; but truly the divine mystery of mother nature, God's relegation of His last great work to woman, her partnership with Him in creation—not one of us had ever dreamed of. Yet we three little lads huddled up in a knot near the ice-hung eaves of the log cabin outside the corner where mother's bed stood and—did the new baby hear her silent and awed little brothers? Did she feel them, outside there, huddled close together in the cold and snow, listening, listening? For lo! a little baby cry came through the cabin wall; and then we all rushed around the corner of the cabin, jerked the latch and all three in a heap tumbled up into the bed and peered down into the little pink face against mother's breast. Gentle, gentle, how more than ever gentle were we all six now in that little log cabin. Papa doing everything so gently, saying nothing, only doing, doing. And ever so and always toward the West, till 1852, when he had touched the sea of seas, and could go no farther. And so gentle always! Can you conceive how gentle? Seventy-two years he led and lived in the wilderness and yet never fired or even laid hand to a gun."

Three brothers—wild blossoms, tall-fashioned as men
And we mingled with none, but we lived as when
The pair first lived ere they knew the fall;
And, loving all things, we believed in all.

Ah! girding yourself and throwing your strength
On the front of the forest that stands in mail,
Sounds gallant, indeed, in a pioneer's tale,
But, God in heaven! the weariness
Of a sweet soul banished to a life like this!

This reaching of weary-worn arms full length;
This stooping all day to the cold stubborn soil—
This holding the heart! it is more than toil!
What liveness of heart! what wishing to die
In that soul in the earth, that was born for the sky!

We parted wood-curtains, pushed westward and we,
Why, we wandered and wandered a half year through,
We tented with herds as the Arabs do,
And at last lay down by the sundown sea.
Then there in that sun did my soul take fire!
It burned in its fervor, thou Venice, for thee!
My glad heart glowed with the one desire
To stride to the front, to live, to be!
To strow great thoughts through the world as I went,
As God sows stars through the firmament.

Venice, 1874.

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WHEN THE OLD MAN SMOKES

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

In the forenoon's restful quiet,
When the boys are off at school,
When the window lights are shaded
And the chimney corner cool,

Then the old man seeks his arm-chair,
Lights his pipe and settles back;
Falls a-dreaming as he draws it
Till the smoke wreaths gather black.

And the tear-drops come a-trickling
Down his cheeks, a silver flow—
Smoke or memories you wonder,
But you never ask him, no;
For there's something almost sacred
To the other family folks
In those moods of silent dreaming
When the old man smokes.

Ah, perhaps he sits there dreaming
Of the love of other days
And how he used to lead her
Through the merry dances maze;
How he called her "little princess."
And, to please her, used to twine
Tender wreaths to crown her tresses,
From the "matrimony vine."

Then before his mental vision
Comes, perhaps, a sadder day,
When they left his little princess
Sleeping with her fellow clay.
How his young heart throbbed, and pained him!
Why the memory of it chokes!
Is it of these things he's thinking
When the old man smokes?

But some brighter thoughts possess him,
For the tears are dried the while.
And the old worn face is wrinkled
In a reminiscent smile,
From the middle of the forehead
To the feebly trembling lip,
At some ancient prank remembered
Or some unheard of quip.

Then the lips relax their tension
And the pipe begins to slide,
Till in little clouds of ashes,
It falls gently at his side;
And his head bends lower and lower
Till his chin lies on his breast,
And he sits in peaceful slumber
Like a little child at rest.

Dear old man, there's something sad'ning,
In these dreamy moods of yours,
Since the present proves so fleeting,
All the past for you endures;
Weeping at forgotten sorrows,
Smiling at forgotten jokes;
Life epitomized in minutes,
When the old man smokes.

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DRAMATIC SELECTIONS IN POETRY

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

BY W. H. CARRUTH

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod;
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky;
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod;
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like the tide on the crescent sea beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
In our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in.
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod;
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God,

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood;
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the road;
The millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod;
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

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THE MAN WITH THE HOE

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

(Written after seeing Millet's World-Famous Painting)

God made man in His own image, in the image of God made He him.—Genesis.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?
Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
 Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
 Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
 What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
 The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
 Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
 Time's tragedy is in the aching stoop;
 Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
 Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
 Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
 A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
 Is this the handiwork you give to God,
 This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
 How will you ever straighten up this shape;
 Touch it again with immortality;
 Give back the upward looking and the light;
 Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
 Make right the immemorial infamies,
 Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
 How will the Future reckon with this Man?
 How answer his brute questions in that hour
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
 How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
 With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
 When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
 After the silence of the centuries?

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TOMMY

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

I went to a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
 The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no redcoats here."

The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
I out into the street again, an' to myself sez I:

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, go away";
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play,
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.

I went into a theater as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, wait outside";
But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide,
The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's on the tide,
O it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;
An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer
soul?"

But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll,
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,
O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barracks, most remarkably like you;
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, fall be'ind,"
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the
wind,

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind,
O it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the
wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room shops, but prove it to our face
The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot;
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees!

THE CAVALIER'S SONG

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

While the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray,
My true love has mounted his steed, and away
Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er down—
Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the Crown!

He has doff'd the silk doublet the breastplate to bear,
He has placed the steel cap o'er his long-flowing hair,
From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs down—
Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the Crown!

For the rights of fair England that broadsword he draws;
Her King is his leader, her Church is his cause;
His watchword is honor, his pay is renown—
God strike with the Gallant that strikes for the Crown!

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all
The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall;
But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town,
That the spears of the North have encircled the Crown.

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes;
There's Erin's high Ormond, and Scotland's Montrose!
Would you match the base Skippon, and Massey, and Brown
With the Barons of England, that fight for the Crown?

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier!
Be his banner unconquer'd, resistless his spear,
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown,
In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and her Crown.

WAR

ANONYMOUS

Ivor never heard of Rudolph,
Rudolph never heard of Ivor,
Yet each of them flies at the other—and dies;
For some one, somewhere, has said "War!"

Twelve million men to be marshaled
And murdered and mangled and maimed;
Twelve million men, by the stroke of the pen,
To be slaughtered—and no one ashamed.

Mountains of wealth to be wasted,
Oceans of tears to be shed,
Valleys of light to be turned into night,
Rivers of blood to run red.

Thousands of wives to be widowed,
Millions of mothers to mourn,
Thousands in sorrow to wait the to-morrow,
Millions of hearts to be torn.

Thousands of fathers to perish,
Millions of children to moan,
Ages of time to prepare for a crime
That eons can never atone.

Thousands of homes to be shattered,
Millions of prayers to be vain.
Thousands of ways to the glory that pays
In poverty, panic and pain.

Twelve million men in God's image
Sentenced to shoot and be shot,
Kill and be killed, as ruler has willed,
For what—For what—*For what?*

Ivor never heard of Rudolph,
And Rudolph knows naught of Ivor,
Yet each of them flies at the other—and dies,
For some one, somewhere, has said "War!"

LOVE OF COUNTRY

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land!
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand!
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell
 High tho' his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

SIR GALAHAD

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel:
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

—From "Sir Galahad."

OPPORTUNITY

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing—!" he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

THE FIRING LINE

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

For glory? For good? For fortune or fame?
Why, he for the front when the battle is on!
Leave the rear to the dolt, the lazy, the lame,
Go forward as ever the valiant have gone;
Whether city or field, whether mountain or mine,
Go forward, right on to the Firing Line.

Whether newsboy or plowboy, cowboy or clerk,
Fight forward, be ready, be steady, be first;
Be fairest, be bravest, be best at your work;
Exalt and be glad; dare to hunger, to thirst,
As David, as Alfred—let dogs skulk and whine—
There is room but for men on the Firing Line.

Aye, the place to fight and the place to fall—
 As fall we must, all in God's good time—
 It is where the manliest man is the wall,
 Where boys are as men in their pride and prime,
 Where glory gleams brightest, where brightest eyes shine,
 Far out on the roaring red Firing Line.

HOW OSWALD DINED WITH GOD

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

Over Northumbria's lone, gray lands,
 Over the frozen marl,
 Went flying the fogs from the fens and sands,
 And the wind with a wolfish snarl.

Frosty and stiff by the York wall
 Stood the rusty grass and the yarrow:
 Gone wings and songs to the southland, all—
 Robin and starling and sparrow.

Weary with weaving the battle-woof,
 Came the king and his thanes to the Hall:
 Feast-fires reddened the beams of the roof,
 Torch flames waved from the wall.

Bright was the gold that the table bore,
 Where platters and beakers shone:
 Whining hounds on the sanded floor
 Looked hungrily up for a bone.

Laughing, the king took his seat at the board,
 With his gold-haired queen at his right:
 War-men sitting around them roared
 Like a crash of the shields in fight.

Loud rose laughter and lusty cheer,
 And gleemen sang loud in their throats,
 Telling of swords and the whistling spear,
 Till their red beards shook with the notes.

Varlets were bringing the smoking boar,
Ladies were pouring the ale,
When the watchman called from the great hall door:
"O King, on the wind is a wail.

"Feebly the host of the hungry poor
Lift hands at the gate with a cry:
Grizzled and gaunt they come over the moor,
Blasted by earth and sky."

"Ho!" cried the king to the thanes, "make speed—
Carry this food to the gates—
Off with the boar and the cask of mead—
Leave but a loaf on the plates."

Still came a cry from the hollow night:
"King, this is one day's feast;
But days are coming with famine-blight;
Wolf winds howl from the east!"

Hot from the king's heart leaped a deed,
High as his iron crown:
(Noble souls have a deathless need
To stoop to the lowest down.)

"Thanes, I swear by Godde's Bride
This is a cursèd thing—
Hunger for the folk outside,
Gold inside for the king!"

Whirling his war-ax over his head,
He cleft each plate into four.
"Gather them up, O thanes," he said,
"For the workfolk at the door.

"Give them this for the morrow's meat,
Then shall we feast in accord:
Our half of a loaf will then be sweet—
Sweet as the bread of the Lord!"

—From "The Shoes of Happiness and Other Poems."

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HOW THE GREAT GUEST CAME

By EDWIN MARKHAM

I

Before the Cathedral in grandeur rose,
At Ingelburg where the Danube goes;
Before its forest of silver spires
Went airily up to the clouds and fires;
Before the oak had ready a beam,
While yet the arch was stone and dream—
There where the altar was later laid,
Conrad the cobbler plied his trade.

II

Doubled all day on his busy bench,
Hard at his cobbling for master and hench,
He pounded away at a brisk rat-tat,
Shearing and shaping with pull and pat,
Hide well hammered and pegs sent home,
Till the shoe was fit for the Prince of Rome.
And he sang as the threads went to and fro:
"Whether 'tis hidden or whether it show,
Let the work be sound, for the Lord will know."

III

Tall was the cobbler, and gray and thin,
And a full moon shone where the hair had been.
His eyes peered out, intent and afar,
As looking beyond the things that are.
He walked as one who is done with fear,
Knowing at last that God is near.
Only the half of him cobbled the shoes:
The rest was away for the heavenly news.
Indeed, so thin was the mystic screen
That parted the Unseen from the Seen,
You could not tell, from the cobbler's theme
If his dream were truth or his truth were dream.

IV

It happened one day at the year's white end,
Two neighbors called on their old-time friend;
And they found the shop, so meager and mean,
Made gay with a hundred boughs of green.
Conrad was stitching with face ashine,
But suddenly stooped as he twitched a twine:
"Old friends, good news! At dawn to-day,
As the cocks were scaring the night away,
The Lord appeared in a dream to me,
And said, 'I am coming your Guest to be!'
So I've been busy with feet astir,
Strewing the floor with branches of fir.
The wall is washed and the shelf is shined,
And over the rafter the holly twined.
He comes to-day, and the table is spread,
With milk and honey and wheaten bread."

V

His friends went home; and his face grew still
As he watched for the shadow across the sill.
He lived all the moments o'er and o'er,
When the Lord should enter the lowly door—
The knock, the call, the latch pulled up,
The lighted face, the offered cup.
He would wash the feet where the spikes had been;
He would kiss the hands where the nails went in;
And then at the last would sit with Him
And break the bread as the day grew dim.

VI

While the cobbler mused, there passed his pane
A beggar drenched by the driving rain.
He called him in from the stony street
And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.
The beggar went and there came a crone,
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown.
A bundle of fagots bowed her back,
And she was spent with the wrench and rack.

He gave her his loaf and steadied her load
 As she took her way on the weary road.
 Then to his door came a little child,
 Lost and afraid in the world so wild,
 In the big, dark world. Catching it up,
 He gave it the milk in the waiting cup,
 And led it home to its mother's arms,
 Out of the reach of the world's alarms.

VII

The day went down in the crimson west
 And with it the hope of the blessed Guest,
 And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray:
 "Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay?
 Did You forget that this was the day?"
 Then soft in the silence a Voice he heard:
 "Lift up your heart, for I kept my word.
 Three times I came to your friendly door;
 Three times my shadow was on your floor.
 I was the beggar with bruised feet;
 I was the woman you gave to eat;
 I was the child on the homeless street!"

—From "The Shoes of Happiness and Other Poems." Copyright by
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PICKETT'S CHARGE

BY FRED EMERSON BROOKS

When Pickett charged at Gettysburg,
 For three long days, with carnage fraught,
 Two hundred thousand men had fought;
 And courage could not gain the field,
 Where stubborn valor would not yield.
 With Meade on Cemetery Hill,
 And mighty Lee thundering still
 Upon the ridge a mile away;
 Four hundred guns in counterplay
 Their deadly thunderbolts had hurled—
 The cannon duel of the world!
 When Pickett charged at Gettysburg.

When Pickett charged at Gettysburg,
Dread war had never known such need
Of some o'ermastering, valiant deed;
And never yet had cause so large
Hung on the fate of one brief charge.
To break the center, but a chance;
With Pickett waiting to advance;
It seemed a crime to bid him go,
And Longstreet said not "Yes" nor "No,"
But silently he bowed his head.
"I shall go forward!" Pickett said.
Then Pickett charged at Gettysburg.

Then Pickett charged at Gettysburg;
Down from the little wooded slope,
A-step with doubt, a-step with hope,
And nothing but the tapping drum
To time their tread, still on they come.
Four hundred cannon hush their thunder,
While cannoneers gaze on in wonder!
Two armies watch, with stifled breath,
Full eighteen thousand march to death,
At elbow-touch, with banners furled,
And courage to defy the world,
In Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'Tis Pickett's charge at Gettysburg:
None but tried veterans can know
How fearful 'tis to charge the foe;
But these are soldiers will not quail,
Though Death and Hell stand in their trail!
Flower of the South and Longstreet's pride,
There's valor in their very stride!
Virginian blood runs in their veins,
And each his ardor scarce restrains;
Proud of the part they're chosen for:
The mighty cyclone of the war,
In Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'Tis Pickett's charge at Gettysburg:
How mortals their opinions prize
When armies march to sacrifice,

And souls by thousands in the fight
 On Battle's smoky wing take flight.
 Firm-paced they come, in solid form
 The dreadful calm before the storm.
 Those silent batteries seem to say:
 "We're waiting for you, men in gray!"
 Each anxious gunner knows full well
 Why every shot of his must tell
 On Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'Tis Pickett's charge at Gettysburg:
 What grander tableau can there be
 Than rhythmic swing of infantry
 At shouldered arms, with flashing steel?
 As Pickett swings to left, half-wheel,
 Those monsters instantly outpour
 Their flame and smoke of death! and roar
 Their fury on the silent air—
 Starting a scene of wild despair:
 Lee's batteries roaring: "Room! Make room!!"
 With Meade's replying: "Doom! 'Tis doom
 To Pickett's charge at Gettysburg!"

'Tis Pickett's charge at Gettysburg:
 Now Hancock's riflemen begin
 To pour their deadly missiles in.
 Can standing grain defy the hail?
 Will Pickett stop? Will Pickett fail?
 His left is all uncovered through
 That fateful halt of Pettigrew!
 And Wilcox from the right is cleft
 By Pickett's half-wheel to the left!
 Brave Stannard rushes 'tween the walls,
 No more disastrous thing befalls
 Brave Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'Tis Pickett's charge at Gettysburg:
 How terrible it is to see
 Great armies making history:
 Long lines of muskets belching flame!
 No need of gunners taking aim

When from that thunder-cloud of smoke
The lightning kills at every stroke!
If there's a place resembling hell,
'Tis where, 'mid shot and bursting shell,
Stalks Carnage, arm in arm with Death,
A furnace blast in every breath,
On Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'Tis Pickett's charge at Gettysburg:
Brave leaders fall on every hand!
Unheard, unheeded all command!
Battered in front and torn in flank;
A frenzied mob in broken rank!
They come like demons with a yell,
And fight like demons all pell-mell!
The wounded stop not till they fall;
The living never stop at all—
Their blood-bespattered faces say:
"'Tis death alone stops men in gray,
With Pickett's charge at Gettysburg!"

Stopped Pickett's charge at Gettysburg
Where his last officer fell dead,
The dauntless, peerless, Armistead!
Where ebb'd the tide and left the slain
Like wreckage from the hurricane—
That awful spot which soldiers call
"The bloody angle of the wall,"
There Pickett stopped, turned back again
Alone, with just a thousand men!
And not another shot was fired—
So much is bravery admired!
Pickett had charged at Gettysburg.

Brave Pickett's charge at Gettysburg!
The charge of England's Light Brigade
Was nothing to what Pickett made
To capture Cemetery Hill—
To-day a cemetery still,
With flowers in the rifle-pit,
But no one cares to capture it.

The field belongs to those who fell;
 They hold it without shot or shell!
 While cattle yonder in the vale
 Are grazing on the very trail
 Where Pickett charged at Gettysburg.

Where Pickett charged at Gettysburg,
 In after-years survivors came
 To tramp once more that field of fame;
 And Mrs. Pickett led the Gray,
 Just where her husband did that day.
 The Blue were waiting at the wall,
 The Gray leaped over, heart and all!
 Where man had failed with sword and gun,
 A woman's tender smile had won:
 The Gray had captured now the Blue,
 What mortal valor could not do
 When Pickett charged at Gettysburg.

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 author and publisher.

“INASMUCH . . .”

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

Wild tempest swirled on Moscow's castled height;
 Wild sleet shot slanting down the wind of night;
 Quick snarling mouths from out of the darkness sprang
 To strike you in the face with tooth and fang.
 Javelins of ice hung on the roofs of all;
 The very stones were aching in the wall,
 Where Ivan stood a watchman on his hour,
 Guarding the Kremlin by the northern tower,
 When, lo! a half-bare beggar tottered past,
 Shrunk up and stiffened in the bitter blast.
 A heap of misery he drifted by,
 And from the heap came out a broken cry.

At this the watchman straightened with a start;
 A tender grief was tugging at his heart,

The thought of his dead father, bent and old
And lying lonesome in the ground so cold.
Then cried the watchman starting from his post:
"Little father, this is yours; you need it most!"
And tearing off his hairy coat, he ran
And wrapt it warm around the beggar man.

That night the piling snows began to fall,
And the good watchman died beside the wall.
But waking in the Better Land that lies
Beyond the reaches of these cooping skies,
Behold, the Lord came out to greet him home,
Wearing the hairy heavy coat he gave
By Moscow's tower before he felt the grave!

And Ivan, by the old Earth-memory stirred,
Cried softly with a wonder in his word:
"And where, dear Lord, found you this coat of mine,
A thing unfit for glory such as Thine?"
Then the Lord answered with a look of light:
"This coat, My son, you gave to Me last night."

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THE MAN UNDER THE STONE

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

When I see a workingman with mouths to feed,
Up, day after day, in the dark before the dawn,
And coming home, night after night, through the dusk,
Swinging forward like some fierce silent animal,
I see a man doomed to roll a huge stone up an endless steep.
He strains it onward inch by stubborn inch,
Crouched always in the shadow of the rock. . . .
See where he crouches, twisted, cramped, misshapen:
He lifts for their life;
The veins knot and darken—
Blood surges into his face. . . .
Now he loses—now he wins—
Now he loses—loses—(God of my soul!)

He digs his feet into some earth—
 There's a moment of terrified effort. . . .
 Will the huge stone break his hold,
 And crush him as it plunges to the gulf?
 The silent struggle goes on and on,
 Like two contending in a dream.

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TO GERMANY

BY GEORGE STERLING

I

Beat back thy forfeit plow-shares into swords:
 It is not yet, the far, seraphic dream
 Of peace made beautiful and love supreme.
 Now let the strong, unwearable chords
 Of battle shake to thunder, and the hordes
 Advance, where now the famished vultures scream.
 The standards gather and the trumpets gleam;
 Down the long hill-side stare the mounted lords.

Now far beyond the tumult and the hate,
 The white-clad nurses and the surgeons wait
 The backward currents of tormented life,
 When on the waiting silences shall come
 The screams of men, and, ere those lips are dumb,
 The searching probe, the ligature and knife.

II

Was it for such, the bruthood and the pain,
 Civilization gave her holy fire
 Unto thy wardship, and the snowy spire
 Of her august and most exalted fane?
 Are these the harvests of her ancient rain
 Men reap at evening in the scarlet mire,
 Or where the mountain smokes, a dreadful pyre,
 Or where the warship drags a bloody stain?

Are these thy votive lilies and their dew,
That now the outraged stars look down to see?
Behold them, where the cold prophetic damps
Congeal on youthful brows so soon to lose
Their dream of sacrifice to thee—to thee,
Harlot to Murder in a thousand camps!

III

Was it for this that loving men and true
Have labored in the darkness and the light
To rear the solemn temple of the Right,
On Reason's deep foundations, bared anew
Long after the Cæsarian eagles flew
And Rome's last thunder died upon the Night?
Cuirassed, the cannon menace from the height;
Armored, the new-born eagles take the blue.

Wait not thy lords the avenging, certain knell—
One with the captains and abhorrent fames
The echoes of whose conquests died in Hell?—
They that have loosened the ensanguined flood,
And whose malign and execrable names
The Seraph of the Record writes in blood.

IV

From gravid trench and sullen parapet,
Profane the wounded lands with mine or shell!
Turn thou upon the world thy cannons' Hell,
Till many million women's eyes are wet!
Ravage and slay! Pile up the eternal debt!
But when the fanes of France and Belgium fell
Another ruin was on earth as well,
And ashes that the race shall not forget.

Not by the devastation of the guns,
Nor tempest-shock, nor steel's subverting edge,
Nor yet the slow erasure of the suns
Thy downfall came, betrayer of thy trust!
But at the dissolution of a pledge
The temple of thine honor sank to dust.

V

Make not thy prayer to Heaven, lest perchance,
 O troubler of the world, the heavens hear!
 But trust in Uhlan and in cannoneer,
 And, ere the Russian hough thee, set thy lance
 Against the dear and blameless breast of France!
 Put on thy mail tremendous and austere,
 And let the squadrons of thy wrath appear,
 And bid the standards and the guns advance!

Those as an evil mist shall pass away,
 As once the Assyrian before the Lord:
 Thou standest between mortals and the day,
 Ere God, grown weary of thine armored reign,
 Lift from the world the shadow of thy sword
 And bid the stars of morning sing again.

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TO THE WAR-LORDS

BY GEORGE STERLING

I

Be yours the doom Isaiah's voice foretold,
 Lifted on Babylon, O ye whose hands
 Cast the sword's shadow upon weaker lands,
 And for whose pride a million hearths grow cold!
 Ye reap but with the cannon, and do hold
 Your plowing to the murder-god's commands;
 And at your altars Desolation stands,
 And in your hearts is conquest, as of old.

The legions perish and the warships drown;
 The fish and vulture batten on the slain;
 And it is ye whose word hath shaken down
 The dykes that hold the chartless sea of pain.
 Your prayers deceive not men, nor shall a crown
 Hide on the brow the murder-mark of Cain.

II

Now glut yourselves with conflict, nor refrain,
 But let your famished provinces be fed
 From bursting granaries of steel and lead!
 Decree the sowing of that deadly grain
 Where the great war-horse, maddened with his pain,
 Stamps on the mangled living and the dead,
 And from the entreated heavens overhead
 Falls from a brother's hand a fiery rain.

Lift not your voices to the gentle Christ:
 Your god is of the shambles! Let the moan
 Of nations be your psalter, and their youth
 To Moloch and to Bel be sacrificed!
 A world to which ye proffered lies alone
 Learns now from Death the horror of your truth.

III

How have you fed your people upon lies,
 And cried "Peace! peace!" and knew it would not be!
 For now the iron dragons take the sea,
 And in the new-found fortress of the skies,
 Alert and fierce a deadly eagle flies.
 Ten thousand cannon echo your decree,
 To whose profound refrain ye bend the knee.
 And lift into the Lord of Love your eyes.

This is Hell's work: why raise your hands to Him,
 And those hands mailed, and holding up the sword?
 There stands another altar, stained with red,
 At whose basalt the infernal seraphim
 Uplift to Satan, your conspirant lord,
 The blood of nations, at your mandate shed.

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PAULINE PAVLOVNA

By T. B. ALDRICH

*(Scene: Petrograd. Period: The present time. A ballroom in
 the winter palace of the prince. The ladies in character costumes*

and masks. The gentlemen in official dress and unmasked, with the exception of six tall figures in scarlet kaftans, who are treated with marked distinction as they move here and there among the promenaders.

Quadrille music throughout the dialogue. Count Sergius Pavlovich Panshine, who has just arrived, is standing anxiously in the doorway of an antechamber with his eyes fixed upon a lady in the costume of a maid of honor in the time of Catherine II. The lady presently disengages herself from the crowd, and passes near Count Panshine, who impulsively takes her by the hand and leads her across the threshold of the inner apartment, which is unoccupied.)

He. Pauline!

She. You knew me?

He. How could I have failed? A mask may hide your features, not your soul. There's an air about you like the air that folds a star. A blind man knows the night, and feels the constellations. No coarse sense of eye or ear had made you plain to me. Through these I had not found you; for your eyes, as blue as violets of our Novgorod, look black behind your mask there, and your voice—I had not known that either. My heart said, "Pauline Pavlovna."

She. Ah, your heart said that? You trust your heart then! 'Tis a serious risk! How is it you and others wear no mask?

He. The Emperor's orders.

She. Is the Emperor here? I have not seen him.

He. He is one of the six in scarlet kaftans and all masked alike. Watch—you will note how every one bows down Before those figures; thinking each by chance May be the Tsar; yet none know which is he. Even his counterparts are left in doubt. Unhappy Russia! No serf ever wore such chains As gall our Emperor these sad days. He dare trust no man.

She. All men are so false.

He. Spare one, Pauline Pavlovna.

She. No! all, all!

I think there is no truth left in the world,
In man or woman.

Once were noble souls.—

Count Sergius, is Nastasia nere to-night?

He. Ah! then you know! I thought to tell you first.

Not here, beneath these hundred curious eyes,
In all this glare of light; but in some place
Where I could throw me at your feet and weep.
In what shape came the story to your ears?
Decked in the teller's colors, I'll be sworn;
The truth, but in the livery of a lie,
And so must wrong me. Only this is true:—
The Tsar, because I risked my wretched life
To shield a life as wretched as my own,
Bestows upon me, as supreme reward—
O irony!—the hand of this poor girl.
Says, "Here I have the pearl of pearls for you,
Such as was never plucked from out the deep
By Indian diver, for a Sultan's crown.
Your joy's decreed," and stabs me with a smile.

She. And she—she loves you.

He. I know not, indeed. Likes me perhaps.

What matters it?—her love?

Sidor Yurievich, the guardian, consents, and she consents.

No love in it at all, a mere caprice,

A young girl's spring-tide dream.

Sick of her ear-rings, weary of her mare,

She'll have a lover—something ready made,

Or improvised between two cups of tea—

A lover by imperial ukase!

Fate said the word—I chanced to be the man!

If that grenade the crazy student threw

Had not spared me, as well as spared the Tsar,

All this would not have happened. I'd have been a hero,

But quite safe from her romance.

She takes me for a hero—think of that!

Now by our holy Lady of Kazan,

When I have finished pitying myself, I'll pity her.

She. Oh, no;—begin with her; she needs it most.

He. At her door lies the blame, whatever falls.

She, with a single word, with half a tear,

Had stopt it at the first,

This cruel juggling with poor human hearts.

She. The Tsar commanded it—you said the Tsar.

He. The Tsar does what she wills—God fathoms why.

Were she his mistress, now! but there's no snow

Whiter within the bosom of a cloud,
 No colder either. She is very haughty,
 For all her fragile air of gentleness;
 With something vital in her, like those flowers
 That on our desolate steppes outlast the year.
 Resembles you in some things. It was that
 First made us friends. I do her justice, see!
 For we were friends in that smooth surface way
 We Russians have imported out of France.
 Alas! from what a blue and tranquil heaven
 This bolt fell on me! After these two years,
 My suit with Ossip Leminoff at end,
 The old wrong righted, the estates restored,
 And my promotion, with the ink not dry!
 For those fairies which neglected me at birth
 Seemed now to lavish all good gifts on me—
 Gold roubles, office, sudden dearest friends.
 The whole world smiled; then, as I stooped to taste
 The sweetest cup, freak dashed it from my lips.
 This very night—just think, this very night—
 I planned to come and beg of you the alms
 I dared not ask for in my poverty.
 I thought me poor then. How stript am I now!
 There's not a ragged mendicant one meets
 Along the Nevski Prospekt but has leave to tell his love,
 And I have not that right!
 Pauline Pavlovna, why do you stand there
 Stark as a statue, with no word to say?

She. Because this thing has frozen up my heart.
 I think that there is something killed in me,
 A dream that would have mocked all other bliss.
 What shall I say? What would you have me say?

He. If it be possible, the word of words!

She (very slowly). Well, then—I love you. I may tell you so
 This once, . . . and then forever hold my peace.
 We cannot stay here longer unobserved.
 No—do not touch me! but stand further off, and
 Seem to laugh, as if we jested—eyes,
 Eyes, everywhere! Now turn your face away . . .
 I love you.

He. With such music in my ears I would death found me.

It were sweet to die listening! you love me—prove it.

She. Prove it—how? I prove it saying it. How else?

He. Pauline, I have three things to choose from; you shall choose.
This marriage, or Siberia, or France.

The first means hell; the second, purgatory;

The third—with you—were nothing less than heaven!

She (starting). How dared you even dream it!

He. I was mad. This business has touched me in the brain.
Have patience! the calamity's so new.

(Pauses.) There is a fourth way, but the gate is shut
To brave men who hold life a thing of God.

She. Yourself spake there; the rest was not of you.

He. Oh, lift me to your level! So I'm safe.
What's to be done?

She. There must be some path out. Perhaps the Emperor—

He. Not a ray of hope! His mind is set on this with that insistence
Which seems to seize on all match-making folk—
The fancy bites them, and they straight go mad.

She. Your father's friend, the metropolitan—
A word from him. . . .

He. Alas, he too is bitten!
Gray-haired, gray-hearted, worldly-wise, he sees
This marriage makes me the Tsar's protégé
And opens every door to preference.

She. Think while I think. There surely is some key
Unlocks the labyrinth, could we but find it.
Nastasia!

He. What, beg life of her? Not I.

She. Beg love. She is a woman, young, perhaps
Untouched as yet of this too poisonous air.
Were she told all, would she not pity us?
For if she love you, as I think she must,
Would not some generous impulse stir in her,
Some latent, unsuspected spark illumine?
How love thrills even commonest girl-clay,
Ennobling it an instant if no more!
You said that she is proud; then touch her pride,
And turn her into marble with the touch.
But yet the gentler passion is the stronger.
Go to her, tell her in some tenderest phrase

That will not hurt too much—ah, but 'twill hurt!
Just how your happiness lies in her hand
To make or mar for all time; hint, not say,
Your heart is gone from you, and you may find—

He. A casement in St. Peter and St. Paul
For, say, a month; then some Siberian town.
Not this way lies escape. At my first word
That sluggish Tartar blood would turn to fire
In every vein.

She. How blindly you read her,
Or any woman! Yes, I know, I grant
How small we often seem to our small world
Of trivial cares and narrow precedents—
Lacking that wide horizon stretched for men—
Capricious, spiteful, frightened at a mouse;
But when it comes to suffering mortal pangs,
The weakest of us measures pulse with you.

He. Yes, you, not she. If she were at your height!
But there's no martyr wrapt in her rose flesh.
There should have been; for Nature gave you both
The self-same purple for your eyes and hair,
The self-same Southern music to your lips,
Fashioned you both, as 'twere, in the same mold,
Yet failed to put the soul in one of you!
I know her willful—her light head quite turned
In this court atmosphere of flatteries;
A Moscow beauty, petted and spoiled there,
And since, spoiled here; as soft as swan's down, now,
With words like honey melting from the comb,
But being crossed, vindictive, cruel, cold.
I fancy her between two rosy smiles,
Saying, "Poor fellow, in the Nertchinsk mines!"

She. You know her not.
Count Sergius Pavlovich, you said no mask
Could hide the soul, yet how you have mistaken
The soul these two months—and the face to-night. (*She re-
moves mask.*)

He. You!—it was you.

She. Count Sergius Pavlovich, go find Pauline Pavlovna—she is here—
And tell her that the Tsar has set you free. (*Goes out hurriedly.*)

GUNGA DIN

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

You may talk o' gin and beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot;
But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them blackfaced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din!
It was "Din! Din! Din!
You limping lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
Hi! slippery hitherao!
Water, get it! Pannee lao!
You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din."

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a piece o' twisty rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl,
We shouted "Harry By!"
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im cause 'e couldn't serve us all.
It was "Din! Din! Din!
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
You put some juldee in it
Or I'll marrow you this minute,
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
 Till the longest day was done;
 An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
 If we charged or if we cut,
 You could bet your bloomin' nut,
 'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
 With 'is mussick on 'is back,
 'E would skip with our attack,
 An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire,"
 An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
 'E was white, clear white, inside
 When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
 It was "Din! Din! Din!"
 With the bullets kickin' dust spots on the green,
 When the cartridges ran out,
 You could hear the front lines shout,
 "Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night
 When I dropped be'ind the fight
 With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
 I was chokin' mad with thirst,
 An' the man that spied me first
 Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
 'E lifted up my head,
 An' 'e plugged me where I bled,
 An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water green:
 It was crawlin' and it stunk,
 But of all the drinks I've drunk,
 I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.
 It was "Din! Din! Din!"
 'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through his spleen;
 'E's chawin' up the ground,
 An' 'e's kickin' all around:
 For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away
 To where a dooli lay,
 An' a bullet came and drilled the beggar clean.
 'E put me safe inside,
 An' just before 'e died:
 "I 'ope you like your drink," sez Gunga Din.

So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals,
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!
Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leathern Gunga Din!
Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' God that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

THE TRUE BALLAD OF THE KING'S SINGER

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON

The king rode fast, the king rode well,
The royal hunt went loud and gay,
A thousand bleeding chamois fell
For royal sport that day.

When sunset turned the hill all red,
The royal hunt went still and slow;
The king's great horse with weary tread
Plunged ankle-deep in snow.

Sudden a strain of music sweet,
Unearthly sweet, came through the wood;
Up sprang the king, and on both feet
Straight in his saddle stood.

"Now, by our lady, be it bird,
Or be it man or elf that plays,
Never before my ears have heard
A music fit for praise!"

Sullen and tired, the royal hunt
Followed the king, who tracked the song,
Unthinking, as is royal wont,
How hard the way and long.

Stretched on a rock the shepherd lay
 And dreamed and piped, and dreamed and sang,
 And careless heard the shout and bay
 With which the echoes rang.

"Up, man! the king!" the hunters cried.
 He slowly stood, and, wondering,
 Turned honest eyes from side to side:
 To him, each looked like king.

Strange shyness seized the king's bold tongue;
 He saw how easy to displease
 This savage man who stood among
 His courtiers, so at ease.

But kings have silver speech to use
 When on their pleasure they are bent;
 The simple shepherd could not choose;
 Like one in dream he went.

O hear! O hear! The ringing sound
 Of twenty trumpets swept the street,
 The king a minstrel now has found,
 For royal music meet.

With cloth of gold, and cloth of red,
 And woman's eyes the place is bright.
 "Now, shepherd, sing," the king has said,
 "The song you sang last night!"

One faint sound stirs the perfumed air,
 The courtiers scornfully look down;
 The shepherd kneels in dumb despair,
 Seeing the king's dark frown.

The king is just; the king will wait.
 "Ho, guards! let him be gently led,
 Let him grow used to royal state,—
 To being housed and fed."

All night the king unquiet lay,
Racked by his dream's presentiment;
Then rose in haste at break of day,
And for the shepherd sent.

"Ho, now, thou beast, thou savage man,
How sound thou sleepest, not to hear!"
They jeering laughed, but soon began
To louder call in fear.

They wrenched the bolts; unrumped stood
The princely bed all silken fine,
Untouched the plates of royal food,
The flask of royal wine!

The costly robes strewn on the floor,
The chamber empty, ghastly still;
The guards stood trembling at the door,
And dared not cross the sill.

All night the sentinels their round
Had kept. No man could pass that way.
The window dizzy high from ground;
Below, the deep moat lay.

They crossed themselves. "The foul fiend lurks
In this," they said. They did not know
The miracles sweet Freedom works,
To let her children go.

It was the fiend himself who took
That shepherd's shape to pipe and sing;
And every man with terror shook,
For who would tell the king!

The heads of men all innocent
Rolled in the dust that day;
And east and west the bloodhounds went,
Baying their dreadful bay;

Safe on a snow too far, too high,
 For scent of dogs or feet of men,
 The shepherd watched the clouds sail by,
 And dreamed and sang again;

And crossed himself, and knelt and cried,
 And kissed the holy Edelweiss,
 Believing that the fiends had tried
 To buy him with a price.

The king rides fast, the king rides well;
 The summer hunts go loud and gay;
 The courtiers, who this tale can tell,
 Are getting old and gray.

But still they say it was a fiend
 That took a shepherd's shape to sing,
 For still the king's heart is not weaned
 To care for other thing.

Great minstrels come from far and near,
 He will not let them sing or play,
 But waits and listens still to hear
 The song he heard that day.

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THE DREAM OF CLARENCE

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

O, I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
 So full of dismal terror was the time!

Methought that I had broken from the tower,
 And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;

And, in my company, my brother Gloucester ;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches : thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us.

As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought the Gloucester stumbled ; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord ! Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears !
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea :
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Methought I had, and often did I strive
To yield the ghost : but the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air ;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

My dream was lengthened after life ;
O, then began the tempest of my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferry-man which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;

Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"

And so he vanished: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he squeaked aloud,
"Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury:
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

THE BLACKSMITH OF LIMERICK

BY ROBERT DWYER JOYCE

He grasped the ponderous hammer, he could not stand it more,
To hear the bomb-shells bursting, and thundering battle's roar;
He said, "The breach they're mounting, the Dutchman's murdering
crew—

I'll try my hammer on their heads, and see what that can do!

"Now, swarthy Ned and Moran, make up that iron well;
'Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes, so mind not shot or shell;"
"Ah, sure," cried both, "the horse can wait, for Sarsfield's on the wall
And where you go we'll follow, with you to stand or fall!"

The blacksmith raised his hammer, and rushed into the street,
His 'prentice boys behind him, the ruthless foe to meet;—
High on the breach of Limerick with dauntless hearts they stood,
Where bomb-shells burst, and shot fell thick, and redly ran the blood.

"Now look you, brown-haired Moran; and mark you, swarthy Ned,
This day we'll prove the thickness of many a Dutchman's head!
Hurrah! upon their bloody path, they're mounting gallantly;
And now the first that tops the breach, leave him to this and me,"

The first that gained the rampart, he was a captain brave,—
A captain of the grenadiers, with blood-stained dirk and glaive;
He pointed and he parried, but it was all in vain!
For fast through skull and helmet the hammer found his brain!

The next that topped the rampart, he was a colonel bold;
Bright, through the dust of battle, his helmet flashed with gold—
“Gold is no match for iron,” the doughty blacksmith said,
And with that ponderous hammer he cracked his foeman’s head.

“Hurrah for gallant Limerick!” black Ned and Moran cried,
As on the Dutchmen’s leaden heads their hammers well they plied;
A bomb-shell burst between them—one fell without a groan,
One leaped into the lurid air, and down the breach was thrown.

“Brave smith! brave smith!” cried Sarsfield, “beware the treacherous
mine!

Brave smith! brave smith! fall backward, or surely death is thine!”
The smith sprang up the rampart and leaped the blood-stained wall,
As high into the shuddering air went foeman, breach and all!

Up, like a red volcano, they thundered wild and high,—
Spear, gun, and shattered standard, and foeman through the sky;
And dark and bloody was the shower that round the blacksmith fell;—
He thought upon his ’prentice boys,—they were avengèd well.

On foeman and defenders a silence gathered down;
’Twas broken by a triumph shout that shook the ancient town,
As out its heroes sallied, and bravely charged and slew,
And taught King William and his men what Irish hearts could do.

Down rushed the swarthy blacksmith unto the river’s side,
He hammered on the foe’s pontoon, to sink it in the tide;
The timber, it was tough and strong, it took no crack or strain;
“Mavrone! t’won’t break!” the blacksmith roared; “I’ll try their heads
again!”

He rushed upon the flying ranks; his hammer ne’er was slack,
For in thro’ blood and bone it crashed, thro’ helmet and thro’ jack;
He’s ta’en a Holland captain beside the red pontoon,
And “Wait you here,” he boldly cries; “I’ll send you back full soon!

"Dost see this gory hammer? It cracked some skulls to-day,
And yours 'twill crack, if you don't stand and list to what I say;—
Here! take it to your cursèd King, and tell him, softly, too,
'Twould be acquainted with his skull if he were here, not you!"

The blacksmith sought his smithy and blew his bellows strong;
He shod the steed of Sarsfield, but o'er it sang no song;
"Ochone! my boys are dead!" he cried; "their loss I'll long deplore,
But comfort's in my heart, their graves are red with foreign gore."

HYMN OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD

BY BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING

Up, comrades, up, the bugle peals the note of war's alarms,
And the cry is ringing sternly round, that calls the land to arms;
Adieu, adieu, fair land of France, where the vine of Brennus reigns;
We go where the blooming laurels grow, on the bright Italian plains.
Advance! advance! brave sons of France, before the startled world;
For France, once more, her tricolor in triumph hath unfurled.

Our eagles shall fly 'neath many a sky, with a halo round their way
Where History flings, on their flashing wings, the light of Glory's ray;
And we shall bear them proudly on, through many a mighty fray,
That shall win old nations back to life, in the glorious coming day.
Then advance, advance, ye sons of France, before the startled world,
For France, once more, her tricolor in triumph hath unfurled.

The glowing heart of the land of Art, throbbing for Liberty,
Our swords invoke, to erase the yoke from beauteous Italy.
And the Magyar waits, with kindling hope, the aid of the Gallic hand,
To drive the hated Austrians forth, from the old Hungarian land.
Then advance, advance, ye sons of France, before the startled world,
For France, once more, her tricolor in triumph hath unfurled.

See the Briton, pale, as he dons his mail, for the coming conflict shock,
And before his eyes, see the phantom rise, of the Chief on Helena's
rock;

In foreboding fears, already he hears through palace and mart anew,
Our avenging shout, o'er the battle rout—remember Waterloo!
Then advance, advance, ye sons of France, before the startled world,
For France, once more, her tricolor in triumph hath unfurled.

And, hark, a wail from our kindred Gael, comes floating from the West—

That gallant race, whose chosen place was ever our battle's crest;
Now is the day we can repay the generous debt we owe
To Irish blood, that freely flowed to conquer France's foe.
Then advance, advance, ye sons of France, before the startled world,
For France, once more, her tricolor in triumph hath unfurled.

Old Tricolor, as in days of yore, you shall wave o'er vanquished kings,
And your folds shall fly 'neath an English sky, on Victory's crimson wings;

And Europe's shout shall in joy ring out, hailing freedom in thy track,
When our task is done, and we bear thee on, to France with glory back.
Then advance, advance, ye sons of France, before the startled world,
For France, once more, her tricolor in triumph hath unfurled.

THE DEATH-SONG OF THE VIKING¹

BY BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING

My race is run, my errand done, the pulse of life beats low;
My heart is chill, and the conquering will has lost its fiery glow:
Launch once again on the northern main my battleship of old:
I would die on the deck, 'mid storm and wreck, as befits a Viking bold.

I know no fears, but the mist of years that has gathered round my track
For a moment clears, and my youth's compeers again to my side come back;

And the tall ships reel o'er their iron keel, as we sweep down on the foe,
Like a giant's form amid the storm, where the mighty tempests blow.

Again I gaze on the leaping blaze o'er a conquered city rise,
As in those days, when the Skald's wild lays, sang the fame of our high emprise;

When our ships went forth from the stormy North with the Scandinavian hands

Who backward bore to the Baltic's shore the spoil of the Western lands.

¹ There is a Scandinavian legend that Siegfried, the "Viking," feeling that he was at the point of death, caused himself to be placed on the deck of his ship; the sails were hoisted, the vessel set on fire, and in this manner he drifted out to sea, alone, and finished his career.

But my race is run, my errand done; so bear me to my ship:
Place my battle-brand in this dying hand, and the wine-cup to my lip;
Then loose each sail to the rising gale and lash the helm a-lee.
Alone, alone, on my drifting throne, I would view my realm, the sea.

My realm and grave the northern wave, where the tempest's voice will
sing
My death-song loud, where flame shall shroud the ocean's warrior-king,
Whilst heroes wait at Valhalla's gate to proudly welcome me.
For my race is run, my errand done. Receive thy Chief, O Sea!

THE RIDE OF JENNIE MCNEAL

BY WILL CARLETON

Paul Revere was a rider bold—
Well has his valorous deed been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one—
Often it has been dwelt upon.
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie McNeal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
In a cottage cosy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all of the many who passed their door;
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain-clouds lingered overhead,
And sent their surly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door,
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed;

The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying, "Madam, please give us a bit to eat;
We will pay you well, and, if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel abed.
He is visiting home, as doth appear;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close-watched the while by Jennie McNeal.
For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near,
Had been her true friend, kind and dear;
So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie McNeal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bare-headed she slipped from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.
Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm;
Secure and tight, a gloveless hand
Grasped the reins with stern command;
And full and black her long hair streamed,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed;
And on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie McNeal.

Hark! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lashed the horse with the bridle-rein.
So into the night the gray horse strode;
His shoes hewed fire from the rocky road;
And the high-born courage that never dies
Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes.

The pebbles flew from the fearful race;
The rain-drops grasped at her glowing face.
"On, on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie McNeal.

"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread;
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in her rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right;
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter-peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie McNeal.

So on she rushed, at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill;
The gray horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle-rein,
And gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand;
Then sprang again to the saddle-bow,
And shouted, "One more trial now!"
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all,
And, galloping down a hillside steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap.
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie McNeal.
They were a furlong behind, or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door,
Her poor arm helpless, hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain,
But her cheeks as red as fire-brands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star,

And shouted, "Quick! be quick, I say!
They come! they come! Away! away!"
Then sank on the rude white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie McNeal.

The startled colonel sprang, and pressed
His wife and children to his breast,
And turned away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night;
Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay.
But first he bent, in the dim firelight,
And kissed the forehead broad and white,
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of a prison-cell.
The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown.
'Tis I who have scared him from his nest;
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand captain bowed, and said,
"Never you hold a moment's dread.
Of womankind I must crown you queen;
So brave a girl I have never seen.
Wear this gold ring as your valor's due;
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, "There's a lad in Putnam's Corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know.
I promised my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie McNeal.

—From "Centennial Rhymes."

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked hand;
The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce could stand;

The wind was a nor'wester, blowing squally off the sea;
And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things a-lee.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the break of day;
But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how ill we lay.
We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a shout,
And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go about.

All day we tacked and tacked between the South Head and the North;
All day we hauled the frozen sheets, and got no further forth;
All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
For very life and nature we tacked from head to head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race roared;
But every tack we made we brought the North Head close aboard:
So's we saw the cliffs and houses, and the breakers running high,
And the coastguard in his garden, with his glass against his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam;
The good red fires were burning bright in every 'longshore home;
The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volleyed out;
And I vow we sniffed the victuals as the vessel went about.

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial cheer;
For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the year)
This day of our adversity was blessed Christmas morn,
And the house above the coastguard's was the house where I was born.

O well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there,
My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves,
Go dancing round the china-plates that stand upon the shelves.

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to sea;
And O the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessed Christmas Day.

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall.
"All hands to loose topgallant sails," I heard the captain call.
"By the Lord, she'll never stand it," our first mate, Jackson, cried,
. . . "It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson," he replied.

She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were new and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she understood.
As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,
We cleared the weary headland, and passed below the light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board but me,
As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to sea;
But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,
Was just that I was leaving home and my folks were growing old.

THE *REVENGE*

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnacle, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then swore Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard pass'd away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores 'til the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.

"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
 Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
 For to fight is but to die!
 There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
 And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good Englishmen.
 Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
 For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
 The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
 With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
 For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
 And the little *Revenge* ran on through the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd.
 Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
 Running on and on, till delay'd
 By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred tons,
 And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
 Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a cloud,
 Whence the thunderbolt will fall
 Long and loud,
 Four galleons drew away
 From the Spanish fleet that day,
 And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
 And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and went,
 Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
 And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
 For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
 And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
 When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer
 sea,
 But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and
shame.

For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us
no more—

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer
sea,

And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could
sting,

So they watch'd what the end would be.

And we had not fought them in vain,

But in perilous plight we were,

Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,

And the half of the rest of us maim'd for life

In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;

And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,

And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it
spent;

And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:

"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night

As may never be fought again!

We have won great glory, my men!


And a day less or more

At sea or ashore,

We die—does it matter when?

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"



And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
 "We have children, we have wives,
 And the Lord hath spared our lives,
 We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
 We shall live to fight again, and to strike another blow."
 And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.
 And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
 Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
 And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
 But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
 "I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
 I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
 With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
 And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
 And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
 That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
 Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
 But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
 And they mann'd the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew,
 And away she sailed with her loss and long'd for her own;
 When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
 And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their
 flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of
 Spain,
 And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags
 To be lost evermore in the main.

THE BALLAD OF THE EAST AND WEST

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
 Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
 But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
 When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the
 ends of the earth.

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border-side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride.
He has lifted her out of the stable door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar:
"If ye know the track of the morning mist, ye know where his pickets
are.

At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair;
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare.
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favor of God, ye may cut him off ere he win the tongue of
Jagai.

But if he be passed the tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then—
For the length and breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's
men.

There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn
between,
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen."

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell, and the heart of hell, and the head of a
gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won; they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare, with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride."

It's up and over the tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go—
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit, and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle bars like a maiden plays with
her love.

There was rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn
between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick, though never a man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up
the dawn—

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new roused
fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to
strive—

“’Twas only by favor of mine,” quoth he, “ye rode so long alive:
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand as I have carried it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row:
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly.”

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: “Do good to bird and beast,
But count who comes for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal’s meal were more than a thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the gar-
nered grain;

The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are
slain.

But if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
Give me my father’s mare again, and I’ll fight my own way back!”
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.

“No talk shall be of dogs,” said he, “when wolf and gray wolf meet.
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with
Death?”

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: “I hold by the blood of my clan:
Take up the mare for my father’s gift—by God she has carried a man!”
The red mare ran to the Colonel’s son, and nuzzled against his breast.
“We be two strong men,” said Kamal then, “but she loveth the younger
best.

So shall she go with a lifter’s dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain.”

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end.

"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take the mate from a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the risk of a limb.

Thy father hath sent his son to me—I'll send my son to him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain crest—

He trod the links like a buck in Spring, and he looked a lance in rest.

"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side, as shield on shoulder rides.

Till death or I cut loose the tie at camp, and board and bed,

Thy life is his—thy fate to guard him with thy head.

So thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,

And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace at the Border-line;

And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—

Belike they will raise thee to Rassaldar when I am hanged in Pes-hawur."

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault;

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod.

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the wond'rous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare, and Kamal's boy the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the quarter-guard, full twenty swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.

"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the steel at your sides!

Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides."

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the
ends of the Earth.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

The bravest battle that ever was fought;
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men,

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But patiently, silently bore her part—
Lo! there in that battlefield.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
And oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

O ye with banners and battle shot
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways.

O spotless woman in a world of shame!
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

[IN SPRINGFIELD, ILL.]

BY NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old courthouse pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high-top hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie lawyer, master of us all.

He can not sleep upon his hillside now,
He is among us—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings,
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart,
He sees the dreadnoughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He can not rest until a spirit-dawn
 Shall come—the shining hope of Europe free;
 The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
 Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
 That all his hours of travail here for men
 Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
 That he may sleep upon his hill again?

CORONATION

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON

At the king's gate the subtle noon
 Wove filmy yellow nets of sun;
 Into the drowsy snare too soon
 The guards fell one by one.

Through the king's gate unquestioned then,
 A beggar went, and laughed, "This brings
 Me chance, at last, to see if men
 Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,
 Propping his face with listless hand;
 Watching the hour glass sifting down
 Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou have of me?"
 The beggar turned, and pitying,
 Replied, like one in dream, "Of thee,
 Nothing. I want the king."

Up rose the king, and from his head
 Shook off the crown, and threw it by.
 "O man, thou must have known," he said,
 "A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,
 Went king and beggar hand in hand.
 Whispered the king, "Shall I know when
 Before his throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste
Were wiping from the king's hot brow
The crimson lines the crown had traced.
"This is his presence now."

At the king's gate, the crafty noon
Unwove its yellow nets of sun;
Out of their sleep in terror soon
The guards waked one by one.

"Ho here! Ho there! Has no man seen
The king?" The cry ran to and fro;
Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween,
The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray;
The king came not. They called him dead;
And made his eldest son one day
Slave in his father's stead.

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A PRAYER IN KHAKE

BY ROBERT GARLAND

O Lord, my God, accept my prayer of thanks
That Thou hast placed me humbly in the ranks
Where I can do my part, all unafraid—
A simple soldier in Thy great crusade.

I pray thee, Lord, let others take command;
Enough for me, a rifle in my hand;
Thy blood-red banner ever leading me
Where I can fight for liberty and Thee.

Give others, God, the glory; mine the right
To stand beside my comrades in the fight,
To die, if need be, in some foreign land—
Absolved and solaced by a soldier's hand.

O Lord, my God, pray harken to my prayer
And keep me ever humble, keep me where
The fight is thickest, where, 'midst steel and flame
Thy sons give battle, calling on Thy name.

—From the *Outlook*.

THE YANKEE MAN OF WAR

ANONYMOUS

Tis of a gallant Yankee ship that flew the stripes and stars,
And the whistling wind from the west-nor'-west blew through the
pitch-pine spars;

With her starboard tacks aboard, my boys, she hung upon the gale;
On an autumn night we raised the light on the old Head of Kinsale.

It was a clear and cloudless night, and the wind blew steady and strong,
As gayly over the sparkling deep our good ship bowled along;
With the foaming seas beneath her bow the fiery waves she spread,
And bending low her bosom of snow, she buried her lee cat-head.

There was no talk of short'ning sail by him who walked the poop,
And under the press of her pond'ring jib, the boom bent like a hoop!
And the groaning water-ways told the strain that held her stout main-
tack,

But he only laughed as he glanced aloft at a white and silvery track.

The mid-tide meets in the Channel waves that flow from shore to shore,
And the mist hung heavy upon the land from Featherstone to Dunmore,
And that sterling light in Tusker Rock where the old bell tolls each
hour,

And the beacon light that shone so bright was quench'd on Waterford
Tower.

What looms upon our starboard bow? What hangs upon the breeze?
'Tis time our good ship hauled her wind abreast the old Saltees,
For by her ponderous press of sail and by her consorts four
We saw our morning visitor was a British man-of-war.

Up spake our noble Captain then, as a shot ahead of us past—
"Haul snug your flowing courses! lay your topsail to the mast!"

Those Englishmen gave three loud hurrahs from the deck of their covered ark

And we answered back by a solid broadside from the decks of our patriot bark.

"Out booms! out booms!" our skipper cried, "out booms and give her sheet,"

And the swiftest keel that was ever launched shot ahead of the British fleet,

And amidst a thundering shower of shot, with stun'sails hoisting away,
Down the North Channel Paul Jones did steer just at the break of day.

WARREN'S ADDRESS

BY JOHN PIERPONT

Stand! The ground's your own, my braves!

Will ye give it up to slaves?

Will ye look for greener graves?

Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?

Hear it in that battle peal!

Read it on yon bristling steel!

Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?

Will ye to your homes retire?

Look behind you!—they're afire!

And, before you, see

Who have done it! From the vale

On they come!—and will ye quail?

Leaden rain and iron hail

Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!

Die we may—and die we must;

But, oh, where can dust to dust

Be consign'd so well

As where heaven its dews shall shed

On the martyr'd patriot's bed,

And the rocks shall raise their head

Of his deeds to tell?

THE FLAG GOES BY

BY HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by:

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the state;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong,
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

"HE LIFTETH THEM ALL TO HIS LAP"

BY ROBERT MCINTYRE

Dago and Sheeny and Chink,
Greaser and Nigger and Jap.
The Devil invented these terms, I think,
To hurl at each hopeful chap
Who comes so far o'er the foam
To this land of his heart's desire,
To rear his brood, to build his home,
And to kindle his hearthstone fire.
While the eyes with joy are blurred,
Lo! we make the strong man shrink
And stab the soul with the hateful word—
Dago and Sheeny and Chink.

Dago and Sheeny and Chink,
These are the vipers that swarm
Up from the edge of Perdition's brink
To hurt, and dishearten, and harm.
O shame! when their Roman forbears walked
Where the first of the Cæsars trod.
O shame; where their Hebrew fathers talked
With Moses and he with God.
These swarthy sons of Life's sweet drink
To the thirsty world, which now gives them
Dago and Sheeny and Chink.

Dago and Sheeny and Chink,
Greaser and Nigger and Jap.
From none of them doth Jehovah shrink,
He lifteth them all to His lap;
And the Christ, in His kingly grace,
When their sad, low sob he hears
Puts His tender embrace around our race
As He kisses away its tears,
Saying, "O least of these, I link
Thee to Me for whatever mayhap:"
Dago and Sheeny and Chink,
Greaser and Nigger and Jap.

UNDER THE TAN

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

Italians, Magyars, aliens all—

Human under the tan—

Eyes that can smile when their fellows call,

A spike-driver each, but a man.

Rumble and roar! On the tracks they lay,

We ride in our parlor car.

Spades on their shoulders, they give us way,

Lords of the near and the far.

Polack and Slav and dark-browed Greek—

Human under the tan—

Up go their hands, and their faces speak,

Saluting us, man and man.

Cushioned seats and our souls at ease,

Dainty in food and fare,

We are the masters their toil must please,

Or face gaunt-cheeked despair.

Russian and Irishman, Croat and Swede—

Human under the tan—

Giving us homage while making us speed,

As only the generous can.

Riding and riding, hats in our hands,

Something warm in the eye.

Fellows, in spite of your skins and lands,

We greet you, rushing by.

—In the *New York Evening Post*.

MY LOST YOUTH

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Often I think of the beautiful town

That is seated by the sea;

Often in thought go up and down

The pleasant streets of that dear old town,

And my youth comes back to me.

And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful song
 Goes through me with a thrill:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
 The shadows of Deering's Woods;
 And the friendships old and the early loves
 Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves
 In quiet neighborhoods.
 And the verse of that sweet old song,
 It flutters and murmurs still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
 Across the school-boy's brain;
 The song and the silence in the heart,
 That in part are prophecies, and in part
 Are longings wild and vain.
 And the voice of that fitful song
 Sings on, and is never still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
 There are dreams that cannot die;
 There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
 And bring a pallor into the cheek,
 And a mist before the eye.
 And the words of that fatal song
 Come over me like a chill:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
 When I visit the dear old town;
 But the native air is pure and sweet,
 And the trees that o'ersadow each well-known street,
 As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

SUBLIME SELECTIONS IN POETRY

SONG OF THE MYSTIC

BY ABRAM J. RYAN

I walk down the Valley of Silence—
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human—and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world each Ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the False with the True;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its Blue:
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human,
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar
And I heard a voice call me. Since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my Trysting-Place with the Divine.
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said: "Be mine."
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo—"My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep—and I dream—and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like a perfume from Censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge,
A message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the Silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley—
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the Valley like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
 Ye hearts that are harrowed by Care?
 It lieth afar between mountains,
 And God and His angels are there:
 And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
 And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

THE SEA

BY BARRY CORNWALL

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
 It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
 I am where I would ever be,
 With the blue above and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoe'er I go.
 If a storm should come and awake the deep,
 What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh! how I love to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
 And whistles aloft its tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the southwest wind doth blow!

I never was on the dull, tame shore
 But I loved the great sea more and more,
 And backward flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh her mother's nest,—
 And a mother she was and is to me,
 For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born;

The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean child.

I have lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change,
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on-the wide, unbounded sea!

THE GREAT ADVANCE

By THOMAS WALSH

In my heart is the sound of drums
And the sweep of the bugles calling;
The day of the Great Adventure comes,
And the tramp of feet is falling, falling,
Ominous falling, everywhere,
By street and lane, by field and square—
To answer the Voice appealing!

One by one they have put down
The tool, the pen, and the racquet;
One by one they have donned the brown
And the blue, the knapsack and jacket;
With a smile for the friend of a happier day,
With a kiss for the love that would bid them stay—
They are off by the train and packet.

What fate, what star, what sun, what field,
What sea shall know their daring?
Shall the battle reek or the dead calm yield
Their wreaths that are preparing?
Shall they merely stand and wait the call?
Shall they hear it, rush and slay and fall?—
What matter?—their swords are baring!

We stand in the crowds that see them go—
 We who are old and weak, unready;
 We see the red blood destined to flow
 Flushing their cheeks, as with footstep steady
 With a tramp and a tramp, they file along,
 Our brave, our true, our young, our strong—
 And the fever burns us fierce and heady.

With God, then forth, by sea and land,
 To your Adventure beyond story,
 No Argonaut, no Crusader band
 Ere passed with such exceeding glory!
 Though ye seek fields both strange and far,
 Ye are at home where heroes are!
 Such is the prayer we send your star—
 We who are weak and old and hoary.

WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME

BY INA COOLBRITH

When the grass shall cover me,
 Head to foot where I am lying,—
 When not any wind that blows,
 Summer-blooms nor winter-snows,
 Shall awake me to your sighing:
 Close above me as you pass,
 You will say, "How kind she was,"
 You will say, "How true she was,"
 When the grass grows over me

When the grass shall cover me,
 Holden close to earth's warm bosom,—
 While I laugh, or weep, or sing,
 Nevermore for anything,
 You will find in blade and blossom,
 Sweet small voices, odorous,
 Tender pleaders in my cause,
 That shall speak me as I was—
 When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
 Ah, beloved, in my sorrow
 Very patient, I can wait,
 Knowing that, or soon or late,
 There will dawn a clearer morrow:
 When your heart will moan: "Alas!
 Now I know how true she was;
 Now I know how dear she was"—
 When the grass grows over me!

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RIGHTEOUS WRATH

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

There are many kinds of hate, as many kinds of fire;
 And some are fierce and fatal with murderous desire;
 And some are mean and craven, revengeful, selfish, slow,
 They hurt the man that holds them more than they hurt his foe.

And yet there is a hatred that purifies the heart.
 The anger of the better against the baser part,
 Against the false and wicked, against the tyrant's sword,
 Against the enemies of love, and all that hate the Lord.

O cleansing indignation, O flame of righteous wrath,
 Give me a soul to see thee and follow in thy path!
 Save me from selfish virtue, arm me for fearless fight,
 And give me strength to carry on, a soldier of the Right!
—*Outlook.*

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN

BY LORD BYRON

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar:

I love not man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
 Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain,
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

TO THE SIERRAS

By J. J. OWEN

Ye snow-capped mountains, basking in the sun,
 Like fleecy clouds that deck the summer skies,
 On you I gaze, when day's dull task is done,
 Till night shuts out your glories from my eyes.

For stormy turmoil, and ambition's strife,
 I find in you a solace and a balm,—
 Derive a higher purpose, truer life,
 From your pale splendor, passionless and calm.

Mellowed by distance, all your rugged cliffs,
 And deep ravines, in graceful outlines lie;
 Each giant form in silent grandeur lifts
 Its hoary summit to the evening sky.

I reckon not of the wealth untold, concealed
 Beneath your glorious coronal of snows,
 Whose budding treasure yet but scarce revealed,
 Shall blossom into trade—a golden rose.

A mighty realm is waking at your feet
To life and beauty, from the lap of Time,
With cities vast, where millions yet shall meet,
And Peace shall reign in majesty sublime.

Rock-ribbed Sierras, with your crests of snow,
A type of manhood, ever strong and true,
Whose heart with golden wealth should ever glow,
Whose thoughts in purity should symbol you.

SUNSET

BY INA COOLBRITH

Along yon purple rim of hills,
How bright the sunset glory lies!
Its radiance spans the western skies,
And all the slumbrous valley fills:

Broad shafts of lurid crimson, blent
With lustrous pearl in massed white;
And one great spear of amber light
That flames o'er half the firmament!

Vague, murmurous sounds the breezes bear;
A thousand subtle breaths of balm,
From some far isle of tropic calm,
Are borne upon the tranced air.

And, muffling all its giant-roar,
The restless waste of waters, rolled
To one broad sea of liquid gold,
Goes singing up the shining shore!

SOMETHING TO LOVE

BY WILLIAM BANSMAN

There are beautiful thoughts in the day-dreams of life,
When youth and ambition join hands for the strife;

There are joys for the gay, which come crowding apace,
 And hang out the rainbow of hope for the race;
 There are prizes to gain, which ascend as we climb,
 But the struggle to win them makes effort sublime.
 Each cloud that arises has fingers of gold,
 Inviting the timid and nerving the bold;
 Each sorrow is tempered with something of sweet,
 And the crag, while it frowns, shows a niche for the feet.
 There are charms in the verdure which nature has spread,
 And the sky shows a glory of stars overhead,
 And the zephyrs of summer have voices to woo,
 As well as to bear the perfumes from the dew;
 There are gushes of transport in dreams of the night,
 When memory garners its thoughts of delight,
 And the soul seeks its kindred, and noiselessly speaks,
 In the smiles and the blushes of health-blooming cheeks.
 There are rapturous melodies filling the heart,
 With emotions which nothing beside could impart;
 And yet, though this cumulous picture may show
 The brightest of joys which ambition would know—
 Though the heaven it opens is one of surprise,
 All gorgeous with hope, and prismatic with dyes,
 Satiety follows these transports of bliss,
 And the heart asks a lodgment more real than this;
 Like the dove, it will wander, and still, like the dove,
 Come back, till it rests upon something to love.

OUT IN THE FIELDS WITH GOD

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

The little cares that fretted me,
 I lost them yesterday
 Among the fields above the sea,
 Among the winds at play,
 Among the lowing of the herds,
 The rustling of the trees,
 Among the singing of the birds,
 The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

BROTHERHOOD

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it come, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way:
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path:
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this Event the ages ran:
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man.

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MORNING

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

I entered once, at break of day,
A chapel, lichen-stained and gray,

Where a congregation dozed and heard
 An old monk read from a written Word.
 No light through the window-panes could pass,
 For shutters were closed on the rich stained glass,
 And in a gloom like the nether night,
 The monk read on by a taper's light,
 Ghostly with shadows that shrunk and grew
 As the dim light flared on aisle and pew;
 And the congregation that dozed around
 Listened without a stir or sound—
 Save one, who rose with wistful face,
 And shifted a shutter from its place.
 Then light flashed in like a flashing gem—
 For dawn had come unknown to them—
 And a slender beam, like a lance of gold,
 Shot to the crimson curtain-fold,
 Over the bended head of him
 Who pored and pored by the taper dim;
 And I wondered that, under the morning ray,
 When night and shadow were scattered away,
 The monk should bow his locks of white
 By a taper's feebly flickering light—
 Should pore and pore, and never seem
 To notice the golden morning beam.

THE PETRIFIED FERN

ANONYMOUS

In a valley, centuries ago,
 Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
 Veining delicate and fibers tender;
 Waving when the wind crept down so low.
 Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew 'round it,
 Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
 Drops of dew stole in by night, and crown'd it,
 But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
 Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
 Stately forests waved their giant branches,
 Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
 Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;

Nature reveled in grand mysteries:
 But the little fern was not of these,
 Did not number with the hills and trees;
 Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
 None ever came to note it day by day.

Earth one time put on a frolic mood,
 Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
 Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean,
 Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
 Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,—
 Covered it, and hid it safe away.
 Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
 Oh, the agony! Oh, life's bitter cost,
 Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
 Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
 From a fissure in a rocky steep
 He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
 Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
 Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine!
 So, I think God hides some souls away,
 Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

SLEEP

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Of all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward unto souls afar,
 Among the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is
 For gift or grace surpassing this,—
 "He giveth his beloved sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved,—
 The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,—
 The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,—
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved,—
A little dust to over weep,—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake,
“He giveth his beloved sleep.”

“Sleep soft, beloved!” we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
“He giveth his beloved sleep.”

O earth so full of dreary noises!
O men with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And “giveth his beloved sleep.”

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated over head,
“He giveth his beloved sleep.”

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would child-like on His love repose
Who “giveth his beloved sleep.”

LABOR

BY FRANK SOULE

Despise not labor! God did not despise
The handicraft which wrought this gorgeous globe,
That crowned its glories with yon jeweled skies,
And clad the earth in nature's queenly robe.

He dug the first canal—the river's bed,
Built the first fountain in the gushing spring,
Wove the first carpet for man's haughty tread,
The warp and woof of his first covering.
He made the pictures painters imitate,
The statuary's first grand model made,
Taught human intellect to re-create,
And human ingenuity its trade.
Ere great Daguerre had harnessed up the sun,
Apprenticeship at his new art to serve,
A greater artist greater things had done,
The wondrous pictures of the optic nerve.
There is no deed of honest labor born
That is not Godlike; in the toiling limbs
Howe'er the lazy scoff, the brainless scorn,
God labored first; toil likens us to Him.
Ashamed of work! mechanic, with thy tools,
The tree thy ax cut from its native sod,
And turns to useful things—go tell to fools,
Was fashioned in the factory of God.
Go build your ships, go build your lofty dome,
Your granite temple, that through time endures,
Your humble cot, or that proud pile of Rome,
His arm has toiled there in advance of yours.
He made the flowers your learned florists scan,
And crystallized the atoms of each gem,
Ennobled labor in great nature's plan,
And made it virtue's brightest diadem.
Whatever thing is worthy to be had,
Is worthy of the toil by which 'tis won,
Just as the grain by which the field is clad
Pays back the warming labor of the sun.
'Tis not profession that ennobles men,
'Tis not the calling that can e'er degrade,
The trowel is as worthy as the pen,
The pen more mighty than the hero's blade.
The merchant, with his ledger and his wares,
The lawyer with his cases and his books,
The toiling farmer, with his wheat and tares,
The poet by the shaded streams and nooks,

The man, whate'er his work, wherever done,
 If intellect and honor guide his hand,
 Is peer to him who greatest state has won,
 And rich as any Rothschild of the land.
 All mere distinctions based upon pretense,
 Are merely laughing themes for manly hearts.
 The miner's cradle claims from men of sense
 More honor than the youngling Bonaparte's.
 Let fops and fools the sons of toil deride,
 On false pretensions brainless dunces live;
 Let carpet heroes strut with parlor pride,
 Supreme in all that indolence can give,
 But be not like them, and pray envy not
 These fancy tom-tit burlesques of mankind,
 The witless snobs in idleness who rot,
 Hermaphrodite 'twixt vanity and mind.
 O son of toil, be proud, look up, arise,
 And disregard opinion's hollow test,
 A false society's decrees despise,
 He is most worthy who has labored best.
 The scepter is less royal than the hoe,
 The sword, beneath whose rule whole nations writhe,
 And curse the wearer, while they fear the blow,
 Is far less noble than the plow and scythe.
 There's more true honor on one tan-browed hand,
 Rough with the honest work of busy men,
 Than all the soft-skinned punies of the land,
 The nice, white-kiddery of upper ten.
 Blow bright the forge—the sturdy anvil ring,
 It sings the anthem of king Labor's courts,
 And sweeter sounds the clattering hammers bring,
 Than half a thousand thumped piano-fortes.
 Fair are the ribbons from the rabbit-plane,
 As those which grace my lady's hat or cape,
 Nor does the joiner's honor blush or wane
 Beside the lawyer, with his brief and tape.
 Pride thee, mechanic, on thine honest trade,
 'Tis nobler than the snob's much vaunted pelf.
 Man's soulless pride his test of worth has made,
 But thine is based on that of God himself.

DELIGHT AND POWER IN SPEECH

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous Heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains, and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. •

And so he came.
From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart:
 And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
 Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
 He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
 The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
 Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
 Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
 And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
 As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
 Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
 And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

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HONEST POVERTY

BY ROBERT BURNS

Is there for honest poverty
 That hings his head, an' a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by—
 We dare be poor for a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoodin' gray, an' a' that?
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha' struts, an' stares, an' a' that?
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a cuif for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His riband, star an' a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that!
 But an honest man's aboon his might—
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their dignities, an' a' that,
 The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
 (As come it will for a' that)
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
 Shall bear the gree an' a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's comin' yet for a' that,
 That man to man the world o'er
 Shall brithers be for a' that.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

BY ROBERT BROWNING

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day;
 With neck outthrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow,
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall,"—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy:
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon!
 The marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes;
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said:
 "I'm killed, sire!" And his chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

The royal feast was done. The King
 Sought some new sport to banish care,
 And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
 Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
 Upon the monarch's silken stool;
 His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
 Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands are thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

IKE WALTON'S PRAYER

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

I crave, dear Lord,
No boundless hoard
Of gold and gear,
Nor jewels fine,
No lands, nor kine,

Nor treasure-heaps of anything.—

Let but a little hut be mine

Where at the hearthstone I may hear

The cricket sing,

And have the shine

Of one glad woman's eyes to make,

For my poor sake,

Our simple home a place divine;—

Just the wee cot—the cricket's chirr—

Love, and the smiling face of her.

I pray not for

Great riches, nor

For vast estates, and castle-halls,—

Give me to hear the bare foot-falls

Of children o'er

An oaken floor,

New-rinsed with sunshine, or bespread

With but the tiny coverlet

And pillow for the baby's head;

And pray Thou, may

The door stand open and the day

Send ever in a gentle breeze,

With fragrance from the locust-trees,

And drowsy moan of doves, and blur

Of robin-chirps, and drone of bees,

With after hushes of the stir

Of intermingling sounds, and then

The good-wife and the smile of her

Filling the silences again—

The cricket's call,

And the wee cot,

Dear Lord of all,

Deny me not!

I pray not that

Men tremble at

My power of place,

And lordly sway,—

I only pray for simple grace

To look my neighbor in the face

Full honestly from day to day—

Yield me his horny palm to hold,
 And I'll not pray
 For gold;—
 The tanned face, garlanded with mirth,
 It hath the kingliest smile on earth—
 The swart brow, diamonded with sweat,
 Hath never need of coronet.
 And so I reach,
 Dear Lord, to Thee,
 And do beseech
 Thou givest me
 The wee cot, and the cricket's chirr,
 Love, and the glad sweet face of her.

THE LAST TATTOO

(DEDICATED TO THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE G. A. R.)

BY JOHN MILTON SCOTT

Blow soft and low, O fife, to-day,
 For thinner grow our ranks of blue;
 The years our priceless heroes slay
 Until the fewer grow more few
 And dear familiar voices still
 As patriot graves with patriots fill.

Beat soft and low, O drum, to-day
 As tho' you were a trembling sigh;
 Dear, paling lips their last prayer say
 While more and more dear comrades die,
 Their feet across the dark door's sill
 As patriot graves with patriots fill.

Float gently, flag, and droop to-day
 As droop the grasses o'er the brook;
 They few and fewer grow each May;
 For those we love we vainly look,
 So many sunny smiles grow chill
 As patriot graves with patriots fill.

O hush, exultant sounds, to-day!
 For they are gone, these ranks on ranks
 Who loved to hear the shrill fife play
 And with their comrades render thanks,—
 O Time, how many brave you kill
 And patriot graves with patriots fill!

O, silken every sound to-day
 And soften every bugle brave!
 We can not bid our vision stay
 From seeing our last comrade's grave,—
 O dear, last-billowed comrade hill!
 Lone, last of graves our patriots fill!

O angel choir, wing low that day
 And silken sing a Bethlehem strain
 And all your pipes of welcome play!
 Altho' their brothers they have slain,
 In brother love their hands grow white,
 For what they did they thought was right.

Not into graves, but into skies,
 Where love and life eternal are!
 God's reveille has bid them rise
 Beyond earth's sun and morning star
 Where all men just love-brothers be
 As One once said in Galilee.

LYRIC SELECTIONS IN POETRY

L'ENVOI

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dry,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden
chair;

They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They Are!

OUR FLAG

BY JOHN MILTON SCOTT

(Written expressly for this work)

'Tis homes make a country and children make homes
Where the heart is held true and the truth never roams,
Where joy is abounding and life overflows,
And love is the rapture which every one knows,

Where the pride of all hearts is the boy at his play,
 His eyes like the sun overshadowing the day,
 His cheeks like the roses his grandmother grew,
 Shot through with a dimple the size of a dew
 Which gives to his smile irresistible grace
 As his sister looks down in his uplifted face;
 In such bright-shining faces our true eyes may see
 The love which shall honor our Flag of the Free.

Whatever they say, however they brag,
 'Tis these put the red in our flag,
 Not our patriot deaths,
 Not our gold nor our lands,
 Not our fifes nor our drums,
 Not our captains' commands;
 But the homes and the children,
 Our country's true worth,
 The grace and the greatness,
 The glory of earth,—
 The children, the children,
 Light-hearted and free
 Who play in the sunshine
 And pray at our knee,—
 O 'tis homes and the children
 Where joys never lag,—
 'Tis these keep the red in our flag,
 Our flag of the red, white and blue
 To which home-hearts and child-hearts are true.

'Tis the mothers of men who give us our lives,
 Who give us our children, who give us our wives,—
 O 'tis woman's great heart which hallows and trues
 And makes the straight line to which our ax hews;
 'Tis our wives and our daughters who keep our feet straight
 In the paths where God's honor and man's honor mate;
 Where woman is honored as mother and wife
 The war drum throbs never nor screams the shrill fife;
 There freedom and justice with honor and truth
 Keep our nation alive in the vigor of youth,—
 There smile the bright heavens which never wax old,
 And there a free flag will forever unfold.

Whatever they say, however they brag,
'Tis these put the white in our flag.
Not our patriot deaths,
Not our gold nor our lands,
Not our fifes nor our drums,
Not our captains' commands;
But the women, the women,
Our country's true worth,
The grace and the greatness,
The glory of earth,—
The women, the women
With hands free to do
Will build a great state
As tender, as true,—
O the free hearts of women,
Unchoked by hate's slag,
'Tis these keep the white in our flag,
Our flag of the red, white and blue
To which our love-honor is true.

'Tis city and country where good neighbors live
And their love and their labors so joyously give,
That bodies be clothed and hungers be fed,
That with love in our heart and truth in our head,
Great thoughts and great dreams together we share
As we meet at the market or kneel at our prayer;
When our feet at one fireside make mellow our speech
As together we plan our ideals to reach,
What visions together we wisely may find
To make our earth friendlier, truer, more kind,
That our flag tell the beauty of man to the world
Wherever in freedom and justice unfurled.

Whatever they say, however they brag,
'Tis these put the blue in our flag,—
Not our patriot deaths,
Not our gold nor our lands,
Not our fifes nor our drums,
Not our captains' commands;
But our neighbors, good neighbors,

Our country's true worth,
 The grace and the greatness,
 The glory of earth,—
 Our neighbors, good neighbors,
 Without hurt or hate,
 Whose love and whose labors
 Have builded our state,—
 O, 'tis neighbors, good neighbors
 Whose hearts never sag,—
 'Tis these keep the blue in our flag,
 Our flag of the red, white and blue
 Which good neighbors ever renew.

"Where the vision is not the people will die,"
 Said the word of truth sounding God's voice from the sky;
 As trees draw their vigor from the sun-quicken'd air,
 That they grow globing fruits which make the year fair,
 So the dreams and the visions of young men and maids
 Show heavens of glory through which our flag wades
 Where dreams come awake and visions fulfill
 In a world that's so human no hatreds can kill,—
 There the noble ideal forever leads on;
 There are stars for our nights and suns for our dawn,
 The dreamers and lovers by God justified
 In a love-world Christ visioned and for which He died.

Whatever they say, however they brag,
 'Tis these put the stars in our flag;
 Not our patriot deaths,
 Not our gold nor our lands,
 Not our fifes nor our drums,
 Not our captains' commands;
 But our visions and dreams,
 Our country's true worth,
 The grace and the greatness,
 The glory of earth,—
 The dreamers, the dreamers,
 Love-visioned by God,
 Bring the stars to our earth,
 To the stars lift our sod;

'Tis the visions and dreams,
Scaling mountain and crag,—
'Tis these keep the stars in our flag,
Our flag of the red, white and blue
Which from dream hearts unfolded and flew.

Without a free earth there's no sky for our flag,
And vainly of rights and of freedom we brag;
There Tyranny still is exploiting its slaves,
And we buy rights to live, and, then, buy our graves;
Such flag of the free our poverty mocks
As the ways of progression the privileged Greed blocks;
But free land and free men make our flag's holy sky,
And our winds never weary with Poverty's cry.
Here man to his fellow is never for sale,
And free men to free men give good neighbor hail,
In whose cheery words we ever shall hear
The flap of our flag and our patriots' cheer.

Whatever they say, however they brag,
'Tis these make a sky for our flag.
Not our patriot deaths,
Not our gold nor our lands,
Not our fifes nor our drums,
Not our captains' commands;
But free land and free men,
Our country's true worth,
The grace and the greatness,
The glory of earth,—
The freemen, the freemen
With brothering palms
Who love one another
And praise God in psalms,—
O 'tis free land and free men,
And no poverty's rag,—
'Tis these make a sky for our flag,
Our flag of the red, white and blue
To which freemen forever are true.

THANKS FOR AMERICA AND ITS FLAG!

By JOHN MILTON SCOTT

Dear God, whose Heart is Freedom's home,
 Whose joy is that Thine earth be free,
 We thank Thee for our native land
 And for its growing liberty;
 We praise Thee for its holy Flag
 By precious blood so consecrate,
 A banner born of patriot love
 And weaving in its folds no hate.

Its glory shines anear, afar
 On murk and midnight tyranny,
 A streak of Freedom's blessed dawn
 Which tyrant-hating eyes do see,
 And, taking heart, they braver toil
 Their country's liberties to gain,
 Till some bright day no land is found
 But sings great Freedom's glad refrain.

Our banner's red speaks patriots' blood,
 Its white a noble faithfulness,
 Its blue of truth, and all its stars
 Are hopes for grander days to bless;
 For it, for all who made it great,
 The living ones or sacred dead,
 We thank Thee through our smiles and tears
 Who love its white and blue and red.

We'll take it as their sacred trust,
 And, as they, keep it true and tried,
 To pass it stainless when we die,
 That all its love and truth abide.
 O may it deeper meanings gain
 Through all the changing, growing years,
 Fulfilling every liberty,
 The rainbow of each captive's tears.

And may it brother other flags,
Behold in each some human worth,
Till peace divine whites each and all,
A fellowship that fills our earth;
O then no enemy is found
Upon the wide world's mother-breast,
In every heart Christ-gentleness,
And every flag with Christ-love blest.

THERE WAS A MAN

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN

There was a man who saw God face to face;
His countenance and vestments evermore
Glowed with a light that never shone before,
Saving from him who saw God face to face.
And men, anear him for a little space,
Were sorely vexed at the unwonted light.
Those whom the light did blind rose angrily;
They bore his body to a mountain height
And nailed it to a tree; then went their way,
And he resisted not nor said them nay,
Because that he had seen God face to face.

There was a man who saw Life face to face;
And ever as he walked from day to day,
The deathless mystery of being lay
Plain as the path he trod in loneliness;
And each deep-hid inscription could he trace;
How men have fought and loved and fought again;
How in lone darkness souls cried out for pain;
How each green foot of sod from sea to sea
Was red with blood of men slain wantonly;
How tears of pity warm as summer rain
Again and ever washed the stains away,
Leaving to Love, at last, the victory.
Above the strife and hate and fever pain,
The squalid talk and walk of sordid men,
He saw the vision changeless as the stars
That shone through temple gates or prison bars,

Or to the body nailed upon the tree,
Through each mean action of the life that is,
The marvel of the Life that yet shall be.

TO A MOCKING-BIRD IN CALIFORNIA

By JOHN MILTON SCOTT

(Written expressly for this Reader)

"Gertie! Gertie! Gertie!" "Peter! Peter! Peter!"
In the morn when wings are fleeter,
In the noon when skies are bright
You call these names in wild delight.

Who is this "Gertie," who this "Peter"
Who go rapturing through your meter?

Did you hear beneath your tree
These names called in ecstasy,
When your heart caught fire, and flames
In love—calling these dear names?

Did Gertie's heart go twitter, tweeter
When she heard the call of Peter?
Did Peter's heart beat wild and hurty
When he heard the call of Gertie?
And who this "Gertie," who this "Peter"
Teaching you such silk-toned meter?

Mocking-birds have thuswise sang
Since Time's song of joy upsprang,
And to each your lyric brought
Something that his spirit sought;
Some perfect which the heart still dreams,
Though Sorrow's sands fill all the streams,
No waters in their olden place,
Nor in your eyes the olden face;
Nor in your ears that olden voice;
Yet something makes us still rejoice
And rapture dreams with mating birds
As if our hearts filled with their words.

"Gertie! Gertie! Gertie!" "Peter! Peter! Peter!"
Who set the mock-bird's throat to meter?

Maybe Eve called Adam so
In dark days when shadowed woe;
Thus called Adam in the dark
When Eve's heart in fear called "Hark!"

Or might it be in Abram's time
Love taught you this sweetheart rhyme,—
Some trembling tones in Haran's tongue
Ere the world-famed march begun?

Or when Ruth gleaned th' alien corn,
Maybe, then, your song was born,
'Neath the whisp'ring palms one hour
Where you refuged from a shower?

Or some youth in David's band
Taught your throat in Israel's land,—
 Maybe David's self, before
 His song-heart the king-cares wore,
When his boy-heart whistled true
As wildly free as now are you?
 His psalm of joy you often heard
 Which now you sing without his word?
With his maiden, were you there
When his first kiss was like a prayer?

You heard his son, the song-wise king,
In heart-beat, song-beat rapturing
 So fine, his songs are scriptures now
 In which true lover hearts may bow,
Learning how to rapture speech,
That heart to heart through words may reach?

Maybe Greek, when Helen's charm
Made old Homer's heroes arm?

Or some dark-eyed odalisque
When Egyptian lips were kist?

Or did some Roman maiden sigh
When Cæsar's soldier said Good-by?

Spake some shepherd on that night
Just before the Christmas light
 Burst upon the flocks so still,
 And the winds with angels fill,—
Spake some shepherd in a tryst
Just before he saw Babe-Christ?

Maybe she, the Magdalene,
Ere the ways of shame were seen,
 Heard and said 'neath purpling vine
 These sweet, holy words of thine?
Did she find, Christ-cleansed and pure,
Him whose words were thy throat's lure,
 And did they both together then
 Tell the Christ's love for all men?

Or some Christian's true heart-call
Ere the martyr's cup of gall
 Pressed the lips by love caressed
 Which unto death the Christ confessed?

Or later, with the centuries gone,
Your song, in a Castilian dawn,
 Raptures to a red, red rose,
 And Columbus stronger grows
For his journey far away
Within his heart your brave, bright lay?

Wept black eyes in sun-bright Spain
When dared his crew the unknown main?
 Those sorrow-tones you're calling now,
 Your rippling wave-sounds from his prow;
We almost hear the whistling sails
In your wild song which never fails
 Of courage which can travel far
 To bring a joy back from a star,
Or bring the moon's remotest beam
To build in joy a Jacob's dream

O'er which the song-glad angels go
To bring the smiles of heaven below,
That hearts which pillow on hard stone
May have a song for every moan.

Did they hear you in that breeze
Blowing o'er uncharted seas,
Remembering, then, the night-eyed maid
In whose smile all fears were laid?

Perhaps your lure was on the wave,
The first call that the New World gave,
As Fate urged him on and on,
Into that splendid glory drawn
Wherein a New World was his gift
In which our starry flag can lift,
Proclaiming all men equal, free,
A world of brothers,—yet to be?

O 'twere fine, if we but knew
'Twas your song hailed that brave crew,—
Columbus' ears enraptured by
Your song-flights in this new sky,
By your welcome to this shore
Which welcomes exiles ever more,—
All song-tongues your singings span,
You a true American
With welcome for all alien feet
Who with Freedom here would meet.

Did doe-eyes in joyous France
To such words in rapture dance,
Giving that charmed land its grace
Where each face, a lover's face,
Sets the heart to music's notes
As they thrill from bird-sweet throats?

Did Lafayette from your free wings
Catch the song which Freedom sings;
As he hearkened to your cheer,
Growing dearer and more dear,

Till upon our country's soil
 He nobly wrought in battle-toil,
 That our flag might float as free
 As your song-flights in his tree?

But my questions lose their way,—
 You sing what tender lovers say,—
 Not of wars and wars' alarms,
 Yours the songs of woman's charms,
 Your tones silk-fitting rosy lips
 From which the kissing lyric slips.

When he limped along the trail
 That his wild men might not fail
 Of the sacrament which saves
 And lights the shadowed way of graves
 Did the halt monk, thinking how
 His Saint Francis on the bough
 Gathered all the gracious birds,
 Preached to them the gospel's words,
 Still his earnest heart to hear
 Your lover-calls sing out their cheer,
 And for one heart-beat clean forgot
 The Christ-fervor of his thought,
 Hearing words that thrilled his soul
 Ere he wore the hallowed stole,
 Among red roses there in Spain
 Where he'll never walk again?

But these tongues you cannot speak,
 Hebrew, Latin, Spanish, Greek;
 'Tis in Anglo-Saxon tongue
 Your name-calls are sweetly sung.

If from Saxon land you hail,
 Not the Mayflower was your sail;
 But some daring Cavalier
 Loved your song and brought you here,—
 Fervid, knightly, militant,
 Still his heart your raptures chant;
 And from his sorrows maybe came
 Your minors, wavering like flame

Which marked the ashes that remain
When wild men have burned and slain;
 In your tones the Southern tongue,
 Chivalry forever young,
Love the only noble theme
When we're waking, when we dream?

But your secret still allures,
Whence came those sweetheart names of yours?

You, the American of birds,
You are singing English words;
 So where Shakespeare's tongue we speak
 There your secret we must seek.

But your name? that tells it all;
Changes to your tongue befall,
 And you can speak each language new
 Or sing the last light wind that blew;
You hearken, and new gossipings
Are music-scattered by your wings;
 You overhear and feel no shames;
 And call out loud the lovers' names.

In some dear later days you heard
This you sing in true love's word.

I think that in our war's some year
Your throat was taught these words so dear;
 When Grant's and Lee's were names of dread,
 Where billowed fields with sweetheart dead.

Your "Peter! Peter," there you learned
As "Gertie! Gertie" to him yearned.
 It was a time when sorrow rent
 Full many a heart of sweet content.

'Twas beneath sweet Southern pines;
They walked softly on the spines,
 While you, silent, on your nest
 Heard these names, and all the rest

Which passioned from their lips that time
 You caught their name-calls in your rhyme;
 E'en that night 'neath star-bright skies
 Your joy-song sang their sweet Good-bys.

You're an emigrant, as we;
 Other states our birth-states be,
 And we bring out memories here,
 Bright with smile, or darked with tear;
 So in California's sun
 Sings your song, back there begun.

But do you know, O song-heart brave,
 That Peter's in an unknown grave,
 Where the Rappahannock flows;
 No more fearing war's dread blows?
 And not a mound to mark the place
 Where went out his sweetheart face;
 And not a bough where some song-mate
 Might his hero deeds relate,
 And recall in bird-sweet lay
 How called he Gertie's name that day?

And Gertie grieved where the lagoons
 Sluggish gulfward with their tunes,
 And with breaking heart grew old
 Waiting for her soldier bold,—
 Dying lonely, lonely past,
 Calling "Peter" to the last.

Where she's resting no one notes,
 Save your song-mates with sweet throats.

Do you know? Is that the note
 Which sometimes saddens from your throat,
 And makes my heart slow down a throb,
 And my words hush in a sob?

That's the Gertie, that's the Peter
 Who go rapturing through your meter!

Since within your song they live
 Where skies such sunny brightness give,
 Maybe in the Sky of skies
 Love calls, hearing love's replies;
 Through some angel-mocking bird
 All the earth-old sweetness heard,—
 Gertie! Peter! still as dear
 As when called their love-names here?

So our thoughts, as your fleet wings
 Above the dark earth lightly springs,
 Think that skies of brightness say,
 "Love is love for aye and aye!"
 And this Gertie and this Peter
 Gentles love through angel-meter,
 Which the grace of God outrhymes,
 Calling, calling endless times!

When "Gertie," "Peter" you so lift
 As if the very stars you'd sift,
 Down to their souls to voice their bliss,
 O mocking-birds, do you know this?

A JOLLY GOOD FRIENDSHIP IS BETTER THAN ALL

(A BALLADE)

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

You may travel in China, Luzon, or Japan;
 Or lodge on the plains of the Ultimate West;
 You may lounge at your ease on a rich divan;
 And drink of red wine at a king's behest,
 Then lie by the hour in slumberous rest,
 And be of deep joy a subservient thrall,
 Yet awake with a feel that is clearly confessed,
 That a jolly good friendship is better than all!

You may sail from your home-port a half-a-world span,
 And touch the Sweet Isle with joy in your breast;
 You may sing as you sail, and shout as you scan
 The white airy foam-flakes that ride the fair crest

Of orient wave: but, truly the test
 Of laughters and pleasures that come at a call
 Is fellowship rising in full easy zest—
 A jolly good friendship is better than all!

You may listen to Melba or Sembrich and plan
 With a five-dollar note to corner the best
 Of Caruso's high-piping; and be in the van
 Of those who would fain with great Patti be blest:
 But you'll learn when you come to the end of your quest,
 And find that the sweetest in cabin or hall,
 No matter what note or what harmony stressed,
 The lilt of good friendship is better than all!

ENVOI

Aye, rarer than any rare vintage e'er pressed
 For banqueter merry or bold bacchanal;
 Aye, better than nectar e'er dream of or guessed—
 A jolly good fellowship is better than all.

THE TRAILMAN

(Lines written in 1909 in honor of John Muir)

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

A spirit that pulses forever like the fiery heart of a boy;
 A forehead that lifts to the sunlight and is wreathed forever in joy;
 A muscle that holds like the iron that binds in the prisoner steam;
 Yea, these are the Trailman's glory; Yea, these are the Trailman's
 dream!

An eye that catches the splendor as it shines from mountain and sky;
 And an ear that awakes to the song of the storm as it surges on high;
 A sense that garners the beauty of sun, moon, or starry gleam;
 Lo, these are the Trailman's glory; Lo, these are the Trailman's dream!

The wild, high climb o'er the mountain, the lodge by the river's brim;
 The glance at the great cloud-horses, as they plunge o'er the range's
 rim;

The juniper's balm for the nostril, the dash in the cool trout stream;
 Yea, these are the Trailman's glory; Yea, these are the Trailman's
 dream!

The ride up the wild river-canyon where the wild oats grow breast
 high;
 The shout of the quail on the hillside; the turtle dove flashing by;
 An eve round the fragrant fire, and the tales of heroic theme;
 Lo, these are the Trailman's glory; Lo, these are the Trailman's dream!

THE HYMN OF THE WIND

BY HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND

I am the Wind, whom none can ever conquer;
 I am the Wind, whom none may ever bind.

The One who fashion'd ye,
 He, too, has fashion'd me—

He gave to me dominion o'er the air.
 Go where ye will, and ye shall ever find
 Me singing, ever free,
 Over land and over sea,
 From the fire-belted Tropics to the Poles.

I am the Wind. I sing the glad Spring's coming;
 I bid the leaves burst forth and greet the sun.

I lure the modest bloom
 From out the soil-sweet gloom;
 I bid the wild-bird leave the drowsy South.
 My loves are violets. By my pure kisses won,
 They spring from earth, and smile,
 All-innocent, the while
 I woo them in the aisles of pensive woods.

I am the Wind. From dew-pearl'd heights of wonder
 I fall like music on the listening wheat.

My hands disturb its calm
 Till, like a joyous psalm,
 Its swaying benediction greets the sky.
 I kiss the pines that brood where seldom falls
 The solace of the light,
 And the hush'd voice of Night
 Soothes the awed mountains in their somber dreams.

I am the Wind. I see enorme creations
 Starring the vault above ye, and below.
 Where bide the Seraphim
 In silent places dim
 I pass, and tell your coming in the end.
 Omniscient I, eternal; and I know
 The gleaming destiny
 That waits ye, being free,
 When ye have pass'd the border-line of Death.

I am the Wind—the Lord God's faithful servant;
 'Twixt earth and sky I wander, and I know
 His Sign is ever found
 The blue-veil'd earth around,
 As on the furthest spheres that whirl in space,
 All things are His; and all things slowly go
 Through manifold degrees
 Of marvelous mysteries,
 From life to highest life, from highest life to Him.

I am the Wind. I know that all is tending
 To that bright end; and ye, through years of toil
 Shall reach at last the height
 Where Freedom is, and Light;
 And ye shall find new paths that still lead up.
 Be free as I; be patient and have faith;
 And when your scroll is writ
 And God shall pass on it,
 Ye need not fear to face Him—He is Love.

DRIFTING

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

My soul to-day
 Is far away,
 Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
 My wingèd boat,
 A bird afloat,
 Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks
It sails and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
 My hand I trail
 Within the shadow of the sail,
 A joy intense,
 The cooling sense
 Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
 My spirit lies
 Where Summer sings and never dies,—
 O'erveiled with vines,
 She glows and shines
 Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
 The cliffs amid,
 Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
 Or down the walls,
 With tipsy calls,
 Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
 With tresses wild,
 Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
 With glowing lips
 Sings as she skips,
 Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
 Where traffic blows,
 From lands of sun to lands of snows;—
 This happier one,
 Its course is run
 From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
 To rise and dip,
 With the blue crystal at your lip!
 O happy crew,
 My heart with you
 Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
 The worldly shore
 Upbraids me with its loud uproar;
 With dreamful eyes
 My spirit lies
 Under the walls of Paradise!

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

BY ROBERT BURNS

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessing on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill together;
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

RECESSIONAL

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

God of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The captains and the kings depart,
 Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire;
 Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds, without the law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts its trust
 In reeking tube, and iron shard—
 All valiant dust, that builds on dust,
 And guarding call not Thee to guard—
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

MY COUNTRY

BY ROBERT WHITAKER

My country is the world; I count
 No son of man my foe,
 Whether the warm life-currents mount
 And mantle brows like snow
 Or red or yellow, brown or black,
 The face that into mine looks back.

My native land is Mother Earth,
And all men are my kin,
Whether of rude or gentle birth,
However steeped in sin;
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
I count them brothers, one and all.

My birthplace is no spot apart,
I claim no town nor State;
Love hath a shrine in every heart,
And wheresoe'er men mate
To do the right and say the truth,
Love evermore renews her youth.

My flag is the star-spangled sky,
Woven without a seam,
Where dawn and sunset colors lie,
Fair as an angel's dream;
The flag that still, unstained, untorn,
Floats over all of mortal born.

My party is all human-kind,
My platform brotherhood;
I count all men of honest mind
Who work for human good,
And for the hope that gleams afar,
My comrades in this holy war.

My heroes are the great and good
Of every age and clime,
Too often mocked, misunderstood,
And murdered in their time;
But spite of ignorance and hate
Known and exalted soon or late.

My country is the world; I scorn
No lesser love than mine,
But calmly wait that happy morn
When all shall own this sign,
And love of country as of clan,
Shall yield to world-wide love of man.

SOMEWHERE ADOWN THE YEARS

BY ROBERT WHITAKER

Somewhere adown the years there waits a man
Who shall give wings to what my soul has said:
Shall speak for me when I am mute and dead;
And shall perfect the work I but began.

What matter, therefore, if my word to-day
Falls on unwilling ears, finds few to praise?
Since some mere child, in his incipient days,
That word may win to walk a prophet's way?

And he, of greater gift, more favored state,
Shall speak to thousands where I speak to one:
Shall do the work that I would fain have done;
Helped to that fortune at my lonely gate.

Perchance some Saul of Tarsus, hating me,
And hating mine while yet misunderstood,
Stung by my word shall some day find it good,
And bear it broadcast over land and sea.

Or some Saint Augustine, of careless mien,
Giving himself to sensuous pleasures now,
Shall catch the glory from his mother's brow
That in some word of mine her soul hath seen.

Nay, but I claim no honor as my own
That is not equally the goal for all
Who run with truth, and care not though it fall
That they must sometimes run with her alone.

God will not suffer any word to fail
That is not uttered for the hour's success:
No word that has in it the power to bless
Shall lack the means to make it of avail.

Who speaks the people's weal shall some-day find
Voices to bear it to the people's will.
However potent be the present ill
They who assail it are to-morrow's kind.

And that to-morrow shall uphold their cause
Who fell not for the plaudits of to-day:
Those who are reckoned rebels in their day
Are always makers of to-morrow's laws.

Our present skeptics voice to-morrow's faith;
To-day's disturbers bring to-morrow's peace:
'Tis they who dare to die who win release
For all their fellows from the fear of death.

SERENADE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Stars of the summer night!
Far in your azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

THE BROOKSIDE

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,—
The noisy wheel was still.
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree:
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind:
A hand was on my shoulder,—
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is groaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting,—
"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
"'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool in,
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolin'?"
There's a form at the casement,—the form of her true love,—
And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat,—longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, and spins the wheel with the other.
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps,—then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings;
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

DOWN THE LANE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

Down the lane, as I went humming, humming,
 Who should I see coming
 But May Marjory!
 "What was that I heard you humming, humming,
 As you saw me coming?
 Prithee, tell!" said she.

"Oh," I smiled, "I was just humming, humming,
 As I saw you coming
 Where boughs met above,—
 And the crickets kept on thrumming, thrumming,
 As I saw you coming,—
 Something about love!"
 Ah, her blush it was becoming—coming,
 As I kept on humming
 While we walked along,
 And the crickets still were strumming, strumming,
 As I kept on humming
 That low strain of song.

Drooped her eyes as I continued humming;
 Ah, 'twas so becoming
 To May Marjory!
 Then she raised them, and my heart went thrumming,
 Though I kept on humming;
 "You're a dear!" said she.

—From *Judge*.

THE MOUNTAIN MIST

BY HESPER LE GALLIENNE

I am the mist and the lover of mountains,
 I, like a scarf, waft and wave in the breeze;
 I am the sister of streams and of fountains,
 Born 'neath the roots of the flowers and the trees.
 Wayward and free
 Listen to me—
 I am the Now and the Never-to-Be!

Slowly I rise in the cool of the gloaming,
Softly I creep through the grass and the leaves,
Over the river, on past the men homing,
Men living lives midst the fruit and the sheaves,
Airy and light,
Filmy and white,
I come when Daytime is kissing the Night.

I am the Question, so luring, so cunning,
Yet, when you answer, the Answer is—none!
For, when you watch me skipping and running
Yet, when you catch me, you find I am—gone!
Catch if you can!
Never there ran
Any so fast, be they maiden or man.

THE LOOM OF LIFE

ANONYMOUS

All day, all night, I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life; and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As the tireless wheels go always round.
Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom
In the light of day and the midnight's gloom.
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.
Click! Clack! there's a thread of love wove in!
Click! Clack! and another of wrong and sin!

What a checkered thing this life will be,
When we see it unrolled in eternity!
Time, with a face like a mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with its warp outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.
When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one,
Or to-morrow, who knoweth? Not you nor I,
But the wheels turn on, and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,
 But each one is nearer the end, I know.
 And some day the last thread shall be wove in,
 God grant it be love instead of sin.
 Are we spinners of woof for this life web, say?
 Do we furnish the weavers a thread each day?
 It were better then, O my friend, to spin
 A beautiful thread, than a thread of sin.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
 The old Greek Isles of the yellow bird's song?
 Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
 Straight on, straight on and you can't go wrong.
 Nay not to the left, nay not to the right,
 But on, straight on, and the Isles are in sight,
 The Fortunate Isles where the yellow birds sing
 And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles they are not so far,
 They lie within reach of the lowliest door;
 You can see them gleam by the twilight star;
 You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore—
 Nay, never look back! Those leveled grave stones
 They were landing steps; they were steps unto thrones
 Of glory for souls that have sailed before,
 And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
 Why, Duty and Love and a large Content.
 Lo! these are the Isles of the watery miles,
 That God let down from the firmament.
 Lo! Duty, and Love, and a true man's Trust;
 Your forehead to God though your feet in the dust;
 Lo! Duty, and Love, and a sweet Babe's Smiles,
 And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

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YOSEMITE

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

Sound! sound! sound!
O colossal walls and crown'd
In one eternal thunder!
Sound! sound! sound!
O ye oceans overhead,
While we walk, subdued in wonder,
In the ferns and grasses, under
And beside the swift Merced!

Fret! fret! fret!
Streaming, sounding banners, set
On the giant granite castles
In the clouds and in the snow!
But the foe he comes not yet,—
We are loyal, valiant vassals,
And we touch the trailing tassels
Of the banners far below.

Surge! surge! surge!
From the white Sierra's verge,
To the very valley blossom.
Surge! surge! surge!
Yet the song-bird builds a home,
And the mossy branches cross them,
And the tasseled tree-tops toss them,
In the clouds of falling foam.

Sweep! sweep! sweep!
O ye heaven-born and deep,
In one dread, unbroken chorus!
We may wonder or may weep,—
We may wait on God before us;
We may shout or lift a hand,—
We may bow down and deplore us,
But may never understand.

Beat! beat! beat!
 We advance, but would retreat
 From this restless, broken breast
 Of the earth in a convulsion.
 We would rest, but dare not rest,
 For the angel of expulsion
 From this Paradise below
 Waves us onward and . . . we go.

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THE DEAD MILLIONAIRE

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

The gold that with the sunlight lies
 In bursting heaps at dawn,
 The silver spilling from the skies
 At night to walk upon,
 The diamonds gleaming in the dew
 He never saw, he never knew.

He got some gold, dug from the mud,
 Some silver, crushed from stones.
 The gold was red with dead man's blood,
 The silver black with groans;
 And when he died he moaned aloud,
 "There'll be no pocket in my shroud."

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PETER COOPER

(*Died 1883*)

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

Give honor and love forevermore
 To this great man gone to rest;
 Peace on the dim Plutonian shore,
 Rest in the land of the blest.

I reckon him greater than any man
That ever drew sword in war;
I reckon him nobler than king or khan,
Braver and better by far.

And wisest he in this whole wide land
Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your cold dead hand
Is what you have given away.

So whether to wander the stars or to rest
Forever hushed and dumb,
He gave with a zest and he gave his best—
Give him the best to come.

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THE VOICE OF THE DOVE

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

Come, listen, O Love, to the voice of the dove,
Come, hearken and hear him say:
"There are many To-morrows, my Love, my Love,
There is only one To-day."

And all day long you can hear him say
This day in purple is rolled
And the baby stars of the milky-way
They are cradled in cradles of gold.

Now what is thy secret serene, gray dove,
Of singing so sweetly alway?
"There are many To-morrows, my Love, my Love,
There is only one To-day."

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WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
 Out where a smile dwells a little longer,
 That's where the West begins.
 Out where the sun's a little brighter,
 Where the snow that falls is a trifle whiter,
 Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
 Out where friendship's a little truer,
 That's where the West begins.
 Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
 Where there is laughter in each streamlet flowing,
 Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
 Where fewer hearts with despair are aching,
 That's where the West begins.
 Where there is more of singing and less of sighing,
 Where there is more of giving and less of buying,
 And a man makes friends without half trying—
 That's where the West begins.

AS I CAME DOWN FROM LEBANON

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

As I came down from Lebanon,
 Came winding, wandering slowly down
 Through mountain passes bleak and brown,
 The cloudless day was well nigh done.
 The city like an opal set
 In emerald, showed each minaret
 Afire with radiant beams of sun,
 And glistened orange, fig, and lime,
 Where song-birds made melodious chime,
 As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Like lava in the dying glow,
Through olive orchards far below
I saw the murmuring river run;
And 'neath the wall upon the sand
Swart sheiks from distant Samarcand,
With precious spices they had won,
Lay long and languidly in wait
Till they might pass the guarded gate,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
I saw strange men from lands afar,
In mosque and square and gay bazar,
The magi that the Moslem shun,
And grave effendi from Stamboul,
Who sherbet sipped in corners cool;
And, from the balconies o'errun
With roses, gleamed the eyes of those
Who dwell in still seraglios,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
The flaming flower of daytime died,
And Night, arrayed as is a bride
Of some great king, in garment spun
Of purple and the finest gold,
Outbloomed in glories manifold,
Until the moon, above the dun
And darkening desert, void of shade,
Shone like a keen Damascus blade,
As I came down from Lebanon.

APPLE BLOSSOMS

BY WILLIAM WESLEY MARTIN

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring? in the spring?
An English apple orchard in the spring?

When the spreading trees are hoary
 With their wealth of promised glory,
 And the mavis pipes his story
 In the spring?

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring? in the spring?
 And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
 Pink buds bursting at the light,
 Crumpled petals baby-white,
 Just to touch them a delight!
 In the spring!

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring? in the spring?
 Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
 When the pink cascades were falling,
 And the silver brooklets brawling,
 And the cuckoo-bird is calling
 In the spring?

Have you seen a merry bridal in the spring? in the spring?
 In an English apple country in the spring?
 When the brides and maidens wear
 Apple blossoms in their hair:
 Apple blossoms everywhere,
 In the spring!

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring, in the spring,
 Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.
 No sight can I remember,
 Half so precious, half so tender,
 As the apple blossoms render
 In the spring!

A MATCH

BY A. C. SWINBURNE

If love were what the rose is,
 And I were like the leaf,
 Our lives would grow together
 In sad or singing weather,
 Blown fields or flowerful closes,
 Green pastures or gray grief;

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If you were queen of Pleasure,
And I were king of Pain,
We'd hunt down Love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of Pleasure,
And I were king of Pain.

THE BROOK AND THE WAVE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The brooklet came from the mountain,
As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver
Over the sands of gold!

Far away in the briny ocean
There rolled a turbulent wave
Now singing along the sea-beach,
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow
Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness
That turbulent bitter heart!

INDIRECTION

BY RICHARD REALF

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is
fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter.
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-mastered the meter

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
 Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
 Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him,
 Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
 Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
 Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
 Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;
 Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
 Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
 Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
 The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
 And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where
 those shine,
 Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is
 divine.

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LIFE AND LOVE

BY RICHARD REALF

There is something to live for and something to love
 Wherever we linger, wherever we rove,
 There are thousands of sad ones to cheer and sustain
 Till hopes that were hidden beam o'er them again.

There is something to live for and something to love,
 For the spirit of Man is like garden or grove,
 It will yield a sweet fragrance, but still you must toil,
 And cherish the blossoms, and culture the soil.

There is something to live for and something to love,
 'Tis a truth which the misanthrope ne'er can disprove,
 For tho' thorns and thistles may choke up the flower,
 Some beauty will grace the most desolate bower.

Then think on, brother, wherever thou art,
Let the life be for men and the love for the heart,
For know that the pathway which leads us above
Is something to live for and something to love.

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SONG OF SPRING

BY RICHARD REALF

My heart goes forth to meet the Spring
With the step of a bounding roe,
For it seems like the touch of a seraph's wing
When the pleasant south winds blow.

O, I love the loveliness that lies
In the smiling heart of May,
The beauty throbbing in violet eyes,
The breath of the fragrant hay.

There's a great calm joy in the song of birds,
And in the voice of the streams,
In the lowly peace of flocks and herds,
And our own soul's quiet dreams.

So my heart goes forth to meet the Spring
As a lover to his bride;
And over us both there broods the wing
Of the angel at her side.

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SONG OF THE SEAMSTRESS

BY RICHARD REALF

It is twelve o'clock by the city's chime,
And my task is not yet done;
Through two more weary hours of time
Must my heavy eyes ache on.

I may not suffer my tears to come,
 And I dare not stop to feel;
 For each idle moment steals a crumb
 From my sad to-morrow's meal.

It is very cold in this cheerless room,
 And my limbs are strangely chill;
 My pulses beat with a sense of doom,
 And my very heart seems still;
 But I shall not care for this so much,
 If my fingers hold their power,
 And the hand of sleep forbears to touch
 My eyes for another hour.

I wish I could earn a little more,
 And live in another street,
 Where I need not tremble to pass the door,
 And shudder at all I meet.
 'Tis a fearful thing that a friendless girl
 Forever alone should dwell
 In the midst of scenes enough to hurl
 A universe to hell.

God knows that I do not wish to sink
 In the pit that yawns around;
 But I cannot stand on its very brink,
 As I could on purer ground;
 I do not think that my strength is gone,
 Nor fear for my shortening breath;
 But the terrible winter is coming on,
 And I must not starve to death.

I wish I had died with sister Rose,
 Ere hunger and I were mates;
 Ere I felt the grip of the thought that grows
 The hotter the more it waits.
 I am sure that He whom they curse to me,
 The Father of all our race,
 Did not mean the world He made to be
 Such a dark and dreary place.

I would not mind if they'd only give
 A little less meager pay,
 And spare me a moment's time to grieve,
 With a little while to pray.
 But until these far-off blessings come,
 I may neither weep nor kneel;
 For, alas! 'twould cost me a precious crumb
 Of my sad to-morrow's meal.

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SONG OF THE INDIAN MOTHER

BY JAMES GOWDY CLARK

Gently dream, my darling child,
 Sleeping in the lonely wild;
 Would thy dreams might never know
 Clouds that darken mine with woe;
 Oh! to smile as thou art smiling,
 All my hopeless hours beguiling
 With the hope that thou mightst see
 Blessings that are hid from me.

CHORUS

Lullaby, my gentle boy,
 Sleeping in the wilderness,
 Dreaming in thy childish joy
 Of a mother's fond caress,—
 Lullaby, lullaby.

Sleep, while gleams the council fire,
 Kindled by thy hunted sire:
 Guarded by thy God above,
 Sleep and dream of peace and love:
 Dream not of the band that perished
 From the sacred soil they cherished,
 Nor the ruthless race that roams
 O'er our ancient shrines and homes.

Sleep, while autumn glories fly,
 'Neath the melancholy sky,
 From the trees before the storm,
 Chased by winter's tyrant form:
 Oh! 'tis thus our warriors, wasted,
 From their altars torn and blasted,
 Followed by the storm of death,
 Fly before Oppression's breath.

Sleep, while night hides home and grave,
 Rest, while mourn the suff'ring brave,
 Mourning as thou, too, wilt mourn,
 Through the future, wild and worn;
 Bruised in heart, in spirit shaken,
 Scourged by man, by God forsaken,
 Wandering on in war and strife,
 Living still, yet cursing life.

Could thy tender fancy feel
 All that manhood will reveal,
 Couldst thou dream thy breast would share
 All the ills thy fathers bear,
 Thou wouldst weep as I am weeping,
 Tearful watches wildly keeping,
 By the silver-beaming light
 Of the long and lonely night.

(Repeat Chorus)

OLD TIMES

BY GERALD GRIFFIN

Old times! old times! the gay old times!
 When I was young and free,
 And heard the merry Easter chimes
 Under the sally tree.
 My Sunday palm beside me placed,
 My cross upon my hand;
 A heart at rest within my breast,
 And sunshine on the land!
 Old times! old times!

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale;
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale!
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there;
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge care.
Old times! old times!

I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain;
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love and love in vain;
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes;
To love my own unhappy Isle,
And sing the gay old times!
Old times! old times!

And sure the land is nothing changed;
The birds are singing still,
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
There's sunshine on the hill.
The sally waving o'er my head
Still sweetly shades my frame;
But oh! those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same.
Old times! old times!

Oh, come again, ye merry times!
Sweet, sunny, fresh and calm;
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes,
My tears would flow in vain;
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again!
Old times! old times!

TWILIGHT FANCIES

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER

Softly flit the fairy fancies
 Through the sunlight of my brain,
 Weaving webs of weird romances
 In a laughing, joyous strain—
 Gently creeping,
 Gaily leaping,
 Twilight revels strangely keeping
 In my brain.

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 While my soul is wrapt in thought,
 Wait they not to be invited,
 Quite unwelcome and unsought—
 Never sitting,
 Ever flitting,
 All the earnestness outwitting
 Of my thought.

Thus to have my being haunted
 By these fairies, all astray,
 By these elfin-sprites enchanted,
 Is a spell upon my way,
 That shall borrow
 For the morrow,
 All the pleasure and the sorrow
 Of to-day.

In my hours of quiet musing,
 By these phantoms thus caressed,
 I have lost the right of choosing
 As I ought, my favored guest—
 Uninvited,
 Often slighted,
 Come they when the lamps are lighted
 For a guest.

Thus they come, the fairy fancies,
Laughing, flitting through my brain,
Weaving webs of weird romances,
In a wayward, joyous strain—
Gaily creeping,
Madly leaping,
Even now their revels keeping
In my brain.

THE SONG OF THE FLUME¹

BY ANNA M. FITCH

Awake, awake! for my track is red,
With the glow of the coming day;
And with tinkling tread, from my dusky bed,
I haste o'er hill away,
Up from the valley, up from the plain,
Up from the river's side;
For I come with a gush, and a torrent's rush,
And there's wealth in my swelling tide.

I am fed by the melting rills that start
Where the sparkling snow-peaks gleam,
My voice is free, and with fiercest glee
I leap in the sun's broad beam;
Tho' torn from the channels deep and old,
I have worn through the craggy hill,
Yet I flow in pride, as my waters glide,
And there's mirth in my music still.

I sought the shore of the sounding sea,
From the far Sierra's height,
With a starry breast, and a snow-capped crest
I foamed in a path of light;

¹ In the "days of old, the days of gold, and the days of '49," water was brought from the Sierran heights in wooden viaducts, or "flumes," to be used in the mines. The fifth stanza refers to the process of hydraulic mining, where the water, projected through huge nozzles (somewhat after the fashion used by fire-engines), washed down the mountain-sides into the sluice-boxes where the dirt was washed away and the gold retained. Now the flume's waters are mainly diverted to purposes of irrigation.

But they bore me thence in a winding way,
 They've fettered me like a slave,
 And as scarfs of old were exchanged for gold,
 So they barter my soil-stained wave.

Thro' the deep tunnel, down the dark shaft,
 I search for the shining ore;
 Hoist it away to the light of day,
 Which it never has seen before.
 Spade and shovel, mattock and pick,
 Ply them with eager haste;
 For my golden shower is sold by the hour,
 And the drops are too dear to waste.

Lift me aloft to the mountain's brow,
 Fathom the deep "blue vein,"
 And I'll sift the soil for the shining spoil,
 As I sink to the valley again.
 The swell of my swarthy breast shall bear
 Pebble and rock away,
 Though they brave my strength, they shall
 yield at length,
 But the glittering gold shall stay.

Mine is no stern and warrior march,
 No stormy trump and drum;
 No banners gleam in my darkened stream,
 As with conquering step I come;
 But I touch the tributary earth
 Till it owns a monarch's sway,
 And with eager hand, from a conquered land,
 I bear its wealth away.

Awake, awake! there are loving hearts
 In the lands you've left afar;
 There are tearful eyes in the homes you prize
 As they gaze on the western star;
 Then up from the valley, up from the hill,
 Up from the river's side;
 For I come with a gush, and a torrent's rush,
 And there's wealth in my swelling tide.

THE WEST

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH CHENEY

Wings that are glancing, wings of my soul,
That speeding like arrows fly to their goal;
Wings that have cut the keen ethers above,
O carry me on to the West of my love!

The West it is magic, perspective and fire,
Its peaks are like daggers thrust up by desire;
It is Tyre, it is Sidon and Ophir in one,
This land by the waters, this land of the sun.

—From "Dreams of Hellas."

THE MOON-CRADLE

BY KATE WISNER M'CLUSKEY

The little, the yellow moon-cradle
Is swaying, is swinging slow;
And the tiny white star-tapers burning
Have flickered their lights down low;
The night has the cloud-curtains ready,
She is holding them draped on her breast,
For the dear little, queer little babe in the moon
Will have sunk to rest in the west.
Hush, baby, hush!
Mother's heart aches for the joy that she takes
In holding you close to her breast!

Perhaps in the yellow moon-cradle
A little cold baby may be;
And the tiny white star-tapers burning
May be sad for some mother to see;—
O night-angel! drop the cloud-curtain
While the gleaming bed's caught in that tree,
For not even to the rest in the beautiful west
Will I let my babe go from me!
Sleep, sleep, my sweet!
Are you warm, little feet?
Close to my heart you will be!

GREEN THINGS GROWING

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK

Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing.
How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing
In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight
Or the dim, dreary dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so,—my green things growing;
And I think that they love me, without false showing;
For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,
With the soft, mute comfort of green things growing.

DAFFODILS

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

MAMMY'S LULLABY

BY STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

Sleep, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?
 Sunset still a-shinin' in de wes';
 Sky am full o' windehs an' de stahs am peepin' froo—
 Eb'ryt'ing but mammy's lamb at res'.
 Swing 'im to'ds de Eas'lan',
 Swing 'im to'ds de Souf—
 See dat dove a-comin' wif a olive in 'is mouf!
 Angel hahps a-hummin',
 Angel banjos strummin'—
 Sleep, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?

Cricket fiddleh scrapin' off de rozzum f'um 'is bow,
 Whippo'will a-mo'nin' on a lawg;
 Moon ez pale ez hit kin be a-risin' mighty slow—
 Stahtled at de bahkin' ob de dawg;
 Swing de baby Eas'way,
 Swing de baby Wes',
 Swing 'im to'ds de Souflan' whah de melon grow de bes'!
 Angel singers singin',
 Angel bells a-ringin',
 Sleep, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?

Eyelids des a-droopin' li'l loweh all de w'ile,
 Undeh lip a-saggin' des a mite;
 Li'l baby toofies showin' so't o' lak a smile,
 Whiteh dan de snow, or des ez white.

Swing 'im to'ds de No'flan',
 Swing 'im to'ds de Eas'—
 Woolly cloud a-comin' fo' t' wrap 'im in 'is fleece!
 Angel ban' a-playin'—
 Whut dat music sayin'?
 "Sleep, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?"

SONG OF THE BROOK

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

I come from haunts of coot and hern:
 I make a sudden sally
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down the valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Phillip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I wind about and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me as I travel
 With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel.

I draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
 I slide by hazel covers;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars;
 I loiter round my cresses.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeams dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

MEADOW-LARKS

BY INA COOLBRITH

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy that I am!
 (Listen to the meadow-larks, across the fields that sing!)
 Sweet, sweet, sweet! O subtle breath of balm,
 O winds that blow, O buds that grow, O rapture of the spring!

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O skies, serene and blue,
 That shut the velvet pastures in, that fold the mountain's crest!
 Sweet, sweet, sweet! What of the clouds ye knew?
 The vessels ride a golden tide, upon a sea at rest.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! Who prates of care and pain?
 Who says that life is sorrowful? O life so glad, so fleet!
 Ah! he who lives the noblest life finds life the noblest gain,
 The tears of pain a tender rain to make its waters sweet.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy world that is!
 Dear heart, I hear across the fields my mateling pipe and call.
 Sweet, sweet, sweet! O world so full of bliss,—
 For life is love, the world is love, and love is over all!

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OWNERSHIP

BY INA COOLBRITH

In a garden that I know,
 Only palest blossoms blow.

There the lily, purest nun,
 Hides her white face from the sun,

And the maiden rose-bud stirs
 In a garment fair as hers.

One shy bird, with folded wings
 Sits within the leaves and sings:

Sits and sings the daylight long,
 Just a patient, plaintive song.

Other gardens greet the spring
 With a blaze of blossoming;

Other song-birds, piping clear,
 Chorus from the branches near;

DELIGHT AND POWER IN SPEECH

But my blossoms, palest known,
Bloom for me and me alone,

And my bird, though sad and lonely,
Sings for me, and for me only.

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CALIFORNIA

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH CHENEY

There are lands where the poppies are golden,
Where the skies are a rapture in blue,
Where the breezes on roses are stealing,
But land of my love, what of you?

There are lands where the birds warble ever,
Where the air is a-thrill in the sun,
Where the singer and song sever never,
And beauty and passion are one.

There are lands where the pine and the palm-tree,
The rose and the lily are fair,
Where color is married to music,
But magic—thy magic—O where? .

There are lands where the hills silver-crested
Flash far on a foam-glitt'ring sea,
Where Winter weds amorous Summer,
But land of my love, what of thee?

Thy heart like thy poppy is golden,
Thy story is writ in a gleam,
Thy magic like wine it is olden,
And hid in the web of a dream.

When the padre and poet had found thee,
Thy bells with a prophecy tolled,
For duty loved beauty, and round thee
The fabric of romance was rolled.

The vale with the snow-peak above her
Through ages in sunlight has lain,
Here art fondles nature, a lover
Forever in shine or rain.

There is fire where the poppy is dreaming,
And romance in woman's large eyes,
There is splendor where sunbeams are streaming
From the far, lucid vault of thy skies.

And the stars and the moon look in wonder
On thy mountains and ocean and vale,
From azures too tender for thunder,
Too clear for the lightning of gale.

There are lands drunk with summer and beauty,
But none, magic country, like thee!
Where the palm and the pine—love and duty—
Are friends from the hills to the sea.

—From "Dreams of Hellas."

IN BLOSSOM TIME

BY INA COOLBRITH

It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing—
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming!

Sing loud, O bird in the tree;
O bird, sing loud in the sky,
And honey-bees, blacken the clover beds—
There is none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low, with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all
Entices my soul away!

For O but the world is fair, is fair—
And O but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak,
I will fold in the lily's rim,
That th' lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
O skylark, sing in the blue;
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you!

—From "Songs from the Golden Gate."

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WHY?

BY MADGE MORRIS WAGNER

Why is it we grasp at the shadow
That flits from us swift as thought,
While the real that maketh the shadow
Stands in our way unsought?
And why do we wonder, and wonder,
What's beyond the hill-tops of thought?

Why is it the things that we sigh for
Are the things that we never can reach?
Why, only the sternest experience
A lesson of patience can teach?
And why hold we so careless and lightly
The treasures that are in our reach?

Why is it we wait for the future,
Or dwell on the scenes of the past,
Rather than live in the present
Hastening from us so fast?

Why is it the prizes we toil for,
 So tempting in fancy's mould cast,
 Prove, when to our lips we have pressed them,
 Only apples of Sodom at last?
 And why are the crowns, and the crosses,
 So wondrous unequally classed?

Ask it, ye, over and over,
 Let the winds waft your question on high,
 Till memory wanes with the ages,
 Till the stars in eternity die.
 And out from the bloom and the sunshine,
 From the rainbow o'er-arching the sky,
 From the night and the gloom and the tempest,
 Echo will answer you, "Why?"

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PICTURES OF MEMORY

BY ALICE CARY

Among the beautiful pictures
 That hang on memory's wall
 Is one of a dim old forest,
 That seemeth best of all;
 Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
 Dark with the mistletoe;
 Not for the violets golden,
 That sprinkle the vale below;
 Not for the milk-white lilies
 That lean from the fragrant ledge,
 Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
 And stealing their golden edge;
 Not for the vines on the upland,
 Where the bright red-berries rest,
 Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
 It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that dim old forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty,
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

THE JOY OF THE HILLS

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

I ride on the mountain tops, I ride;
I have found my life and am satisfied.
Onward I ride in the blowing oats,
Checking the field-lark's rippling notes—
Lightly I sweep
From steep to steep:
Over my head through the branches high
Come glimpses of a rushing sky;
The tall oats brush my horse's flanks;
Wild poppies crowd on the sunny banks;
A bee booms out of the scented grass;
A jay laughs with me as I pass.

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget
 Life's hoard of regret—
 All the terror and pain
 Of the chafing chain.
 Grind on, O cities, grind:
 I leave you a blur behind.
 I am lifted elate—the skies expand:
 Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.
 Let them worry and work in their narrow walls:
 I ride with the voices of waterfalls!

I swing on as one in a dream—I swing
 Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing!
 The world is gone like an empty word:
 My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird!

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TREES

BY JOYCE KILMER

I think that I shall never see
 A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
 Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree who looks at God all day,
 And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
 A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon her bosom snow has lain;
 Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
 But only God can make a tree.

THE DERELICT

BY HERBERT BASHFORD

I am rolled and swung, I am rocked and flung,
I am hammered and heaved and hurled,
I am tossed and wheeled, I am blown and reeled
And battered about the world.

On the pushing tide I ride and ride
Or loiter and loaf at ease.
With never a care, through foul or fair,
I follow the foaming seas.

Men come not nigh when they pass me by
For they fear me, every one,
As I cleave the gray of the dawning day
Or drowse in the summer sun.

Past unknown isles, for miles and miles
I wander away to where
The iceberg lifts and the salt spray drifts
In the freezing arctic air.

I steal by the bars when the flame-winged stars
Have swarmed in the upper blue
And the glow and shine of the drenching brine
Like white fire burns me through.

I haunt as a ghost the rock-girt coast
Where the bell-buoy loudly rings
And the breakers leap to the mighty sweep
Of the night-wind's sable wings.

I shake and moan, I creak and groan,
In the wrathful tempest when
The old sea raves and digs deep graves
For the jolly sailor men.

What matters time or what the clime
 To a vagrant of the sea?
 To live or die, oh, naught care I,
 There is no port for me!

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CHILD OF MY HEART

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

Child-heart!
 Wild heart!
 What can I bring you,
 What can I sing you,
 You who have come from a glory afar,
 Called into Time from a secret star?

Fleet one!
 Sweet one!
 Whose was the wild hand
 Shaped you in child-land,
 Framing the flesh with a flash of desire,
 Pouring the soul as a fearful fire?

Strong child!
 Song child!
 Who can unravel
 All your long travel
 Out of the Mystery, birth after birth—
 Out of the dim worlds deeper than Earth?

Mad thing!
 Glad thing!
 How will Life time you?
 How will God name you?
 All that I know is that you are to me
 Wind over water, star on the sea.

Dear heart!
 Near heart!
 Long is the journey,
 Hard is the tourney:
 Would I could be by your side when you fall—
 Would that my own heart could suffer it all!

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MANDALAY

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
 There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me;
 For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple bells they say,
 "Come you back, you British soldier, come you back to Mandalay!"
 Come you back to Mandalay,
 Where the old Flotilla lay;
 Can't you hear the paddles chunkin' from
 Rangoon to Mandalay?
 O the road to Mandalay,
 Where the flyin' fishes play,
 An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
 China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
 An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jest the same as Theebaw's Queen,
 An' I seed 'er fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
 An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
 Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
 Wot they called the great Gawd Budd—
 Plucky lot she cared for idols when I
 kissed 'er where she stood!
 On the road to Mandalay—

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
 She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "kulla-lo-lo!"
 With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek ag'in my cheek
 We uster watch 'the steamers an' the Hathis pilin' teak.
 Elephints a-pilin' teak
 In the sludgy, squidgy creek,

Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was
 'arf afraid to speak!
 On the road to Mandalay—

But that all shove behind me—long ago an' fur away,
 An' there ain't no busses runnin' from the Benk to Mandalay;
 An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year sodger tells:
 "If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you won't 'eed nothin' else."
 No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
 But them spicy garlic smells
 An' the sunshine and the palm-trees an'
 the tinkly temple-bells!
 On the road to Mandalay—

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty pavin' stones,
 An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes a fever in my bones;
 Tho' I walk with fifty 'ouse-maids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
 An' they talk a lot o' lovin', but what do they understand?
 Beefy face an' grubby hand—
 Law! wot do they understand?
 I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a
 cleaner, greener land!
 On the road to Mandalay—

Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
 Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst;
 For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—
 By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea—
 On the road to Mandalay,
 Where the old Flotilla lay,
 With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
 Oh, the road to Mandalay,
 Where the flyin' fishes play,
 An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay.

GOLD

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

"Meed of the Toiler," "Flame of the Sea"—
 Such were the names of your poets for me.
 "Metal of Mammon," "Curse of the world"—
 These are the libels your preachers have hurled,

Dug from the mountain-side, washed in the glen,
 Servant am I or the master of men.
 Steal me, I curse you; earn me, I bless you;
 Grasp me and hoard me, a fiend shall possess you.
 Lie for me, die for me, covet me, take me—
 Angel or Devil, I am what you make me.

Falsely alluring, I shimmer and shine
 Over the millions that hold me divine.
 Trampling each other, they rush to adore me,
 Heaping the dearest of treasure before me—
 Love and its blessedness, Youth and its wealth,
 Honor, Tranquillity, Innocence, Health—
 Buying my favor with evil and pain;
 Huge is the sacrifice, poor is the gain,
 Naught but my effigy, passionless, cold,
 God of a frenzied idolatry—Gold!

GOLD

BY THOMAS HOOD

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
 Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;
 Heavy to get, and light to hold;
 Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
 Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
 Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
 To the very verge of the churchyard mold;
 Price of many a crime untold—
 Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!

—From "Miss Kilmansegg."

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

BY PADRAIC COLUM

Oh, to have a little house!
 To own the hearth and stool and all!
 The heaped-up sods upon the fire,
 The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains,
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delf,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night,
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed, and loath to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delf!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house or bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

MY LOVE'S LIKE A RED ROSE

BY ROBERT BURNS

Oh, my love's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my love's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I:
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till all the seas gang dry;

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Oh, my love's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my love's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished on delight,
To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they:
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet;
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality!
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won,
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live.
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

L'ALLEGRO

By JOHN MILTON

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimples sleek,—
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it, as ye go,
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty:
 And, if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free.

FROM IL PENSEROSO

By JOHN MILTON

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound
 Over some wide watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;

Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

THE LOTOS-EATERS

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone:
Through every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotus-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, when the surge was seething
free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotus-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world;
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps, and fiery
sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying
hands.
But they smile, they find a music centered in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine, and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whispered—down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

HOME, WOUNDED

By SYDNEY DOBELL

Blare the trumpet, and boom the gun,
 But, O, to sit here thus in the sun,
 To sit here, feeling my work is done,
 While the sands of life so golden run,
 And I watch the children's posies,
 And my idle heart is whispering,
 "Bring whatever the years may bring,
 The flowers will blossom, the birds will sing,
 And there'll always be primroses."

THE MINARET BELLS

By WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

Tink a tink, tink a tink,
 By the light of the star,
 On the blue river's brink,
 I heard a guitar.

I heard a guitar
 On the blue waters clear,
 And knew by its music
 That Selim was near!

Tink a tink, tink a tink,
 How the soft music swells,
 And I hear the soft clink
 Of the minaret bells!

SPRINGTIME

By LEONARD G. NATTKEMPER

May-time's Spring-time,
 O let us steal away.
 Spring-time's love-time,
 So let us go to-day.

Oh! the dawn, while dew is on,
Awakes a fragrant breeze;
It fills my room with rich perfume
From snow-white locust trees.

Across the grain there floats a strain
Of ancient witchery;
A robin's throat hath freed a note
Of rarest ecstasy.

And while he sings, within me springs
An echo to his lay—
But how can words e'er match this bird's
Sweet song of Spring, I pray!

Such noon-day dreams by babbling streams,
There's nothing to compare;
Soft zephyrs blow where waters flow,
Entangling my hair.

In shady nooks, fond lover looks
In eyes as blue as skies;
And her reply, though quaint and shy,
Is what true love implies.

So May-time's Spring-time,
Now let us steal away;
Spring-time's love-time,
And let us go to-day.

A SINGING LESSON

By JEAN INGELow

A nightingale made a mistake—
She sang a few notes out of tune—
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm-in-arm with a thrush,
 Came sauntering up to the place;
 The nightingale felt herself blush,
 Though feathers hid her face.
 She knew they had heard her song,
 She felt them snicker and sneer;
 She thought this life was too long,
 And wished she could skip a year.

"Oh, nightingale," cooed a dove,
 "Oh, nightingale, what's the use?
 You bird of beauty and love,
 Why behave like a goose?
 Don't skulk away from our sight
 Like a common contemptible fowl;
 You bird of joy and delight,
 Why behave like an owl?"

"Only think of all you have done—
 Only think of all you can do;
 A false note is really fun
 From such a bird as you!
 Lift up your proud little crest;
 Open your musical beak;
 Other birds have to do their best,
 But you need only speak."

The nightingale shyly took
 Her head from under her wing,
 And giving the dove a look
 Straightway began to sing.
 There was never a bird could pass—
 The night was divinely calm—
 And the people stood on the grass
 To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care—
 She only sang to the skies;
 Her song ascended there,
 And there she fixed her eyes.

The people who listened below
She knew but little about—
And this tale has a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out.

MORAL

Never give up, always look up.
Cheer the discouraged.
Strive for heavenly applause.
Care not for the praise of men, but for the praise of God.

THE WOLVES OF THE SEA

BY HERBERT BASHFORD

From dusk until dawn they are hurrying on,
Unfettered and fearless they flee;
From morn until eve they plunder and thief—
The hungry, white wolves of the Sea!

With never a rest, they race to the west,
To the Orient's rim do they run;
By the berg and the floe of the northland they go
And away to the isles of the sun.

They wail at the moon from the desolate dune
Till the air has grown dank with their breath;
They snarl at the stars from the treacherous bars
Of the coasts that are haunted by Death.

They grapple and bite in a keen, mad delight
As they feed on the bosom of Grief;
And one steals away to a cave with his prey,
And one to the rocks of the reef.

With the froth on their lips they follow the ships,
Each striving to lead in the chase;
Since loosed by the hand of the King of their band
They have known but the rush of the race.

They are shaggy and old, yet as mighty and bold
 As when God's freshest gale set them free;
 Not a sail is unfurled in a part of the world
 But is prey for the wolves of the Sea!

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OLD IRONSIDES

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;—
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with hero's blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee;
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale!

COLUMBUS

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now, not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way;
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed: they sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night,
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
 Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
 A light! A light? A light! A light!
 It grew; a starlit flag unfurled!
 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
 He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

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DAYBREAK

BY ROBERT BROWNING

Day!
 Faster and more fast,
 O'er night's brim, day boils at last:
 Boils pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
 Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
 For not a froth-flake touched the rim
 Of yonder gap in the solid gray
 Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
 But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
 Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
 Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
 Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
 A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,
 The least of thy gazes or glances,
 (Be they grants thou art bound to or gifts above measure)
 One of thy choices or one of thy chances,
 (Be they tasks God imposed thee or freaks at thy pleasure)
 —My Day, if I squander such labor or leisure,
 Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

Thy long, blue, solemn hours serenely flowing,
 Whence earth, we feel, gets steady help and good—
 Thy fitful sunshine-minutes, coming, going,
 As if earth turned from work in gamesome mood—

All shall be mine! But thou must treat me not
 As prosperous ones are treated, those who live
 At hand here, and enjoy the higher lot,
 In readiness to take what thou wilt give,
 And free to let alone what thou refusest;
 For, Day, my holiday, if thou ill-usest
 Me, who am only Pippa,—old-year's sorrow,
 Cast off last night, will come again to-morrow:
 Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I shall borrow
 Sufficient strength of thee for new-year's sorrow.
 All other men and women that this earth
 Belongs to, who all days alike possess,
 Make general plenty cure particular dearth,
 Get more joy one way, if another, less:
 Thou art my single day, God lends to leaven
 What were all earth else, with a feel of heaven.

—From "Pippa Passes."

MY SWORD SONG

BY RICHARD REALF

Day in, day out, through the long campaign,
 I march in my place in the ranks;
 And whether it shine or whether it rain,
 My good sword cheerily clanks;
 It clanks and clanks in a knightly way
 Like the ring of an armored heel;
 And this is the song which day by day,
 It sings with its lips of steel:

"O friend, from whom a hundred times,
 I have felt the strenuous grip
 Of the all-renouncing love that climbs
 To the heights of fellowship;
 Are you tired of all the weary miles?
 Are you faint with your swooning limbs?
 Do you hunger back for the olden smiles,
 And the lilt of olden hymns?

"Has your heart grown weak since that rapt hour
 When you leapt, with a single bound,
 From dreaming ease to sovereign power
 Of a living soul world-crowned?
 Behold! the aloes of sacrifice
 Are better than radiant wine,
 And the bloody sweat of a cause like this
 Is an agony divine.

"Under the wail of the shuddering world
 Amoan for its fallen sons;
 Over the volleying thunders hurled
 From the throats of the wrathful guns;
 Above the roar of the plunging line
 That rocks with the fury of hell,
 Runs the absolute voice: O Earth of mine,
 Be patient, for all is well!"

Thus sings my sword to my soul, and I,
 Albeit the way is long,
 As soiled clouds darken athwart the sky—
 Still keep my spirit strong:
 Whether I live, or whether I lie
 On the stained ground, ghastly and stark,
 Beyond the carnage I shall descry
 God's love shines across the dark.

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LABOR

ANONYMOUS

Toil swings the ax, and forests bow;
 The seeds break out in radiant bloom,
 Rich harvests smile behind the plow,
 And cities cluster round the loom;
 Where towering domes and tapering spires
 Adorn the vale and crown the hill,
 Stout labor lights its beacon-fires,
 And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

The monarch oak, the woodland's pride,
Whose trunk is seamed with lightning scars,
Toil launches on the restless tide,
And there unrolls the flag of stars;
The engine with its lungs of flame,
And ribs of brass and joints of steel,
From Labor's plastic fingers came,
With sobbing valve and whirling wheel.

'Tis Labor works the magic press,
And turns the crank in hives of toil,
And beckons angels down to bless
Industrious hands on sea and soil.
Here sun-brown Toil, with shining spade,
Links lake to lake with silver ties
Strung thick with palaces of trade,
And temples towering to the skies.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG¹

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

¹ " 'The Arrow and the Song' came into my mind and glanced on to the paper with an arrow's speed—literally an improvisation," said Longfellow. The poem has been exceedingly popular, both when recited and also when sung to the beautiful music composed for it by the Italian song-writer, *Ciro Pinsuti*.

THE BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

[Particularly note the possibility of onomatopoesy in the following refrain. What answer do the bells give to the questions of the poet? There is no other answer than their steady, monotonous toll. The answer must be found in your own heart, viz., that no good work, done with high zeal and enthusiasm, with self-sacrifice, ever can be in vain. Then read the refrain as a bell would sound, if it were struck at the end of each line, prolonging the sound to correspond with the continued resonance of the bell.]

Thine was the corn and the wine,
 The blood of the grape that nourished;
 The blossom and fruit of the vine
 That was heralded far away.
 These were thy gifts; and thine,
 When the vine and the fig-tree flourished,
 The promise of peace and of glad increase
 Forever and ever and aye.
 What then wert thou, and what art now?
 Answer me, O, I pray!

And every note of every bell
 Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
 In the tower that is left the tale to tell
 Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Oil of the olive was thine;
 Flood of the wine-press flowing;
 Blood o' the Christ was the wine—
 Blood o' the Lamb that was slain.
 Thy gifts were fat o' the kine
 Forever coming and going
 Over the hills, the thousand hills,
 Their lowing a soft refrain.
 What then wert thou, and what art now?
 Answer me, once again!

And every note of every bell
 Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
 In the tower that is left the tale to tell
 Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Seed o' the corn was thine—
Body of Him thus broken
And mingled with blood o' the vine—
The bread and the wine of life;
Out of the good sunshine
They were given to thee as a token—
The body of Him, and the blood of Him,
When the gifts of God were rife.
What then wert thou, and what art now,
After the weary strife?

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Where are they now, O bells?
Where are the fruits o' the Mission?
Garnered, where no one dwells.
Shepherd and flock are fled.
O'er the Lord's vineyard swells
The tide that with fell perdition
Sounded their doom and fashioned their tomb
And buried them with the dead.
What then wert thou, and what art now?—
The answer is still unsaid.

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Where are they now, O tower!
The locusts and wild honey?
Where is the sacred dower
That the bride of Christ was given?
Gone to the builders of power,
The misers and minters of money;
Gone for the greed that is their creed—
And these in the land have thriven.
What then wert thou, and what art now,
And wherefore hast thou striven?

And every note of every bell
 Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
 In the tower that is left the tale to tell
 Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

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A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA

MARCH 7, 1863

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea, Alexandra!
 Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
 But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee, Alexandra!
 Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
 Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
 Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
 Scatter the blossoms under her feet!
 Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
 Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
 Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!
 Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
 Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
 Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
 Flames, on the windy headland flare!
 Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
 Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
 Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
 Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher
 Melt into stars for the land's desire!
 Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
 Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand,
 Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,
 And welcome her, welcome the land's desire.
 The sea-kings' daughter is happy as fair,
 Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
 Bride of the sire of the kings of the sea—
 O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
 Come to us, love us and make us your own;

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee, Alexandra!

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

Dim dusk behind the tamarisks—the sky is saffron yellow—
As the women in the village grind the corn,
And the parrots seek the river-side, each calling to his fellow
That the Day, the staring Eastern Day is born.
Oh, the white on the highway! Oh, the stench in the byway!
Oh, the clammy fog that hovers over earth!
And at home they're making merry 'neath the white and scarlet berry—
What part have India's exiles in their mirth?

Full day behind the tamarisks—the sky is blue and staring—
As the cattle crawl afield beneath the yoke,
And they bear one o'er the field path, who is past all hope or caring,
To the ghat below the curling wreaths of smoke.
Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye bear a brother slowly—
Call on Rama—he may hear, perhaps, your voice!
With our hymn-books and our psalters we appeal to other altars,
And to-day we bid good Christian men rejoice!

High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun is hot above us—
As at home the Christmas Day is breaking wan,
They will drink our healths at dinner—those who tell us how they
love us,
And forget us till another year be gone!
Oh, the toil that knows no breaking! Oh, the Heimweh, ceaseless, aching!
Oh, the black dividing sea and alien plain.
Youth was cheap, wherefor we sold it.
Gold was good—we hoped to hold it,
And to-day we know the fullness of our gain.

Gray dusk behind the tamarisks—the parrots fly together—
As the sun is sinking slowly over Home;
And the last ray seems to mock us shackled in a lifelong tether
That drags us back howe'er so far we roam.

Hard her service, poor her payment—she in ancient, tattered raiment—
India, she the grim stepmother of our kind.

If a year of life be lent her, if her temple's shrine we enter,
The door is shut—we may not look behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks—the owls begin their chorus—
As the conches from the temple scream and bray.

With fruitless years behind us, and the hopeless years before us,

Let us honor, O my brothers, Christmas Day!

Call a truce, then, to our labors—let us feast with friends and neighbors,

And be merry as the custom of our caste;

For if “faint and forced the laughter,” and if sadness follow after,

We are richer by one mocking Christmas past.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

BY FRANCIS MAHONY

With deep affection

And recollection

I often think of

Those Shandon bells,

Whose sound so wild would,

In the days of childhood,

Fling round my cradle

Their magic spells.

On this I ponder

Where'er I wander,

And thus grow fonder,

Sweet Cork, of thee—

With thy bells of Shandon

That sound so grand on

The pleasant waters

Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming

Full many a clime in,

Tolling sublime in

Cathedral shrine;

While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow
Where on tower and kiosko
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
 More dear to me;
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sounds so grand, on
The pleasant waters
 Of the River Lee.

THE DAY AND THE WORK

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

To each man is given a day and his work for the day;
And once, and no more, he is given to travel this way.
And woe if he flies from the task, whatever the odds;
For the task is appointed to him on the scroll of the gods.

There is waiting a work where only your hands can avail;
And so if you falter, a chord in the music will fail.
We may laugh to the sky, we may lie for an hour in the sun;
But we dare not go hence till the labor appointed is done.

To each man is given a marble to carve for the wall,
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty of all;
And only his soul has the magic to give it a grace,
And only his hands have the cunning to put it in place.

We are given one hour to parley and struggle with Fate,
Our wild hearts filled with the dream, our brains with the high debate.
It is given to look on life once, and once only to die:
One testing, and then at a sign we go out of this sky.

And the task that is given to each man no other can do;
So the work is awaiting: it has waited through ages for you.
And now you appear; and the Hushed Ones are turning their gaze
To see what you do with your chance in the chamber of days.

THE LAND OF HEART'S REGRET

W. T. P.

[This exquisite threnody was written by the "gardener poet" of California, Samuel J. Alexander, of San Mateo. The local geographical references will be understood only by those familiar with the country, but the cry of the bereaved heart and life will find immediate response from the universal heart. As a poem of deep, tender emotion, its study and rendition orally will be more than well repaid.]

Dawn on the hill tops flushes red
In the Day's embrace, and her blush is spread
A benediction above the dead.
Dawn, and I stand again with Dawn
On the jeweled turf of Cypress Lawn.
Grief led my feet, by Reverence shod,
Into the presence of the God,
The gentle God, Who, compassionate,
Welcome's Life's Beggars within His gate.
So I went soft shod, with eyes grown dim,
Through His House Beautiful with Him.
And with hushed heart I sought and found
A Grave more dear than the graves around.

Did I think to find thee shut in and hid
In a man-made box, 'neath a man-made lid?
Thou, from the sunlight hidden away,
Who wert dew of the dawn and flame of day!
Thou fettered by Silence? Why, thy voice
Called up the Dawn and bade Day rejoice.
Thou circled by shadows? Why, thine eyes
Were forest pools beneath starry skies.
And Day might have claimed, to illumine his crown,
Their starlight tangled in deeps of brown.
With what reluctance, and with what dread,
I, who loved thee living, have sought thee dead.
And all unwilling, my feet were drawn
By a will compelling that led them on.
I have come to seek thee; the way was long,
For the years between us rose high and strong.
I have come to seek thee, who held thee dear,
But I may not find thee, who art not here.

Life was a song; and sun and moon
 Wove all color into the tune.
 Life was a jewel; we laughed and pressed
 The glowing ruby against our breast.
 Life was a bubble; we tossed it high,
 Up to the rainbow that spanned our sky.
 Life was a magic mantle, wove
 By fairy hands, in a charmed grove,
 Wherewith we wrapped ourselves around
 In wide, free spaces, where God is found.
 Life was a torrent, that overflowed
 San Bruno's mountains and Mission Road;
 Canyons, gashed in a mountain wall,
 With the wound healed over by chapparal;
 Mist-clad hollows, and gusty plains,
 Curbed by the wind with galling reins.
 Colma, cradled green hills between;
 Belmont, tossed upon waves of green;
 Woodside mountains and Alma's woods,
 La Honda's Altar of Solitudes;
 World's Edge hills, where the road goes down
 In a tangle of curves to Spanishtown;
 Ocean View and San Pedro beach,
 These are the heart's red throbs of speech.
 These are the holy names that stand
 Guide Posts of God into Holy Land.
 And these are the Calvary Stations, set
 On my way through The Land of Heart's Regret.

Life no longer imperious calls
 With a silver trumpet from golden walls.
 My ears grow dull and my eyes grow dim,
 He wearies of me, as I of him.
 I will rise; I will go my ways and pass
 From that I am unto that I was.
 I will drug my senses and drown my soul
 Where the incense clouds from the altar roll,
 In the golden shrine, with the golden key,
 Where dwells our Lady of Memory.
 Though new grief grow with the old heart hurt,
 Here shall I see thee as thou wert.

Still companion on lonely hill,
In forest solitude, comrade still.

And Memory led me by the hand
From God's Field, back into Holy Land,
Lit by the wonderful afterglow
Of a day that withered long ago.
And the gum trees moved their lips and spoke
In the alien language of the oak.
And there grew up tall before my eyes
Pillared redwoods, that prop the skies.
And we stood again where the lilies stand,
Torches, lighting a twilight land;
Lamps of the forest, flashing red,
While the darkness gathered overhead.
For, robed in her purple, the Night came down,
Weaving the starlight into her gown;
And the moon arose, like a bubble, blown
By the children playing about Christ's Throne;
And the iridescent gem was set
As an opal in her coronet.
And our souls flashed up above the night,
And clung together and made one light.
And the brook swept by, and as it went
Sang us the song of heart's content.
And our campfire set its smoke unfurled
A flag on the roof of the fair, green world.
Now, La Honda's sacred solitudes
Vainly call me from hills and woods;
These for me shall remain untrod,
Sacred to Memory and to God.
But these and thee I shall not forget
Till Grief wed Joy and divorce Regret.
And by all that was and by all that is,
And for all that we were, I ask thee this,
Friend of my Past, grow not too high,
That I may reach unto thee, even I,
When, with eyes grown clearer, I see thine eyes
As the Dawn of Remembered Days arise,
Or as Stars of Home, in the alien skies.

VENGEANCE IS THINE

By S. J. ALEXANDER

Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord;
But there cometh the Hour and the Man,
And the tangled red knots of His Plan
Cry out for the Hand on His Sword.

And these are the Words that He saith,
And the Will of the Words of His Mouth,
To the men of His Lands of the South
In the Halls of His City of Death:

"I am slow to repay," saith the Lord:
"My Patience and Mercy endure;
But the day of My Vengeance is sure,
And This is My Will and My Word:

"Ye shall draw My Sword out from its sheath;
Ye shall strike at the bosom of Guilt;
Ye shall stab the red blade to its hilt
In the black heart that lieth beneath.

"With My Name on your lips ye shall draw;
And the Name which your lips may not speak
Ye shall bear in your soul, as ye wreak
The ultimate end of My Law.

"My Anger encompassed them still
When they took the Black Vow, nothing loath;
My Oath rose up over their oath,
And broke it and bent to My Will.

"I have waited, withheld and withstood,
But I weary of all," saith the Lord,
"And the Cup of My Anger, long stored,
Ye shall spill on the Spillers of Blood."

TO A FEBRUARY BUTTERFLY

BY S. J. ALEXANDER

Rainbow that flasheth by,
Flower that flieth,
Sunshine from summer sky,
Jewel that dieth;

Winter still lingers near,
Ruthlessly cruel,
Why hast thou entered here,
Flower and jewel?

Out of what tropic sky,
Camest thou, gleaming,
Thrilled with a purpose high,
Psyche-like dreaming?

Now, in thy poverty
Dost thou inherit
Orchids of memory,
Palms of the spirit.

Wings of the butterfly,
Soul of the Poet,
Drenched from a dripping sky,
Scorned from below it;

Broke on Fate's torture wheel,
Shattered asunder,
We, who are wingèd, feel
God's lightest thunder.

Soul of the butterfly,
Bravely wayfaring,
Teach me, that even I
Reach to thy daring.

Now with our wings unfurled
Go we together
Out of this sodden world,
Into fair weather.

THE GOD'S CUP

BY S. J. ALEXANDER

The Sun God gave his radiant Gift
 In a clay cup, whose flaw and rift
 With many a blur and many a stain
 Cried out to him, and cried in vain,
 For a fair vase of porcelain.
 Men looked at it before they quaffed
 The God's wine in its depths, and laughed.
 "The thing's old-fashioned, quite antique,"
 —The cup, in truth, was Attic Greek—
 "A cup, one could not say a vase,
 Made for base uses of the base."
 But if they pressed their lips to drink,
 All heaven trembled on the brink
 Like molten jewels, welling up
 From the deep measure of the cup;
 And in the glamor of the spell
 God's Silence became audible;
 The soundless music of the spheres
 Rang through the ringing in their ears.
 They heard the hum of Attic bees
 Upon Hymettus; and the seas
 Rose up, white lipped, with dripping hair
 To teach the secret of Despair;
 Yet more. Their ravished vision saw
 All Glory flash above the flaw
 That men esteem as Nature's law;
 While Fancy, wiser, sees the Fates
 Sit spinning at the Ivory Gates,
 From whence Divine Illusion gives
 The evanescent gift that lives.
 So, swept on swelling waves of sound,
 In seas of rapturous music drowned,
 So, tossed from height to upper height
 Of the God's mountain peaks of light,
 With trembling lip and gasping breath
 They drank His Radiant Life and Death;

And deemed a jewel half divine
 The cup that held the Sacred Wine.
 The wine, in its too potent strength,
 Ate through the fragile clay at length;
 The cup fell broken to the ground;
 The God laughed at the ruin 'round;
 His wine was spilt on every side,
 And men, men said, "The Poet Died."

THE SONG OF THE BULLETS

By JOHN MILTON SCOTT

I

I cut the air and it sang to me
 Like a serpent's hiss with its fangèd kiss,
 And the leaping leagues upsprang to me;
 But I passed them all with the battle's call,
 As with maddening joy I scream, I screamed
 The death which the wrathful warrior dreamed.
 The mad red death which the warrior dreamed.

*I sing! sing! sing! the wrathful warrior's song.
 Then ping! ping! ping! 'tis the wrathful warrior's wrong.*

I red in the heart of the foe,
 Fulfilling the warrior's woe.
 But this I see before I go—
 A beauty blackening battle's show;
 Pictures of home in heart and brain
 That blot and blank in my war's refrain.

Home among vines and green fields,
 Cattle and horses and sheep,
 Husband and wife in the joy of their life,
 Children that play, children that pray,
 On the bosom a babe and its lullabied sleep.

Sleep! sleep! sleep! my baby, sleep!
 Christ is the shepherd of His sheep

And lambs like you to His heart he folds,
 And safely holds, all safely holds.
 Till the dark night dies in the arms of day,
 When He kisses my lamb awake to play.
 Sleep! sleep! sleep! my baby, sleep.

'Neath a Belgian sky sang this lullaby.

*But why; why do the children cry,
 As the husband true bids a brave good-by?
 O why do the children and women weep
 As the war-woes over their gladness creep?*

*O this red! red! red!
 O this blood I have shed
 When from rifles of warriors I leap;
 And the pictures grow dim, and the pictures grow blank,
 But the weeds on this field will grow poison and rank.
 Siep! siep! siep!
 The blood runs apace, and gone is the face
 Of baby and wife,
 Of love and of life
 Siep! siep! siep!
 When from rifles of warriors I leap.*

*This, this is why sweet children cry
 And wives and mothers vainly weep.*

II

I tear the air, and its fine silk rips
 As my kill-song sings from the rifle's lips,
 I destroy air-joy which the glad birds sing
 When in love and life the winds they wing;
 Theirs is a song of love and life!
 Mine is a snarl of hate and strife!
 The mad red snarl of hate and strife.

*I sing! sing! sing! the wrathful warrior's song.
 Then ping! ping! ping! 'tis the wrathful warrior's wrong.*

I red in the heart of the foe,
 Fulfilling the warrior's woe.
 But this I see before I go—
 A beauty blackening battle's show;
 Pictures of home in heart and brain
 That blot and blank in my war's refrain.

A school, a teacher and pupils bright,
 Lessons and laughter and play,
 Girls and boys in their school-day joys,
 Maid and youth in their search for truth;
 Then home in the shades of the rounded day.

Sleep! sleep! sleep! my baby, sleep!
 Christ is the shepherd of His sheep,
 And lambs like you to His heart he folds,
 And safely holds, all safely holds,
 Till the dark night dies in the arms of day,
 When He kisses my lamb awake to play.
 Sleep! sleep! sleep! my baby, sleep.

In the German tongue this sleep-song sung.

*But why; why do the children cry,
 As the husband true bids a brave good-by?
 O why do the women and children weep
 As the war-woes over their gladness creep?*

*O this red! red! red!
 O this blood I have shed
 When from rifles of warriors I leap;
 And the pictures grow dim, and the pictures grow blank,
 But the weeds on this field will grow poison and rank.
 Siep! siep! siep!
 The blood runs apace, and gone is the face
 Of baby and wife,
 Of love and of life.
 Siep! siep! siep!
 When from rifles of warriors I leap.*

*This, this is why sweet children cry
 And wives and mothers vainly weep.*

III

I murder the peace of summer winds ;
 I startle the kine and make dogs whine ;
 I'm the fury of fight, I'm hell's delight ;
 I'm the black of death with its stiffening breath ;
 I'm insanity's shriek as I try to speak ;
 I am agony's glare and its wild despair ;
 I'm the hiss elate of the warrior's hate,
 The mad, red hiss of the warrior's hate.

*I sing! sing! sing! the wrathful warrior's song.
 Then ping! ping! ping! 'tis the wrathful warrior's wrong.*

I red in the heart of the foe,
 Fulfilling the warrior's woe.
 But this I see before I go—
 A beauty blackening battle's show ;
 Pictures of home in heart and brain
 That blot and blank in my war's refrain.

A hammer and anvil and lowly cot,
 Blossoms ashine and the fruitful vine,
 The flying of sparks, the singing of larks
 And the rapturing stir of the voice of her,
 Outsinging the larks in her joys divine.

Sleep! sleep! sleep! my baby, sleep!
 Christ is the shepherd of His sheep,
 And lambs like you to His heart he folds,
 And safely holds, all safely holds,
 Till the dark night dies in the arms of day,
 When He kisses my lamb awake to play.
 Sleep! sleep! sleep! my baby, sleep.

In joy-hearted France sings this love's romance.

*But why; why do the children cry,
 As the husband true bids a brave good-by?
 O why do the children and women weep
 As the war-wocs over their gladness creep?*

O this red! red! red!
O this blood I have shed
When from rifles of warriors I leap;
And the pictures grow dim, and the pictures grow blank,
But the weeds on this field will grow poison and rank.
Siep! siep! siep!
The blood runs apace, and gone is the face
Of baby and wife,
Of love and of life.
Siep! siep! siep!
When from rifles of warriors I leap.

This, this is why sweet children cry
And wives and mothers vainly weep.

IV

I am rifle-sent, and the air is rent
In tatters and rags and stains;
I burn my path of the warrior's wrath
Too hot to be cooled by rains;
I murder the song of the rapturing thrush
As I chant war's wrath with its ripping rush.
The mad red wrath with its ripping rush.
His is a song of love and life,
Mine is a screech of hate and strife.

I sing! sing! sing! the wrathful warrior's song.
Then ping! ping! ping! 'tis the wrathful warrior's wrong.

I red in the heart of the foe,
Fulfilling the warrior's woe.
But this I see before I go—
A beauty blackening battle's show;
Pictures of home in heart and brain
That blot and blank in my war's refrain.

A meadow alined by English lanes;
And Shelley's lark is in the sky,
And Shakespeare's sheep, in clover deep;
A house by the spring and a grapevine swing,
A mother's song and a babe's reply.

Sleep! sleep! sleep! my baby, sleep!
 Christ is the shepherd of His sheep,
 And lambs like you to His heart he folds,
 And safely holds, all safely holds,
 Till the dark night dies in the arms of day,
 When He kisses my lamb awake to play.
 Sleep! sleep! sleep! my baby, sleep.

Child hearts rejoice in this English voice.

*But why; why do the children cry,
 As the husband true bids a brave good-by?
 O why do the children and women weep
 As the war-woes over their gladness creep?*

*O this red! red! red!
 O this blood I have shed
 When from rifles of warriors I leap;
 And the pictures grow dim, and the pictures grow blank,
 But the weeds on this field will grow poison and rank.
 Siep! siep! siep!
 The blood runs apace, and gone is the face
 Of baby and wife,
 Of love and of life.
 Siep! siep! siep!
 When from rifles of warriors I leap.*

*This, this is why sweet children cry
 And wives and mothers vainly weep.*

V

I'm a blighting swift, outflying storms,
 I ruin and run as I shriek my fun;
 With a screech of fear in the startled ear,
 I crush the hope and distill the tear,
 The tear of love, the hope of hearts;
 I blight and blast with Destruction's arts.
 With the mad, red blight of Destruction's arts.

*I sing! sing! sing! the wrathful warrior's song.
 Then ping! ping! ping! 'tis the wrathful warrior's wrong.*

I red in the heart of the foe,
 Fulfilling the warrior's woe.
 But this I see before I go—
 A beauty blackening battle's show;
 Pictures of home in the heart and brain
 That blot and blank in my war's refrain.

The Danube blue, the Alsatian heights,
 And a lover who sings to his maiden true,
 The song and the kiss, the troth and its bliss,
 Two hearts abeat in the love complete,
 And the brown eyes marry the eyes of blue.

Sleep! sleep! sleep! my baby, sleep!
 Christ is the shepherd of His sheep,
 And lambs like you to His heart he folds,
 And safely holds, all safely holds,
 Till the dark night dies in the arms of day,
 When He kisses my lamb awake to play.
 Sleep! sleep! sleep! my baby, sleep.

An Austrian sings these rapturings.

*But why; why do the children cry,
 As the husband true bids a brave good-by?
 O why do the children and women weep
 As the war-woes over their gladness creep?*

*O this red! red! red!
 O this blood I have shed
 When from rifles of warriors I leap;
 And the pictures grow dim, and the pictures grow blank,
 But the weeds on this field will grow poison and rank.
 Siep! siep! siep!
 The blood runs apace, and gone is the face
 Of baby and wife,
 Of love and of life.
 Siep! siep! siep!
 When from rifles of warriors I leap.*

*This, this is why sweet children cry
 And wives and mothers vainly weep.*

VI

I cut the air with growls of wrath;
 I am black woe's bite as I bark and fight,
 I'm the mad dog's fang, and I lead the gang
 As we wolf together on war's red path;
 We rend the flesh, and we wreck the mind;
 We're the war-wrath's lust, and we're wild and blind,—
 The red wrath's lust that is wild and blind.

*I sing! sing! sing! the wrathful warrior's song.
 Then ping! ping! ping! 'tis the wrathful warrior's wrong.*

I red in the heart of the foe,
 Fulfilling the warrior's woe.
 But this I see before I go—
 A beauty blackening battle's show;
 Pictures of home in heart and brain
 That blot and blank in my war's refrain.

A bearded peasant and Tolstoy's book,
 Fulfilling the Christ's great way of peace,
 His neighbors, dear as the ripened year;
 'Twas a neighbor's girl with laugh and curl
 Who mothered his flock of the sweet increase.

Sleep! sleep! sleep! my baby, sleep!
 Christ is the shepherd of His sheep,
 And lambs like you to His heart he folds,
 And safely holds, all safely holds,
 Till the dark night dies in the arms of day,
 When He kisses my lamb awake to play.
 Sleep! sleep! sleep! my baby, sleep.

Like a Russian dove croons this song of love.

*But why; why do the children cry,
 As the husband true bids a brave good-by?
 O why do the children and women weep
 As the war-woes over their gladness creep?*

O this red! red! red!
O this blood I have shed
When from rifles of warriors I leap;
And the pictures grow dim, and the pictures grow blank,
But the weeds on this field will grow poison and rank.
Siep! siep! siep!
The blood runs apace, and gone is the face
Of baby and wife,
Of love and of life.
Siep! siep! siep!
When from rifles of warriors I leap.

This, this is why sweet children cry
And wives and mothers vainly weep.

VII

'Twas wild wrath-riot, 'twas riot of death,
This bacchanal black making war's red wrack,
This blood debauch and delirium,
Love's hand palsied, truth's tongue dumb,—
Blotting brave brains of mothers' refrains,
Voices of children, enchantments of home,
The-Cathedral-of-man's earth-rounding dome
Which visioning together might well have wrought,
Out of the heart of brothering thought.

And now that our screaming wrath is done,
And our place in the sky is filled with birds
Whose songs seem the voice of the gracious sun,
Behind us the wrath and the ruin left,
We are bruised and broken in fields bereft
Of their gentle flocks and peaceful herds;
We know, we know in our black war-woe,
There's not a grace of gain for it all,
There's not a spear of grain from it all.

O woe are we in this rusted red,
And woe the hearts which we've pierced and bled;

No honor is here, no glory bright,
 But shame that is deeper than speech can tell,
 But shame that is blacker than pits of hell,
 The shame of a night unblessed by light,
 The shame of a brain with its murder stain,
 And a heart in the grime of war's red crime.

Woe! woe! woe, is the end of the path
 That blackens and blights from war's red wrath.
*This, this is why sweet children cry
 And wives and mothers vainly weep—
 As the war-woes over their gladness creep.*

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CHAPTER XII

IMPERSONATION

By "impersonation" we mean the art of assuming for the time being the rôle of some character in a story or a play. We "play the part," we assume the carriage, the gestures, the quality of voice belonging to the character.

How do we acquire this art? *First:* We study the part carefully till we are sure we understand it. *Second:* We visualize the scenes, and live them over again in our own imagination. *Third:* We begin to speak the lines. We try different inflections, different gestures which suggest themselves to us through our own experiences and our observation of characters in real life which are similar to those of the character we are depicting. This careful observation of the mannerisms and eccentricities of real people aids very materially in interpretation. *Finally:* We decide on the gestures and inflections which seem to us to most nearly interpret the part, and these we practice over and over again until they become a part of our very being, *then we are ready to "play the part."*

PRACTICE SELECTION

Merchant of Venice

Enter old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gobbo.—Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot (Aside).—O heavens, this my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gobbo.—Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot.—Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gobbo.—By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Launcelot.—Talk you of young Master Launcelot? (*Aside.*) Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gobbo.—No Master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thank'd, well to live.

Launcelot.—Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gobbo.—Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Launcelot.—But, I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gobbo.—Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Launcelot.—Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman—according to Fates, and Destinies, and such odd saying, the Sisters Three, and such branches of learning—is, indeed, deceas'd; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gobbo.—Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Launcelot (Aside).—Do I look like a cudgel or a hovelpost, a staff or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gobbo.—Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy—God rest his soul!—alive or dead?

Launcelot.—Do you not know me, father?

Gobbo.—Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Launcelot.—Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing. Truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long,—a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gobbo.—Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Launcelot.—Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gobbo.—I cannot think you are my son.

Launcelot.—I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gobbo.—Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord, worship'd might he be! What a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin, my fill-horse, has on his tail.

Launcelot.—It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gobbo.—Lord, how art thou chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Launcelot.—Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father, for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

—Act II, Scene II, Lines 29-104.

HAMLET'S DECLARATION OF FRIENDSHIP

Hamlet. What ho! Horatio!

Horatio. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Hamlet. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Horatio. O, my dear lord,—

Hamlet. Nay, do not think I flatter;

For what advancement may I hope from thee

That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice

And could of men distinguish, her election

Hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards

Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
 That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she pleases. Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
 As I do thee.

—From Act III, Scene 2.

OTHELLO'S APOLOGY

[The speech calls for great dignity, ease, and power, in both speech and manner.]

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approved good masters,
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her:
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field,
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
 For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—
 I won his daughter.

.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have pass'd.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents by flood and field,

Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
 Of being taken by the insolent foe
 And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
 And portance in my travels' history:

.
 This to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house-affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intentively : I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.

THE SEVEN AGES

[This is a succession of purely imaginative ideas which the voice should touch lightly. In this speech one meets always the question of impersonation : shall the mewling infant, the whining schoolboy, the sighing lover and the rest be imitated by the reader? It is in better taste not to impersonate these seven characters beyond certain almost imperceptible hints which the gayety of Jaques's mind might naturally throw off.]

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :

They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
 And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
 —"As You Like it," Act II, Scene 7.

SOLITUDE PREFERRED TO COURT LIFE

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam.
 The season's difference, as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bite and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
 'Tis no flattery; these are counselors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

—"As You Like It," Act II.

THE POTION SCENE

SCENE: JULIET'S CHAMBER

(Enter Juliet and Nurse, who bears wedding garments.)

Juliet (looking at garments).

Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou knowest, is cross and full of sin.

(Enter Lady Capulet.)

Lady Capulet.

What are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Juliet.

No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

Lady Capulet (crossing and kissing Juliet on the forehead).

Good night;

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

(Exit Lady Capulet with nurse.)

Juliet (looking after them).

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me. *(Runs to R.)*

Nurse! What should she do there?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial. *(Takes vial from bosom.)*

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no! *(draws dagger)* this shall forbid it.

(Lays dagger on table.)

Lie you there. *(To vial.)*

What if it be a poison; which the friar

Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

(Puts vial in bosom.)

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are packed;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies festering in his shroud; where as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort; . . .

O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Environed with all these hideous fears?

And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, . . .

Stay, Tybalt, stay!—

Romeo, I come! (*Drawing out vial—then cork.*)

This do I drink to thee.

(*Throws away vial. She is overcome and sinks to the floor.*)

—From "Romeo and Juliet," Act IV, Scene 3.

BANISHMENT SCENE

SCENE III, A ROOM IN THE PALACE

(*Enter Celia and Rosalind.*)

Cel. Why, cousin; why Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy;—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw to a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my father's child: O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very coats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burrs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:
Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

(Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.)

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste, and get you from our Court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin, within these ten days if thou be'st found so near our public court as twenty miles, thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace, let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me: if with myself I hold intelligence, or have acquaintance with mine own desires; if that I do not dream, or be not frantic (as I do trust I am not), then, dear uncle, never so much as in a thought unborn, did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors, if their purgation did consist in words, they are as innocent as grace itself: let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor: tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his dukedom; so was I, when your highness banish'd him: treason is not inherited, my lord: or, if we did derive it from our friends, what's that to me? my father was no traitor: then, good my liege, mistake me not so much, to think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Aye, Celia; we stay'd here for your sake. Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay, it was your pleasure, and your own remorse; I was too young that time to value her, but now I know her; if she be a traitor, so am I: we still have slept together; rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,

Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience,

Speak to the people and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;

And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom
 Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
 I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourself;
 If you outstay the time, upon my honor,
 And in the greatness of my word, you die.

(Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.)

Cel. O my poor Rosalind: whither wilt thou go?
 Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
 I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin,
 Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
 Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
 Which teaches thee that thou and I art one:
 Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
 No; let my father seek another heir.
 Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
 And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
 To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
 For by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what thou can'st, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
 Maids as we are, to travel so far?
 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
 And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
 The like do you; so shall we pass along,
 And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
 Because that I am more than common tall,
 That I did suit me in all points like a man?
 A boar-spear in my hand; and in my heart
 Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no other worse than Jove's own page,
And therefore, look you, call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment.

—From "As You Like It," Act I.

CORYDON

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

SCENE, A ROAD-SIDE IN ARCADY

Shepherd. Good sir, have you seen pass this way
A mischief straight from market-day?
You'd know her at a glance, I think;
Her eyes are blue, her lips are pink;
She has a way of looking back
Over her shoulder, and alack!
Who gets that look one time, good sir,
Has naught to do but follow.

Pilgrim. I have not seen this maid methinks,
Though she that passed had lips like pinks.

Shepherd. Or like two strawberries made one
By some sly trick of dew and sun.

Pilgrim. A poet.

Shepherd. Nay, a simple swain
That tends his flocks on yonder plain
Naught else I swear by book and bell.
But she that passed you marked her well
Was she not smooth as any be
That dwells here—in Arcady?

Pilgrim. Her skin was the satin bark of birches.

Shepherd. Light or dark?

Pilgrim. Quite dark.

Shepherd. Then 'twas not she.

Pilgrim. The peaches side
That next the sun is not so dyed
As was her cheek. Her hair hung down
Like summer twilight falling brown;
And when the breeze swept by, I wist
Her face was in a somber twist.

Shepherd. No that is not the maid I seek;
Her hair lies gold against her cheek,
Her yellow tresses take the morn,
Like silken tassels of the corn,
And yet brown-locks are far from bad.

Pilgrim. Now I bethink me this one had
A figure like the willow tree
Which, slight and supple, wondrously
Inclines to droop with pensive grace,
And still retain its proper place.
A foot so arched and very small
The marvel was she walked at all;
Her hand in sooth, I lack for words—
Her hand, five slender snow-white birds,
Her voice, tho' she but said "God Speed"—
Was melody blown through a reed;
The girl Pan changed into a pipe
Had not a note so full and rife.
And then her eye—my lad, her eye!
Discreet, inviting, candid, shy,
An outward ice, an inward fire,
And lashes to the heart's desire.
Soft fringes blacker than the sloe—

Shepherd. Good sir, which way did this one go?

Pilgrim. So he is off! The silly youth
Knoweth not love in sober sooth,
He loves—thus lads at first are blind—
No woman, only womankind.
I needs must laugh, for by the mass
No maid at all did this way pass.

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PART FOUR

Oratoric Reading and the Art of Public Speech

Discussion of forceful speech in making history. Value of forceful speech. Practice selections.

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYERS

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,—trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,—to very rags,—to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.—SHAKESPEARE.



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CHAPTER XIII

ORATORIC READING AND THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEECH

UPON this important subject of public speaking, and the interpretation of the addresses made by others, great men have thus expressed themselves: Dr. Charles W. Eliot, formerly President of Harvard University, says: "Have we not all seen, in recent years, that leading men of business have a great need of a highly trained power of clear and convincing expression? Business men seem to me to need, in speech and writing, all the Roman terseness and the French clearness. That one attainment is sufficient reward for the whole long course of twelve years spent in liberal study." Abraham Lincoln likewise said: "Extemporaneous speaking should be practiced and cultivated. It is the lawyer's avenue to the public. However able and faithful he may be in other respects, people are slow to bring him business if he can not make a speech."

Every thinker knows what a vital part eloquence plays in national as well as individual welfare. If at first thought effective speaking seems a simple thing and a superficial part of education, on mature thought and consideration it will be found to be one of the most complex, vital and difficult problems that education has to meet. And yet, notwithstanding this complexity of the problem, the teacher is cheered by the delightful assurance of giving the student a consciousness of his latent talents and the ability to reveal and make use of them for the proper influencing of his fellow men.

There is a belief fairly commonly held that only a limited few need study the art of public speaking. Never was there a greater error or a more fatal mistake—especially in a repub-

lic like ours, where every man should be vitally interested in public affairs. No single citizen can afford not to be able to stand before his fellows and clearly, pleasingly and convincingly present his ideas upon any subject of local, state, or national importance. It is no more an *ornamental* accomplishment than is grammar, penmanship or simple arithmetic. It should be as universal as "the three r's." The hints and selections that follow are carefully chosen to incite every good citizen to the acquirement of this useful and practical aid for his own benefit as well as that of his fellows. All the lessons and analyses that have gone before in these pages will materially aid in the elucidation of these brief lessons.

The basis for development in Effective Speaking rests upon one's bodily, emotional and mental agencies of expression, and a knowledge of their respective importance and efficient use. That which counts most for development is conscientious practice; without which, progress is impossible.

There are three definite means of communicating thought and feeling to others: (a) Pantomime: face, hands, body; (b) Vocal: tone sound; (c) Verbal: words, which are conventional symbols manifesting mental and emotional states.

The problem, then, is to obtain a harmonious coördination of these three languages. In other words, the content of the word when spoken should be reflected in the tone and in the body. Thus speech becomes effective merely because it receives its just and fair consideration.

With this general understanding let us take up and master the successive steps which ultimately lead to a realization of the desired end.

The first important essential of effective speaking is the *Spirit of Directness*. By this is meant natural, unaffected speech. Nothing can be more important than that the person speaking use in public address the ordinary elements of *Conversation*.

Hence, the first step is *practice* in *natural* speaking. Commit to memory *Hamlet's Instructions to the Players* given on a preceding page. Do this not line by line, but the entire selection as a whole. *First*: Read it through silently three times to familiarize yourself with the subject-matter. *Second*: Read it aloud at least five times. *Third*: Speak it *conversationally* at least five times from memory. In this practice always be intensely conscious that you are addressing an individual and not an audience.

Now take any of the prose or poetic selections from the earlier pages of this book, memorize them, after studying them as the instructions require, and speak them *directly* and *naturally*, in the ordinary *conversational* style.

Sufficient practice in this is the necessary preparation for the next step, viz., the acquiring of a natural *elevated* conversational style, which is merely another name for the higher type of public speaking.

Commit all, or a part, of the following selections, keeping in mind that in speaking them you are addressing a group of people.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great Civil War, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave their last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that the Union shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

By this time you should have mastered Ordinary Conversational Style; Elevated Conversational Style; and Abandon and Flexibility of Speech. The next consideration is the importance of Clearness. Clearness in speech means making prominent central words and subordinating unimportant words, or phrases. In other words, the logical sequence of thought must be clearly shown. This is brought about by a variety of inflections, changes of pitch, pause, etc. Clearness in speech is dependent upon clearness of *Thinking*.

It is important now to give full consideration to the subject of *Emphasis*. There are more ways than one of emphasizing your thought. The most common way is by merely increasing the stress of voice upon a word. This, however, is the most undignified form of emphasis. It is common to ranters and "soap-box" orators and is one mark of an undisciplined and uncultured man. Remember that loudness is a purely physical element, and does not manifest thought. Such emphasis is an appeal to the brute instinct, and is only expressive of the lower emotions. But Inflection, Changes of Pitch, Pause, Movement and Tone-Color—as have been fully explained in preceding pages—all appeal to the exalted nature of man.

In proportion to the nobleness of an emotion or thought, we find a tendency to accentuate these above-named elements. Such methods of emphasis are appropriate to the most disciplined and cultured man. More than that, they are the surest evidence of a great personality.

Commit, then make clear to the hearer, the vital thought in the following:

He have arbitrary power! My lords, the East India Company have not arbitrary power to give him; the King has no arbitrary power to give him; your Lordships have not; nor the Commons; nor the whole legislature. We have no arbitrary power to give, because arbitrary power is a thing which neither any man can hold nor any man can give. No man can lawfully govern himself according to his own will, much less can one person be governed by the will of another. We are all born in subjection, all born equally, high and low, governors and governed; in subjection to one great, immutable, preëxistent law, prior to all our devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas and all our sensations, antecedent to our very existence, by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe, out of which we cannot stir.

Extract from President Wilson's Inaugural Address:

We shall deal with our economic system as it is and as it may be modified, not as it might be if we had a clean sheet of paper to write upon; and step by step we shall make it what it should be, in the spirit of those who question their own wisdom and seek counsel and knowledge, not shallow self-satisfaction or the excitement of excursions whither they cannot tell. Justice, and only justice, shall always be our motto.

And yet it will be no cool process of mere science. The nation has been deeply stirred, stirred by a solemn passion, stirred by the knowledge of wrong, of ideals lost, of government too often debauched and made an instrument of evil.

The feelings with which we face this new age of right and opportunity sweep across our heartstrings like some air out of God's own presence, where justice and mercy are reconciled and the judge and the brother are one.

We know our task to be no mere task of politics, but a task which shall search us through and through, whether we be able to understand our time and the need of our people, whether we be indeed their spokesmen and interpreters, whether we have the pure heart to comprehend and the rectified will to choose our high course of action. This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster, not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts wait upon

us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do.

Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try?

I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men, to my side.

God helping me, I will not fail them, if they will but counsel and sustain me!

SELECTIONS FOR PART FOUR

To gain control over public speech, to learn to express himself well on his feet, the speaker must both be constantly watchful over his every-day conversation and exercise himself much in writing. Only so can he make his tongue obey his will.—GENUNG.

If then the power of speech is a gift as great as any that can be named,—if the origin of language is by many philosophers even considered to be nothing short of divine,—if by means of words the secrets of the heart are brought to light, pain of soul is relieved, hidden grief is carried off, sympathy conveyed, counsel imparted, experience recorded, and wisdom perpetuated,—if by great authors the many are drawn up into unity, national character is fixed, a people speaks, the past and the future, the East and the West are brought into communication with each other,—if such men are, in a word, the spokesmen and prophets of the human family,—it will not answer to make light of Literature or to neglect its study; rather we may be sure that, in proportion as we master it in whatever language, and imbibe its spirit, we shall ourselves become in our own measure the ministers of like benefits to others, be they many or few, be they in the obscurer or the more distinguished walks of life,—who are united to us by social ties, and are within the sphere of our personal influence.—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

A VISION RISES

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

A vision of the future rises . . . I see a world where thrones have crumbled and where kings are dust, the aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth.

I see a world without a slave, man at last is free. Nature's forces

have by science been enslaved, lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret subtle powers of the earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race.

I see a world at peace, adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilled, while lips are rich with words of love and truth; a world in which no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns; a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where labor reaps its full reward, where work and worth go hand in hand, where the poor girl, trying to win bread with a needle—the needle that has been called “the asp for the breast of the poor”—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death or suicide or shame.

I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony stare, the piteous wail of want, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn.

I see a race without disease of flesh or brain—shapely and fair, married harmony of form and function, and as I look, life lengthens, joy deepens, love canopies the earth; and over all in the great dome shines the eternal star of human hope.

CREED OF AMERICANISM

I have faith that this government of ours was divinely ordained to disclose whether men are by nature fitted or can by education be made fit for self-government; to teach Jew and Greek, bondman and free, alike, the essential equality of all men before the law and to be tender and true to humanity everywhere and under all circumstances; to reveal that service is the highest reward of life. . . .

I believe that the world, now advancing and now retreating, is nevertheless moving forward to a far-off divine event wherein the tongues of Babel will again be blended in the language of a common brotherhood; and I believe that I can reach the highest ideal of my tradition and my lineage as an American—as a man, as a citizen and as a public official—when I judge my fellowmen without malice and with charity, when I worry more about my own motives and conduct and less about the motives and conduct of others. The time I am liable to be wholly wrong is when I know that I am absolutely right. . . .

I believe there is no finer form of government than the one under which we live and that I ought to be willing to live or to die, as God decrees, that it may not perish from off the earth through treachery within or through assault without; and I believe that though my first right is to be a partisan, that my first duty, when the only principles

on which free government can rest are being strained, is to be a patriot and to follow in a wilderness of words that clear call which bids me guard and defend the ark of our national covenant.—From “Vice-President Marshall’s Inaugural Address.”

WHAT IS OUR COUNTRY

BY GOVERNOR NEWTON BOOTH

(Extract from speech delivered at Sacramento, Calif., August 14, 1862.)

What is our country? Not alone the land and the sea, the lakes and rivers, and valleys and mountains; not alone the people, their customs and laws; not alone the memories of the past, the hopes of the future: it is something more than all these combined. It is a divine abstraction. You cannot tell what it is; but let its flag rustle above your head, you feel its living presence in your hearts. They tell us that our country must die; that the sun and the stars will look down upon the great republic no more; that already the black eagles of despotism are gathering in our political sky; that, even now, kings and emperors are casting lots for the garments of our national glory. It shall not be! Not yet, not yet, shall the nations lay the bleeding corpse of our country in the tomb. If they could, angels would roll the stone from the mouth of the sepulcher. It would burst the casements of the grave and come forth a living presence, “redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled.” Not yet, not yet shall the republic die! The heavens are not darkened, the stones are not rent! It shall live, the incarnation of freedom; it shall live, the embodiment of the power and majesty of the people. Baptized anew, it shall stand a thousand years to come, the Colossus of the nations,—its feet upon the continents, its scepter over the seas, its forehead among the stars!—From “Notable Speeches by Notable Speakers of the Greater West,” by kind permission of the publishers, *The Harr Wagner Company*, San Francisco.

PIONEER CELEBRATION SPEECH

BY FREDERICK PALMER TRACEY

(Delivered before the society of California Pioneers, September 9, 1858, at their celebration of the eighth anniversary of the admission of the state into the Union.)

Mr. President, and Members of the Society of California Pioneers: The great Napoleon said, “I will review at Cherbourg the marvels of

Egypt," and that saying, just now inscribed upon the pedestal of his statue standing amidst the new and massive fortifications of Cherbourg, startles England as a menace of war. England may rest in quiet. There will be no attempt to renew the marvels of Bonaparte's Egyptian campaign. But both Napoleons may have dreamed that in the gigantic moles of Cherbourg they might rival the grandeur and strength of the Pyramids, and in its sculptures the glorious beauty of Memnon and the Sphinx. And, truly, the vast dead marvels of Egypt's architecture may be rivaled. Other tombs and temples may be hewn in the rocks; other columns and obelisks may rise in beauty; other sphinxes may in silence propose their eternal riddles to other lands; and other pyramids may lift their mountain forms over the hushed plains crouching at their feet. Greater marvels even than Egypt ever saw may be born of necessity and science, and not Cherbourg alone, but this and other lands may yet behold them.

But who, in any age or country, or with any people, shall renew the marvels of California, and give to the world a second example of a nation so suddenly created, gifted with the strength of Hercules in its cradle,—born in the purple of its empire that shall endure forever? A little more than ten years ago, California lay in the indolence and silence of that summer noonday in which she had been basking for ages. A few idle villages slept by the shores of her bays; a few squalid ranches dotted the interior with patches of wretched cultivation. There were herds of cattle in her valleys, but they were almost valueless for the want of a market. There were churches, but their chiming bells woke only the echoes of a vast solitude. The sun ripened only the harvest of wild oats on the hills, and the beasts of prey made their lairs in security close by the abodes of men. Seldom did the *vaquero* in his solitary rounds hear the dip of the oar upon our rivers. Silence, deep and everlasting, brooded over all the land, and the lone oaks on the hills appeared like sentinels keeping guard around the sleeping camp of nature.

The cession of the country to the United States by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, and the discovery of gold in the early part of the year of 1848, changed the whole scene as if by the power of magic. As in the naumachia of old time, the dry arena was instantly converted into a great lake on which contending navies struggled for the mastery; so, instantly on the discovery of gold, California was filled with people as if they had risen from the earth. The port of San Francisco was crowded with vessels. The rivers were alive with the multitudes that made them their highway, and din of commerce broke forever the

silence of centuries. It seemed as if the people had stolen the lamp of Aladdin, and wished for the creation, not of palaces merely, but of royal cities, and an empire of which these should be the chief places; and at their wish, the cities of our state arose, not by slow, toilsome growth, but complete and princely at their very birth. The rattle of the shovel and the pick was heard in every mountain gorge, and a wide stream of gold flowed from the Sierra to the sea. The plains, rejoicing in their marriage to industry, bore fruitfully their yellow harvests. Villages, hamlets, farmhouses, schools, and churches sprang up everywhere; wharves were built, roads were opened; stage-coaches and steamers crowded all profitable routes; lands, houses, and labor rose to an enormous value; and plenty, with her blessings, crowned the rolling year.

I paint no exaggerated picture of this magical change. We have seen it with our eyes; and though it seems like a dream, so is it unlike anything in the history of the world, in the range of human experience, or in the field where imagination is wont to revel. We know that it is all true, and its truth is its greatest marvel.

Yet it is not to be concealed that we have reason to fear that California's future may not be as prosperous as her past. If free institutions shall be established here in the simplicity of truth and justice; if public morality shall be substituted for the wild, passionate life of our earlier times; if industry and frugality shall expel indolence and thriftlessness from among us; if the people shall be made to feel that California is their home, and be controlled by the great ambition of making it a home worth loving and defending; if we shall be united for the promotion and protection of our own state interests, and shall banish from among us all influence of those who do not belong to us,—then indeed we cannot fail to secure a glorious future for our young state. But if we fail in the great duties of upright men and patriotic citizens, we can only expect to—

“Run anew the evil race the old nations ran;
And die, like them, of unbelief in God and wrong of man.”

That California has the material resources to make her not merely one of the first, but the very first, of the states of the Union, no one can doubt; but the fostering care of the general government, and the exertion of all the energies of our own people will be required to develop those resources and make our state what it is capable of becoming. I have dreamed of the time when that great highway of commerce around the Cape of Good Hope, opened to the world by the

Portuguese navigators of the fifteenth century, should be abandoned, and long caravans of merchant ships, treading the desert ocean that lies at our west, should bring to our wharves the merchandise of China and the Indies, and give to us the profits of that vast trade which has built so many of the cities of Europe and of Asia; when along the great Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, from San Francisco to St. Louis, and from St. Louis to the Atlantic seaboard, the transit of this wealth of the world, like a turbid stream turned through our miners' sluice-boxes, should everywhere deposit gold as it passed. If California and the general government shall ever be aroused upon this subject, and this great railway—the mightiest in its results of any enterprise ever projected by man—shall be completed, a revolution will be accomplished in our state, the marvels of which will be second only to those that accompanied our first settlement of the territory. Our population, no longer stinted to a few hundred thousand, will suddenly be counted by millions. Every valley will be fat with grain, and the yellow harvest will wave on every hillside. The hamlets will rise to villages, the villages to towns, and the towns to regal cities. Like the redwoods of our mountains, the masts of the vessels of all nations will be forests in our ports, and the white sails in the offing shall flock together as white doves when they come home to their nests. Then, capital will seek investment among us, and enterprise and industry will add wealth to wealth. Then will the hidden riches of the mines be explored, and larger and more secure investments afford a profit that now is hardly dreamed of. Every resource of the state will be developed, and California will become the mistress of the Pacific, rivaling not merely the richest commercial states of our own confederacy, but the most powerful maritime nations that sit by the shores of the Atlantic.

Such California once was; such California yet may be. You, pioneers, who meet to-day to celebrate the eighth anniversary of her admission as a state of the Union,—you, and those whom you represent, are the founders of this new commonwealth, and on the direction you give her institutions and her enterprise her destiny for good or evil will depend.

I congratulate you, Pioneers of California, on the proud position you occupy.

“You are living, you are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.”

You are presiding at the birth of a nation; you shape its destinies

and mold its future according to your own will. Your works will speak for you in the coming ages. If you make California glorious, you will be immortal; if you make her base and vile, she will return her shame on your own heads.

It was my lot, in 1848, to witness the Revolution that overturned the throne of France, and drove Louis Philippe into exile, and I thought it the fortune of a lifetime to be present at the downfall of a great government. But how much more is the blood of ambition stirred by the creation of an empire,—of an empire that for centuries to come is to sit the undisputed mistress of these vast seas that spread themselves at our feet!

Pioneers, the men who come after you will rule only the hour in which they live. You are the masters of the approaching centuries. They come bending like slaves at your feet, and wait to know your pleasure. It is yours, if you will, to fill those centuries with the glory of California and your own high renown. All that you do in these early plastic times of the state will remain stamped upon her forever, and you sit here, masters, while the monuments of your own immortal fame are being built.

Pioneers of California, the eyes of the world are fixed upon this young state; they are fixed upon you. A great trust is committed to your hands by the events that have made you pioneers. Take care that you discharge that trust with honor to yourselves, and so that California may achieve the glorious destiny that is her due. Take care that you so conduct the youth of this state, that, centuries hereafter, your descendants may say proudly of their ancestors, "He came in with the pioneers."—From "Notable Speeches by Notable Speakers of the Greater West," by the kind permission of the publisher, the *Harr Wagner Company*, San Francisco.

[Frederick Palmer Tracy was a California pioneer, and attorney-at-law in San Francisco, and one of the founders of the Republican party in California. He was an eloquent political speaker in the early days when his party was in a hopeless minority. He was a member of the California delegation to the Chicago convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for President of the United States, and was appointed on the Committee on Platform and Resolutions. He drafted the famous platform of that convention, which was adopted by the committee as he wrote it, with only slight changes. He was engaged in the Lincoln campaign to stump the state of New York, and died during that campaign, worn out by exposure and loss of sleep.]

THE REDWOODS

BY W. H. L. BARNES

(Delivered at a midsummer "jinks" of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.)

The possessor of a name more ancient than the crusaders will show you, in the land of his birth, ancestral trees that surround his lordly domain, and proudly exhibit some gnarled and ugly oak, which by him is associated with some distant event in his own family, or with the history of the hoary races of the brave nation of which he forms a part. Here his ancestors builded a castle before the Middle Ages, with defensive moat and parapet, with keep and dungeon, all long since fallen into ruin,—melted in the unperceived decay of ages, or bruised into it by the vigor of the battering-ram of some gallant and feudal company.

He will say to you, "All these are mine. They are part of my race, and my race is of them." But what are all his possessions—castle, moat, dungeon, or gnarled oak—beside the ancient brotherhood of venerable trees to which we have been admitted, and whose stately silence we have been permitted to break? Our trees were old before the Roman invaded Britain; old before the Saxon followed Hengist and Horsa; old before the Vikings sailed the northern seas. For ages piled upon ages, even before letters were known, before history commenced to make its record of the doings of nations and races, these trees and their ancestors builded and renewed their leafy castles.

The groupings of the present monarchs of the forest show that these are but the descendants of still more ancient growths; were once nothing but saplings that sprung from the superabundant life of some giant trunk long since vanished, and whose grave is sentineled by his stalwart children. How shall we measure the vigor and force which they possess? How shall we comprehend by what method the stately body, ever rising in monumental force toward the skies, draws its being from the deep and busy fingers of the roots, and from them lifts the alchemized earth and water higher and still higher, until both feed and nourish the smallest leaf and spear-point of the topmost shaft,—spear-point that, in its turn, is destined in some future age to become a stalwart trunk, crowding with its growth ever upward and onward towards the stars?

Who shall tell how, through the eons of the long ago, these trees

have been silent and majestic watchers of the night and dawn and day of the world's life? How shall we conjecture how long they have been welcoming the sun in his rising, and have caught his last and lingering caress as he has disappeared in the glory of the evening sky? How long have they been the vigil keepers of the night, and watched the silent constellations sailing through the immensity of space? Who shall tell us if these trees caught, perhaps, the earliest song of the stars of the morning, while above and beyond them, unnumbered comet and meteor have shone and vanished?

How came these trees to this continent? Have they ever lived and burgeoned in some other happy land? or are they the fruit of one sole and giant extravagance of nature, exulting in the uppermost luxury of force, and reveling in the very fullness of all power? Shall man solve the mystery? Nature is full of lessons yet to be learned, but nowhere in air or earth or water is there more awe-inspiring strangeness than in these great growths whose wonder we have studied, but with study fruitless of revelation.

To me, during the days we spent in the forest, the contemplation of the redwoods was never for a moment wearisome. I have looked up along their marvelous length in the early morning, when the frondent and topmost spear caught the first glimpse of the sun's glory, and I have seen his afternoon rays flashing and glinting on emerald bough and purple trunk, and at last losing themselves in the depths of a solemn and impenetrable shade. I have lain at night on the dry earth and looked up at the closing vista of the dark boughs fretting the moonlight and shutting out the sparkle of the stars, until their weird shapes seemed summited in their very pathway; and I saw, when Pan killed Care upon the mountain-side that overhung the grove, such an illumination of the glory of the trees in purple and crimson and scarlet as shall forever make the ablest effort of the scenic artist stale, tawdry, unendurable.

THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Delivered from the steps of the Capitol at Washington, 1865.)

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a

course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it with war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came. One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease when, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh. If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war

as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern there any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be repaid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies,—men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? England,—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one

hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed and, as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your age, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of his sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's courage.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Lafayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

THE TWO GEORGES

BY W. H. RHODES

Between the years of our Lord 1730 and 1740, two men were born on opposite sides of the Atlantic Ocean, whose lives were destined to exert a commanding influence on the age in which they lived, as well as to control the fortunes of many succeeding generations.

One was by birth a plain peasant, the son of a Virginia farmer; the other an hereditary Prince, and the heir of an immense empire.

Go with me for one moment to the crowded and splendid metropolis of England. It is the evening of the 4th of June, 1734. Some joyful event must have occurred, for the bells are ringing merrily, and the inhabitants are dressed in holiday attire. Nor is the circumstance of a private nature, for banners are everywhere displayed, the vast city is illuminated, and a thousand cannon are proclaiming it from their iron throats. The population seems frantic with joy, and rush tumultuously into each other's arms, in token of a national jubilee. Tens of thousands are hurrying along toward a splendid marble pile, situated on a commanding eminence, near the River Thames, whilst from the loftiest towers of St. James's Palace the national ensigns of St. George and the Red Cross are seen floating on the breeze. Within one of the most gorgeously furnished apartments of that royal abode, the wife of Frederic, Prince of Wales, and heir apparent to the British Empire, has just been delivered of a son. The scions of royalty crowd into the bed-chamber, and solemnly attest the event as one on which the destiny of a great empire is suspended. The corridors are thronged with dukes, and nobles, and soldiers, and courtiers. A Royal Proclamation soon follows, commemorating the event, and commanding British subjects everywhere, who acknowledge the honor of Brunswick, to rejoice, and give thanks to God for safely ushering into existence George William Frederic, heir presumptive of the United crowns of Great Britain and Ireland.

Just twenty-two years afterward that child ascended the throne of his ancestors as King George the Third.

Let us now turn our eyes to the Western Continent, and contemplate a scene of similar import, but under circumstances of a totally different character. It is the 22nd of February, 1732. The locality is a distant colony, the spot the verge of an immense, untrodden and unexplored wilderness, the habitation a log cabin, with its chinks filled in with clay, and its sloping roof patched over with clapboards. Snow

covers the ground, and a chill wintry wind is drifting the flakes, and moaning through the forest. Two immense chimneys stand at either end of the house, and give promise of cheerful comfort and primitive hospitality within, totally in contrast with external nature. There are but four small rooms in the dwelling, in one of which Mary Ball, the wife of Augustine Washington, has just given birth to a son. No dukes or marquises or earls are there to attest the humble event. There are no princes of the blood to wrap the infant in the insignia of royalty, and fold about his limbs the tapestried escutcheon of a kingdom. His first breath is not drawn in the center of a mighty capitol, the air laden with perfume, and trembling to the tones of soft music and the "murmurs of low fountains." But the child is received from its mother's womb by hands embrowned with honest labor, and laid upon a lowly couch, indicative only of a back-woodsman's home and an American's inheritance. He, too, is christened George, and forty-three years afterward took command of the American forces assembled on the plains of old Cambridge.

But if their births were dissimilar, their rearing and education were still more unlike.

From his earliest recollection the Prince heard only the language of flattery, moved about from palace to palace, just as caprice dictated, slept upon the cygnet's down, and grew up in indolence, self-will and vanity, a dictator from his cradle. The peasant boy, on the other hand, was taught from his infancy that labor was honorable, and hardships indispensable to vigorous health. He early learned to sleep alone amid the dangers of a boundless wilderness, a stone for his pillow, and the naked sod his bed; whilst the voices of untamed nature around him sang his morning and his evening hymns. Truth, courage and constancy were early implanted in his mind by a mother's counsels, and the important lesson of life was taught by a father's example, that when existence ceases to be useful it ceases to be happy.

Early manhood ushered them both into active life; the one as king over extensive dominions, the other as a modest, careful, and honest district surveyor.

Having traced the two Georges to the threshold of their careers, let us now proceed one step further, and take note of the first great public event in the lives of each.

For a long time preceding the year 1753 the French had laid claim to all the North American continent west of the Alleghany Mountains, stretching in an unbroken line from Canada to Louisiana. The English strenuously denied this right, and when the French command-

ant on the Ohio, in 1753, commenced erecting a fort near where the present city of Pittsburgh stands, and proceeded to capture certain English traders, and expel them from the country, Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia, deemed it necessary to dispatch an agent on a diplomatic visit to the French commandant, and demand by what authority he acted, by what title he claimed the country, and order him immediately to evacuate the territory.

George Washington, then only in his twenty-second year, was selected by the governor for this important mission.

It is unnecessary to follow him, in all his perils, during his wintry march through the wilderness. The historian of his life has painted in imperishable colors his courage, his sagacity, his wonderful coolness in the midst of danger, and the success which crowned his undertaking. Memory loves to follow him through the trackless wilds of the forest, accompanied by only a single companion, and making his way through wintry snows, in the midst of hostile savages and wild beasts, for more than five hundred miles, to the residence of the French commander. How often do we not shudder, as we behold the treacherous Indian guide, on his return, deliberately raising his rifle, and leveling it at that majestic form; thus endeavoring, by an act of treachery and cowardice, to deprive Virginia of her young hero! And oh! with what fervent prayers do we not implore a kind Providence to watch over his desperate encounter with the floating ice, at midnight, in the swollen torrent of the Alleghany, and rescue him from the wave and the storm. Standing bareheaded on the frail craft, whilst in the act of dashing aside some floating ice that threatened to engulf him, the treacherous oar was broken in his hand, and he is precipitated many feet into the boiling current. Save! oh, save him, heaven! for the destinies of millions yet unborn hang upon that noble arm!

Let us now recross the ocean. In the early part of the year 1764, a ministerial crisis occurs in England, and Lord Bute, the favorite of the British monarch, is driven from the administration of the government. The troubles with the American colonists have also just commenced to excite attention, and the young King grows angry, perplexed, and greatly irritated. A few days after this, a rumor starts into circulation that the monarch is sick. His attendants look gloomy, his friends terrified, and even his physicians exhibit symptoms of doubt and danger. Yet he has no fever, and is daily observed walking with uncertain and agitated step along the corridors of the palace. His conduct becomes gradually more and more strange, until doubt gives place to

certainty, and the royal medical staff report to a select committee of the House of Commons that the King is threatened with insanity. For six weeks the cloud obscures his mental faculties, depriving him of all interference with the administration of the government, and betokening a sad disaster in the future. His reason is finally restored, but frequent fits of passion, pride and obstinacy indicate but too surely that the disease is deep-seated, and a radical cure impossible.

Not long after his return from the West, Washington was offered the chief command of the forces about to be raised in Virginia, to expel the French; but, with his usual modesty, he declined the appointment, on account of his extreme youth, but consented to take the post of lieutenant-colonel. Shortly afterward, on the death of Colonel Fry, he was promoted to the chief command; but through no solicitations of his own. Subsequently, when the war between France and England broke out in Europe, the principal seat of hostilities was transferred to America, and his majesty, George III, sent over a large body of troops, under the command of favorite officers. But this was not enough. An edict soon followed, denominated an "Order to settle the rank of the officers of His Majesty's forces serving in America." By one of the articles of this order, it was provided "that all officers commissioned by the King should take precedence of those of the same grade commissioned by the governors of the respective colonies, although their commissions might be of junior date;" and it was further provided, that "when the troops served together, the provincial officers should enjoy no rank at all." This order was scarcely promulgated—indeed, before the ink was dry—ere the Governor of Virginia received a communication informing him that George Washington was no longer a soldier. Entreaties, exhortations and threats were all lavished upon him in vain; and to those who, in their expostulations, spoke of the defenseless frontiers of his native state, he patriotically but nobly replied: "I will serve my country when I can do so without dishonor."

In contrast with this attitude of Washington, look at the conduct of George the Third respecting the colonies, after the passage of the Stamp Act. This act was no sooner proclaimed in America, than the most violent opposition was manifested, and combinations for the purpose of effectual resistance were rapidly organized from Massachusetts to Georgia. The leading English patriots, among whom were Burke and Barré, protested against the folly of forcing the colonies into re-

bellion, and the city of London presented a petition to the king, praying him to dismiss the Granville ministry, and repeal the obnoxious act. "It is with the utmost astonishment," replied the king, "that I find any of my subjects capable of encouraging the rebellious disposition that unhappily exists in some of my North American colonies. Having entire confidence in the wisdom of my parliament, the great council of the realm, I will steadily pursue those measures which they have recommended for the support of the constitutional rights of Great Britain." He heeded not the memorable words of Burke, that afterward became prophetic. "There are moments," exclaimed this great statesman, "critical moments in the fortunes of all states, when they who are too weak to contribute to your prosperity may yet be strong enough to complete your ruin." The Boston port bill passed, and the first blood was spilt at Lexington.

It is unnecessary to review in detail the Revolution. Let us pass to the social position of the two Georges in after-life.

On the 2d of August, 1786, as the king was alighting from his carriage at the gate of St. James, an attempt was made on his life by a woman named Margaret Nicholson, who, under pretense of presenting a petition, endeavored to stab him with a knife which was concealed in the paper. The weapon was an old one, and so rusty that, on striking the vest of the king, it bent double, and thus preserved his life. On the 29th of October, 1795, whilst his majesty was proceeding to the House of Lords, a ball passed through both windows of the carriage. On his return to St. James the mob threw stones into the carriage, several of which struck the king, and one lodged in the cuff of his coat. The state carriage was completely demolished by the mob. But it was on the 15th of May, 1800, that George the Third made his narrowest escapes. In the morning of that day, whilst attending the field exercise of a battalion of guards, one of the soldiers loaded his piece with a bullet and discharged it at the king. The ball fortunately missed its aim, and lodged in the thigh of a gentleman who was standing in the rear. In the evening of the same day a more alarming circumstance occurred at the Drury Lane Theater. At the moment when the king entered the royal box, a man in the pit, on the right-hand side of the orchestra, suddenly stood up and discharged a large horse-pistol at him. The hand of the would-be assassin was thrown up by a by-stander, and the ball entered the box just above the head of the king.

Such were the public manifestations of affection for this royal tyrant.

He was finally attacked by an enemy that could not be thwarted, and on the 20th of December, 1810, he became a confirmed lunatic. In this dreadful condition he lingered until January, 1820, when he died, having been the most unpopular, unwise and obstinate sovereign that ever disgraced the English throne. He was forgotten as soon as life left his body, and was hurriedly buried with that empty pomp which but too often attends a despot to the grave.

The mind, in passing from the unhonored grave of the prince to the last resting-place of the peasant boy, leaps from a kingdom of darkness to one of light.

Let us now return to the career of Washington. Throughout the Revolutionary War he carried in his hand, like Atropos, the destinies of millions; he bore on his shoulders, like Atlas, the weight of a world. It is unnecessary to follow him throughout his subsequent career. Honored again and again by the people of the land he had redeemed from thralldom, he has taken his place in death by the side of the wisest and best of the world's benefactors. Assassins did not unglory him in life, nor has oblivion drawn her mantle over him in death. The names of his great battlefields have become nursery words, and his principles have imbedded themselves forever in the national character. Every pulsation of our hearts beats true to his memory. His mementoes are everywhere around and about us. Distant as we are from the green fields of his native Westmoreland, the circle of his renown has spread far beyond our borders. In climes where the torch of science was never kindled; on shores still buried in primeval bloom; amongst barbarians where the face of liberty was never seen, the Christian missionary of America, roused perhaps from his holy duties by the distant echo of the national salute, this day thundering amidst the billows of every sea, or dazzled by the gleam of his country's banner, this day floating in every wind of heaven, pauses over his task as a Christian, and whilst memory kindles in his bosom the fires of patriotism, pronounces in the ear of the enslaved pagan the venerated name of WASHINGTON.

Wherever tyranny shall lift its Medusan head, wherever treason shall plot its hellish schemes, wherever disunion shall unfurl its tattered ensign, there, oh there, sow his deeds in the hearts of patriots and republicans. For from these there shall spring, as from the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus of old on the plains of Heber, vast armies of invincible heroes, sworn upon the altar and tomb at Mount Vernon, to live as freemen, or as such to die!

THE LESSONS OF THE TRAGEDY

(The Murder of President McKinley)

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN

We meet to-day under the sway of a number of different emotions. We would express our sorrow at the untimely death of a good man. We would show our regret that our nation has lost the Chief Magistrate of its choice. We would express our sympathy with the gentle woman who has been suddenly bereft of the kindest and most considerate of husbands. We are filled with shame that in our Republic, the land where all men are free and equal wherever they behave themselves as men, the land which has no rulers save the public servants of its own choosing, a deed like this should be possible. We would express our detestation of that kind of political and social agitation which finds no method of working reform save through intimidation and killing. We would wish to find the true lessons of this event and would not let even the least of them fall on our ears unheeded.

And one plain lesson in this: Under democracy all violence is treason. Whosoever throws a stone at a scab teamster, whosoever fires a shot at the President of the United States, is an enemy of the Republic. He is guilty of high treason in his heart, and treason in thought works itself out in lawlessness of action.

The central fact of all democracy is agreement with law. It is our law; we have made it. If it is wrong we can change it, but the compact of democracy is that we change it in peace. "The sole source of power under God is the consent of the governed." This was written by Cromwell across the statute books of Parliament. This our fathers wrote in other words in our own Constitution. The will of the people is the sole source of any statute you or I may be called on to obey. It is the decree of no army, the dictum of no president. It is the work of no aristocracy; not of blood nor of wealth. It is simply our own understanding that we have to do right, shall behave justly, shall live and let our neighbor live. If our law is tyrannous, it is our ignorance which has made it so. Let it pinch a little and we shall find out what hurts us. Then it will be time to change. Laws are made through the ballot, and through the ballot we can unmake them. There is no other honest way, no other way that is safe, and no other way that is effective. To break the peace is to invite tyranny. Lawlessness is the expression of weakness, of ignorance, of unpatriotism. If

tyranny provokes anarchy, so does anarchy necessitate tyranny. Confusion brings the man on horseback. It was to keep away both anarchy and tyranny that the public school was established in America.

Three times has our nation been called upon to pass into the shadow of humiliation, and each time in the past it has learned its severe lesson. When Lincoln fell, slavery perished. To the American of to-day human slavery in a land of civilization is almost an impossible conception, yet many of us who think ourselves still young can remember when half of this land held other men in bondage and the dearest hope of freedom was that such things should not go on forever. I can remember when we looked forward to the time when "at least the present form of slavery should be no more." For democracy and slavery could not subsist together. The Union could not stand—half slave, half free.

The last words of Garfield were these: *Strangulatus pro Republica*. (Slain for the Republic.) The feudal tyranny of the spoils system which had made republican administration a farce, has not had, since Garfield's time, a public defender. It has not vanished from our politics, but its place is where it belongs—among the petty wrongs of maladministration.

Again a president is slain for the Republic—and the lesson is the homely one of peace and order, patience and justice, respect for ourselves through respect for the law, for public welfare, and for public right.

For this country is passing through a time of storm and stress, a flurry of lawless sensationalism. The irresponsible journalism, the industrial wars, the display of hastily-gotten wealth, the grasping monopoly, the walking delegate, the vulgar cartoon, the foul-mouthed agitator, the sympathetic strike, the unsympathetic lockout, are all symptoms of a single disease—the loss of patriotism, the decay of the sense of justice. As in other cases, the symptoms feed the disease, as well as indicate it. The deed of violence breeds more deeds of violence; anarchy provokes hysteria, and hysteria makes anarchy. The unfounded scandal sets a hundred tongues to wagging, and the seepage from the gutter reaches a thousand homes.

The journal for the weak-minded and debased makes heroes of those of its class who carry folly over into crime. The half-crazy egotist imagines himself a regicide, and his neighbor with the clean shirt is his oppressor and therefore his natural victim. Usually his heart fails him, and his madness spends itself in foul words. Sometimes it does not, and the world stands aghast. But it is not alone against the Chief

Magistrate that these thoughts and deeds are directed. There are usually others within closer range. There is scarcely a man in our country, prominent in any way, statesman, banker, merchant, railway manager, clergyman, teacher even, that has not, somewhere, his would-be Nemesis, some lunatic, with a sensational newspaper and a pistol, prepared to take his life.

The gospel of discontent has no place within our Republic. It is true, as has often been said, that discontent is the cause of human progress. It is truer still, as Mr. John P. Irish has lately pointed out, that discontent may be good or bad, according to its relation to the individual man. There is a noble discontent which a man turns against himself. It leads the man who fails to examine his own weaknesses, to make the needed repairs in himself, then to take up the struggle again. There is a cowardly discontent which leads a man to blame all failure on his prosperous neighbor or on society at large, as if a social system existed apart from the men who make it. This is the sort of discontent to which the agitator appeals, that finds its stimulus in sensational journalism. It is that which feeds the frenzy of the assassin who would work revenge on society by destroying its accepted head.

It is not theoretical anarchism or socialism or any other "ism" which is responsible for this. Many of the gentlest spirits in the world to-day call themselves anarchists, because they look forward to the time when personal meekness shall take the place of all statutes. The gentle anarchism of the optimistic philosopher is not that which confronts us to-day. It is the anarchy of destruction, the hatred of class for class; a hatred that rests only on distorted imagination, for, after all is said, there are no classes in America. It is the hatred imported from the Old World, excited by walking delegates whose purpose it is to carry a torch through society; a hatred fanned by agitators of whatever sort, unpractical dreamers or conscienceless scoundrels, exploited in the newspapers, abetted by so-called high society with its display of shoddy and greed, and intensified by the cold, hard selfishness that underlies the power of the trust. All these people, monopolists, social leaders, walking delegates, agitators, sensationalists, dreamers, are alien to our ways, outside the scope of our democracy, and enemies to good citizenship.

The real Americans, trying to live their lives in their own way, saving a little of their earnings and turning the rest into education and enjoyment, have many grievances in these days of grasping trusts and lawless unions. But of such free Americans our country is made.

They are the people, not the trusts or the unions, nor their sensational go-betweens. This is their government, and the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. This is the people's President—our President—who was killed, and it is ours to avenge him.

Not by lynch law on a large or small scale may we do it; not by anarchy or despotism; not by the destruction of all that call themselves anarchists, not by abridging freedom of the press nor by checking freedom of speech. Those who would wreak lawless vengeance on the anarchists are themselves anarchists and makers of anarchists.

We have laws enough already without making more for men to break. Let us get a little closer to the higher law. Let us respect our own rights and those of our neighbor a little better. Let us cease to tolerate sensational falsehood about our neighbor, or vulgar abuse of those in power. If we have bad rulers, let us change them peacefully. Let us put an end to every form of intimidation, wherever practiced. The cause that depends upon hurling bricks or epithets, or upon clubbing teamsters or derailing trains, cannot be a good cause. Even if originally in the right, the act of violence puts the partisans of such a cause in the wrong. No freeman ever needs to do such things as these. For the final meaning of democracy is peace on earth, good-will towards men. When we stand for justice among ourselves we can demand justice of the monopolistic trust. When we attack it with clear vision and cool speech we shall find the problem of combination for monopoly not greater than any other. And large or small, there is but one way for us to meet any problem: to choose wise men, clean men, cool men, the best we can secure through our method of the ballot, and then to trust the rest in their hands. The murder of the President has no direct connection with industrial war. Yet there is this connection, that all war, industrial or other, loosens the bonds of order, destroys mutual respect and trust, gives inspiration to anarchy, pushes a foul thought on to a foul word, a foul word on to a foul deed.

We trust now that the worst has come, the foulest deed has been committed, that our civil wars may stop, not through the victory of one side over the other, the trusts or the unions now set off against each other, but in the victory over both of the American people, of the great body of men and women who must pay for all, and who are the real sufferers in every phase of the struggle.

Strangulatus pro Republica—slain for the republic. The lesson is plain. It is for us to take it into our daily lives. It is the lesson of

peace and good-will, the lesson of manliness and godliness. Let us take it to ourselves, and our neighbors will take it from us.

All civilized countries are ruled by public opinion. If there be a lapse in our civic duties, it is due to a lapse in our keenness of vision, our devotion to justice. This means a weakening of the individual man, the loss of the man himself in the movements of the mass. Perhaps the marvelous material development of our age, the achievements of huge coöperation which science has made possible, has overshadowed the importance of the individual man. If so, we have only to reassert ourselves. It is of men, individual men, clear-thinking, God-fearing, sound-acting men, and of these alone, that great nations can be made.—From "The Voice of the Scholar," by kind permission of author and publishers, *Paul Elder & Co.*, San Francisco.

WHAT IS TO BE THE DESTINY OF THIS REPUBLIC

BY JUDGE STORY

When we reflect on what has been and what is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibilities of this republic to all future ages! What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance and moderate our confidence!

The old world has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty.

Greece! lovely Greece! "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics, in fair processions, chanted the praise of liberty and the good—where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressors have bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissensions.

Rome! republican Rome! whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun,—where and what is she? The eternal city yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the

majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has traveled in the parts won by the destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of the empire. A mortal disease was upon her before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon; and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the senate-chamber. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the north, completed only what was begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people offered the tribute-money.

And where are the republics of modern times, which cluster around immortal Italy? Venice and Genoa exist but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss, in their native fastnesses; but, the guarantee of their freedom is in their weakness, and not in their strength. The mountains are not easily crossed, and the valleys are not easily retained. When the invader comes, he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his path. The peasantry sink before him. The country, too, is too poor for plunder, and too rough for a valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barrier on every side, to check the wantonness of ambition. And Switzerland remains, with her simple institutions, a military road to climates scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealousy of her neighbors.

We stand the latest, and, if we fall, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny. Our constitutions never have been enfeebled by the vice or the luxuries of the world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning, simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and a formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches or may reach every home. What fairer prospects of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched

the philosophy of the north, and, moving onward to the south, has opened to Greece the lesson of her better days.

Can it be, that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? That she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruin is: "They were, but they are not!" Forbid it, my countrymen: forbid it, Heaven!

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be, resist every project of disunion; resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring, to teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are—whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defense of the liberties of our country.

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS

(An oration delivered in San Francisco, May 30, 1901.)

BY SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE

This day is consecrate to the nation's dead and living soldiers. Uncovered beside the hallowed graves of those who fought and fell in the sacred cause of Union and Liberty, a people of brave men and loyal women stand with hearts oppressed with gratitude, and listen to the story of their heroes' deeds and death. We come in thankfulness—matron and maid, sire and lad—to scatter fragrant flowers on the honored dust, and for the martyrs who sleep unknown but not unwept. We come to grasp the hands of the surviving heroes who responded to their country's cry of anguish when the temple of liberty was assailed and her sacred altars desecrated; who endured the long, weary march, the cruel deprivations of the camp, the fevered heat of noon and the chilling cold at night; who stormed the frowning heights where treason was intrenched, and met upon an hundred fields the brave but misguided hosts that in madness and folly sought to destroy

the edifice dedicated with the prayers and consecrated by the valor and blood of the patriot fathers; who carried the tattered but dear flag of their country through fire and flood and the "valley and shadow of death," and paused not until it waved victorious in every state and was respected on every sea. We come to shed proud and happy tears for those who gladly gave up all for their imperiled country, in order to preserve the precious fruits of the Revolutionary struggle and to keep the flag of Washington triumphant in the sky. We come to welcome and to dower with our love the loyal and self-sacrificing men who left the plow, the forge, the desk, to rescue from the jaws of death the greatest, best, and truest republic that ever blessed the earth.

A common thought pervades all hearts. This is not a day for vain-glorious boasting, but for gratitude and praise. We come in sorrow, not in anger, and our hearts are filled with sadness, not revenge. We are not here to upbraid, to accuse, to exult over the defeat of brethren and brave men, to denounce what is no more, to open wounds by the healing touch of Time made whole. No, no; Heaven forbid that this sacred day should stir our hearts to other than feelings of forgiveness, of gratitude, of pride, and of love. Rather let it be said we come to—

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain.

For those who died to save the republic, I have tears and eulogy; for those who died to overthrow it, I have tears and silence.

Not as citizens of a torn and discordant Union, not as blinded partisans, but as children of a common and reunited country, we gather to give expression of our gratitude to those who by their sacrifices and their martyrdom made this land the home of freedom, and the banner of the stars the symbol of one people, one constitution, and one destiny.

We are gathered here—the multitude has put on a suit of woe and stands beside the graves where heroes sleep—not to revive bitter memories, not to cause heartaches or awaken animosities, dead, let us fervently hope, forever, but for a better, worthier, and more patriotic purpose: to teach the rising generation that the dead fell not in vain; to impress upon their youthful hearts that America does not forget the travail through which, by the inscrutable wisdom of Heaven, she has passed, that she loves her loyal sons and daughters with more than Cornelian affection, and treasures them now, and will treasure them forever, as her unfading glory.

And so, my countrymen, we come to sorrow and to rejoice,—to sorrow over the loved and lost, to rejoice over their magnificent achieve-

ments and a Union saved and disenthralled by their devotion. As in the Roman days the wives and mothers went out upon the Appian Way to meet the home-returning legions,—some to fall upon the bosoms of husbands, fathers, or sons, and shed tears of joy, and some to search in vain for dear ones amid the broken, decimated ranks, but wept not, because they had died bravely in defense of Rome, her altars, and her fires,—so we welcome to-day the scarred and wounded, the remnant of hard-fought fields; we stretch forth our arms to embrace them; we cover them with garlands emblematic of our love, and scatter flowers in their way to tread upon.

But for the ones who answer not, who sleep the dreamless sleep of death, who died with the face of mother near their hearts, the name of country on their lips, what shall we say? They cannot hear our words nor see the offering of our hands; they are past all battles, all marches, all victories, all defeats; “on Fame’s eternal camping-ground their silent tents are spread,” and the troubled drum disturbs their sleep no more. And yet, O sacred shades of the unreplying dead, we feel your presence now. We hear the shot of Sumter that wakened all the land; we see you coming down from the mountains, up from the plains, and marching away to battle, leaving behind, alas; forever, faithful wife, loving children, aged mother, venerable father; we see you by the campfires dimly burning; we see you in the cannon-smoke and hurricane of war; we hear the command to charge, which you obey, how bravely, with bosom bared and parched, thirsty lips; we see you wounded and bleeding; we see you in the hospitals of fever and pain; we see you again with your regiment, with courage undaunted, your love of home and flag intensified; we see your comrades fall around you like flowers of spring cut down; we see you captured and hurried away; we see you wasting in awful dungeons, languishing in prison-pens; we catch the faint accent of your tongues as you murmur a prayer for your country and for the loved ones that come to you in your dreams; we see you encounter death in the gaunt and hideous form of starvation and quail not; we see you die! Die for what? Die for whom? Die for Union and Liberty. Die for us and generations yet to be.

Dead and living soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, you, you engaged in the holiest cause that ever received the approving smile of Heaven; you preserved the Union, “One and inseparable,” with all its blessed memories, with all its priceless benefits, with all its exalted and encouraging hopes. You carried the banner of your country, full high advanced through the darkest hour and wildest storm that ever

overwhelmed a nation, until the returning and radiant morn of victory and peace blessed and hallowed it. Moved by the loftiest purposes, inspired by the sublimest sentiments, faithful unto death, you went forth, not to subjugate, not to enslave, not to tear down, but to rescue, to uplift, and to make the name of that liberty for which Warren died and to preserve which Lincoln gave the full measure of his devotion; in the name of all we are and hope to be,—the glorious present and the grander future,—we bow to-day and pay you the poor tribute of our love and tears.

All hail to the saviors of this beloved land! Humbly we lay our offerings on the dead. Reverently we invoke the blessing of Almighty God on the declining years of the living. Long may their eyes be gladdened by the flag they saved; long may their hearts be consoled by the assurance that, while the monuments reared to haughty pride and selfish ambition sink beneath the despoiling hand of time, the soldier's humble grave, though unadorned by costly urn or marble shaft, will forever be his country's hallowed ground, where future patriots shall come to rekindle the fires of their devotion and to renew and reaffirm their allegiance to the land by his sacrifices made truly, grandly free. And so we bow before the heroes who saved our country; we stand uncovered beside the graves of the martyrs who died in her sacred cause. Peace and honor to the living; honor and peace to the dead.

The Civil War, of the sad ravages and awful agony of which we are this day reminded, was the inevitable result of the "irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces,"—between freedom and slavery.

Removed sufficiently from those troublous days to look at facts calmly and to speak of them without anger, let us be just, let us be truthful. The courts had exalted slavery, had hedged it round by law, and nationalized it. In that most august tribunal—in that high place immortalized by the transcendent greatness of a Marshall and the unfathomed learning of a Story, which had witnessed the marvelous displays of oratory of Pinckney, Webster and Choate—in the Supreme Court of the United States—slavery met and vanquished freedom. The Dred Scott decision gave up this nation to bondage, and made it possible, under the law, to sell wives and babes in Faneuil Hall and to call the roll of slaves on the sacred spot where Warren fell! Thenceforth Congress could not interfere with slavery; states were powerless to prevent it. And thus it came to pass that in the land of Washington, Franklin, and Wayne, in the land of Adams, Henry, and

Sherman, in the land whose sons died for liberty on a hundred fields—who stormed the walls of Quebec and left their blood on the snow at Valley Forge—in this our beloved land—in this republic—slavery was king. The time to gather the bitter fruit of the accursed upas tree planted at Jamestown in 1620 was near at hand.

An awful storm, pregnant with death and woe, was gathering, and the people sought a leader. They were sore distressed with a multitude of counsel, and they cried:

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking!
For while the tricksters, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions, and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps!
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

In the midst of mingled doubts and fears, when weak and timid politicians masquerading under the name of statesmen hesitated to grapple with the monstrous evil that threatened to advance upon and overwhelm the last remaining bulwarks of freedom, when the right and true path was well nigh lost sight of, and lovers of liberty were ranged under different banners, waiting for a Moses who should lead them out of Egyptian bondage, the Great Captain came. He came, and thenceforth all seemed clear. Simple in speech, plain in manner, straightforward in action, tender as a child, bold as a lion, fearless as a hero, at once courageous and humble, lofty and lowly, he came to speak and to act. Born of Southern parents who had witnessed the depressing and blighting effects of slavery, and reared in the broad prairies of the West, whose very winds sang Liberty, he realized the curse of bondage and the blessing of freedom. From the unfelled forest, from the log cabin and the country store, from humble forum and obscure dwelling, from out the ranks of the people, the Leader came. He came, and statesmen bowed before him; he spoke, and a nation hearkened to his counsel. Devoted to truth and the right, opposed to falsehood and the wrong, scorning the tricks and subterfuges of the self-seeking, and abhorring with his whole heart and soul the mean and base, loving his country with a devotion that made him for-

getful of all else save the preservation of the Union, the incomparable Leader rose. In judicial tribunal and halls of state, in capital and village, in mansion and log cabin, in crowded cities, and out on the boundless prairies of the West, men listened to his words, and saw, as they had never seen before, the darkness, the light, the path,—the wrong, the right, and the remedy. “You must be either all slave or all free.” These were his prophetic words. Who was this man that came unheralded out of the West? Who was this man that rose above the great statesmen of his day—who was as earnest as Phillips, as gifted as Baker, who was more profound than Seward, more learned than Chase, more logical than Douglas, more eloquent than Everett? Who was he that combined in one soul the simplicity of a child, the wisdom of a sage, and the foresight of a prophet? Need I utter his sacred name? Wheresoever among men there is a love for disinterested patriotism and sublime attachment to duty, wheresoever liberty is worshiped and loyalty exalted, his name and deeds are known. His image is in all hearts, his name to-day is on all lips. That grand and lofty man was the rail-splitter of Illinois,—beloved, sainted, immortal Abraham Lincoln, statesman, philosopher, and patriot, the greatest, noblest, purest soul that ever was enwrapped in clay, to walk the earth,—Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator of a race, the savior of the Union!

Strangely enough, the election of the Presidency of this great and good and just man was the signal for revolt. “In your hands,” said he in his first inaugural address,—“In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to ‘preserve, protect, and defend’ it.”

But the blow was struck,—the blow that was ultimately to destroy slavery, and make our country free indeed,—“a land without a serf, a servant, or a slave.”

The war to preserve the integrity of the nation was marked by great battles, weary marches, long sieges, and splendid deeds of daring. Brave men met brave men, and gallant soldiers stormed forts and heights by gallant soldiers defended. If America wept for the folly and madness of some, yet was she proud of the courage of all her sons. We think to-night of the mighty struggle that ended with Appomattox’s cloudless day; of all the fields where saber flashed, and cannon roared, and patriot sons sealed their devotion with their blood. The world knows the result. Freedom triumphed. The Union was

saved, Liberty survived, slavery perished and is dead upon our soil forevermore,—dead by the sword of immortal Grant, “dead by the hand of Abraham Lincoln, dead by the justice of Almighty God.”

Rejoice, O human hearts and human lips, that Liberty survived. Rejoice, O men of the North, that slavery is dead. Rejoice, O men of the South, that slavery is dead. Rejoice, O sons of the Republic, that the crown was restored to the brow of Liberty, that, reunited and reconciled, loyal and true, we stand to-day, hand in hand, heart beating with heart, under the blessed and ever-triumphant banner of the Union.

And thus may we ever stand,—one people, one nation,—no North, no South, no East, no West,—one altar, one love, one hope.

And thus may we ever stand,—brothers in peace, brothers in war,—and “highly resolved that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.”

And thus may we ever stand,—a Union of hearts and of states, and “teach men that Liberty is not a mockery, and a republic is not another name for feebleness and anarchy.”

And standing thus, the world cannot prevail against us in war or in peace.

Fellow-citizens, in this hour of mourning we may without impropriety indulge ourselves in feelings of pride over the glorious deeds of our heroes dead and living. Pittsburgh Landing, Chattanooga, and Vicksburg; Lookout Mountain, Gettysburg, and Antietam; the Wilderness, Atlanta, and Richmond,—all are eternal witnesses to the deathless valor and sublime courage of those upon whose graves we have tenderly laid our flowers and upon whose brows we have lovingly placed the laurel wreath of victory and peace. No poor words of mine can tell them of our love or add unto their fame; the one is unspeakable, the other as broad and all-comprehensive as the earth, as high and spotless as the stars.

Upon the hearts of many heroes who made our country free—who with their blood washed away the ebon blot on our country's shield—inexorable death has laid his hand, and the high and the low, the mighty general and the humble private, repose alike in the equal grave. All-conquering “time, the tomb-builder,” is day by day mustering out the noble army that went forth to save, to make and to preserve us a nation. Halleck, Thomas, Meade, McClellan, Hancock, McDowell, Garfield, Logan, Sheridan, Sherman, Harrison, Porter, McKinley,—all have been gathered to their fathers, gone to grasp the hands of their comrades on the peaceful shores of Eternal Rest.

But of him, the simple, silent, steadfast man; of him that marshaled

order out of chaos, gave direction to mighty armies and led them to final victory; of him who made the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln a glorious reality, and eternal fact which broke the chains that held a race in bondage; of him who bore his great honors so modestly and meekly in war and peace; of him who by his genius added to our arms a luster as imperishable as his fame, and left his countrymen the priceless legacy of an untarnished and immortal name; of him who was ambitious, not as a Cæsar, not as a Napoleon, but as a Washington, with no higher aim, no loftier purpose, than to serve his country, not to wear a crown; of him who stood before uncovered kings and was saluted by the emperors of the earth, but never forgot his humble origin nor lost his sympathy for the poor and lowly; of him whose deeds, from duty and necessity, not from choice, were war, but whose heart ever yearned, whose voice ever pleaded, for peace,—what human tongue can speak of the spotless, peerless General Grant? His mighty work is done, his triumphal march is ended, his name is for all time. Reverently and tenderly we lay our flowers upon his tomb to-day; gratefully and lovingly we breathe his sacred name. Calm, cool, and undaunted, victorious in war, magnanimous in peace,—

Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven;
 No pyramids set off his memories,
 But the eternal substance of his greatness;
 To which I leave him.

But of the rank and file, of the unknown dead, what can be said? Sleep on, O humble soldier boy, sleep on! No more shall the midnight attack, the fierce charge, or the bugle-call to arms rouse thee from thy rest. Sleep on in thy lowly sepulcher, guarded by thy country's tenderest love and pillowed on her grateful heart. Whether it be beneath polished marble and sculptured alabaster reared by the hands of affection, or beneath the green sod watered by tears of love; whether it be beneath rich, fragrant flowers blooming in perennial freshness and cared for by dear ones left behind, or in the lonely, pathless woods where in darkness and thick gloom you laid down your life; whether it be in fertile valley where your life blood reddened the grass of the meadow, or in the intrenchment of death, facing the pitiless storm of shot and shell; whether it be in the prison-pen, where your heart-throbs grew faint, but your undying love for the Stars and Stripes could not be seduced into deserting your country, or in sultry mountain-passes where you wearied of the march, and, fever-stricken, fell down to die,—wheresoever it be, on land or in ocean depth, O humble soldier boy, sleep on! Thy cause was liberty; thy purpose, Union;

thy object, a nation purged and purified of slavery. Thy great deeds are thy eternal monument. Written on the nation's heart and in the everlasting Book of Life thy name shall live forevermore, fadeless to eternity.

Oh, the victory, the victory
Belongs to thee!
God ever keeps the brightest crown for such as thou.
He gives it now to thee.
Oh, young and brave, and early and thrice blest!
Thrice, thrice, thrice blest!
Thy country turns once more to kiss thy youthful brow,
And takes thee gently, gently to her breast,
And whispers lovingly, 'God bless thee—bless thee now,
My darling, thou shalt rest!'

My countrymen, one and all,—if enemies in the dark days of estrangement, brothers now and forever,—let us rejoice that under God we have a reunited country, that the Union was preserved, that Liberty, crowned and sceptered, sits enthroned in the constitution; and with our eyes fixed on the one and only banner of the loyal heart, let us reverently resolve to show ourselves in some measure worthy of our ancestors and our brethren who fought and died to make this blessed land the home of freedom, free lips and free hands, forever.

The dead soldiers of the republic, the heroes of the Revolution, the heroes of 1812, the heroes of 1848, the heroes of 1861, the heroes of 1898,—they sleep in glory. But what of the living? O soldiers of the republic, wheresoe'er you are to-night, on land or sea, in frigid north or torrid south, on frontier guarding the outposts of civilization, or in far Luzon defending with sleepless vigilance the flag of our hearts, God bless you and keep you. Be of good cheer. Your country believes in you and loves you. If you return, she will clasp you close to her heart and bestow on you the rewards of peace; if you fall fighting her battles, she will be mother to your children and treasure you as she treasures those who preserved the flag you have lifted and hold on high.

My countrymen, the heroes of every battlefield of the republic—from Bunker Hill to Santiago—look down to-night from their portals of eternal light and beseech us to be true to the principles in vindication of which they died. Nay, more: from every land made sacred by heroism, from every dungeon of agony and death where truth has suffered on the rack for conscience' sake, from Marathon and Thermopylæ, from Runnymede and Bannockburn, from the graves of Kosciusko and Hampden, from the scaffolds of Sidney and Emmet, comes a voice beseeching us to be faithful to our mission, to guard jealously

the citadel of Liberty, and to vindicate by our wisdom and righteousness and justice the holy cause of Freedom.

Oh! can we stand unmoved when thus addressed? Let us heed these warning voices and hearken to these solemn admonitions, and here and now, on this Memorial Day, with all the memories and lessons of the past fresh in our hearts, let us renew our devotion and reaffirm our allegiance to the cause of Liberty and Union, let us rededicate and reconsecrate ourselves to the service of our Country.

How shall we fittingly commemorate the honored dead? When Greece was threatened by the Persian army, Athens sent out a handful of her bravest sons to meet the myriad hosts of Darius. Oh! the intrepid courage, the sublime patriotism, of that Grecian band as they advanced across the plain of Marathon with leveled spears to fall upon the heathen horde that came to plunder and destroy. To commemorate the splendid victory of Miltiades over Darius, of enlightened civilization over brutish barbarism, the Athenians erected a mound on that historic plain, and as a special and the highest mark of honor buried their heroes where they had fallen. The light of Athens has gone out forever; her glory has departed, never to return; her power has vanished, never to be regained; the voice of her sublime philosophers and peerless orators is heard no more; the language of Homer and Demosthenes lives only in immortal type, the priceless heritage of the human race; the matchless art of Phidias and Praxiteles is of the past, and the unapproached masterpieces of the Parthenon have been eaten away by the gnawing tooth of irreverent time; a melancholy gloom of utter desolation and departed splendor broods over the "City of the Violet Crown," the once first and proudest city in the world. But, after a lapse of more than twenty centuries,—centuries which have seen the death of the old and the birth of the new civilizations, the rise and fall of dynasties, the creation and decay of empires,—after a lapse of more than twenty centuries the earthen mound at Marathon still remains, clad to-day in the flowers of spring, an eternal witness to the valor and heroism of Athens, a solemn reminder that those who die in defense of Liberty and Country shall not perish from the memory of men.

Let the monument to our heroes be the land they saved, domed and canopied by the heavens that smiled upon their cause. For so long as the sun in his coming kisses and glorifies that blessed banner, or, sinking, burnishes our mountain tops with crimson gold; so long as yonder waves roll inward to break and die upon the shore; so long as the American heart beats to the transports of a true and lofty pa-

triotism, or man has aspirations of light and liberty; so long as the nation lives; so long as the flag of Washington and Lincoln is in the sky,—even so long will our heroes' fame survive and be an inspiration to the Union's sons forever and forever.

SENATOR VEST'S EULOGY ON THE DOG

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son and daughter that he has reared with loving care may become ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him when he may need it most. Man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees and do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend a man may have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is the dog.

"Gentlemen of the Jury: A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

"When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast into the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes and death takes his master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws and his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death."

CHAPTER XIV

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER

THE practice of speaking at the banquet table is an ancient custom. In modern life it is the most universally used form of public speaking. Every educated man and woman sooner or later will be expected to take part in post-prandial occasions. This need not be an irksome task for any provided they consider carefully a few vital essentials, keeping in mind that the after-dinner speech is primarily to please. If it ever be to instruct, it is that kind of instruction which comes by the stimulation of our higher sensibilities.

Essentials:

1. Have something worth while to say.
2. This something must be appropriate to the occasion and to the guests.
3. Know who are to be present and who are to speak.
4. Know how much time is allotted you.
5. Strive your utmost to enjoy yourself and let what you say appear as a spontaneous outgrowth of your environment.
6. Avoid using old jokes and hackneyed quotations.
7. Avoid stiff formality. Radiate kindliness and good fellowship toward all.
8. Do not apologize. Let your appreciations and the fact that "some one else could have responded better," that "you are unprepared," etc., be taken for granted. Don't waste time on these follies. Get down to business.
9. Have your speech carefully prepared and stick to it.

10. Remember that this is a time that reveals your true self, so let the best in you shine forth.

Let us discuss more fully some of the more important essentials. One should never begin his speech with an apology. How boresome it is to hear a speaker express surprise at being called upon; regretting he is totally unprepared; telling us that some one else could have spoken on this subject far better than he, etc., etc., etc. This is never in place and it is never necessary. On one occasion many prominent men and women were banqueting together in Chicago. Dr. George Vincent, then a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago, an orator himself of no mean ability, was toastmaster. A program of unusual length had been prepared. Under any ordinary chairman it would have kept the guests there until morning. Dr. Vincent arose, and in a clear, brief and terse introduction called attention to the long program. Then he said, addressing the speakers who sat at his table: "Each of you can give us the heart of your message in three, certainly not more than four minutes. I shall expect you, therefore, to go right to the heart of your subject. We will take it for granted that you are not prepared, that some one else could do better than you, and all the rest of the apologetic introductions. The moment your time is up I shall bring down the gavel as a forceful reminder that you must stop."

The result was wonderful. Every speaker did as the chairman required. The audience heard a dozen or more bright, snappy addresses, full of thought and wit, with scarcely a redundant word. What otherwise would have been a long, tedious and wholly wearisome occasion was converted into a function of grace, a noble inspiration and a never-to-be-forgotten spiritual uplift.

Let the after-dinner speaker note that his speech should seem to grow naturally out of the environment and fit the occasion and the guests—that is, it should be *appropriate*.

The mannner of presenting it should be *genial* and kindly. This is no time or place to give vent to any personal animosity or didacticism. There is no disposition, Nature says, for a man with a well-filled stomach to digest heavy intellectual food. He would much rather be amused and entertained—that is, the occasion is a *convivial* one. Do not mistake this to mean triviality. Above all things, whatever you say or whatever you do, do not be frivolous. And finally that indispensable quality *originality* should distinguish both the matter and the manner of each speaker. This may mean nothing more than a new way of presenting an old subject.

The very fact that an after-dinner speech should be short, sparkling and fit the one who delivers it, makes it a difficult form of public address, and consequently necessitates very careful preparation. It is more than “to tell a joke, make a platitude and give a quotation.” While the after-dinner speech is supposed, primarily, to please, and *certainly should do so*, it is often made the means of conveying the most forceful lessons in business, religion, and patriotism. But when, in conveying these lessons, the speaker becomes prosy, or *fails to please*, he is out of place and should never have been invited.

CHAPTER XV

THE CULTIVATION OF THE MEMORY

NOTHING is of greater importance to the intelligent and thoughtful man or woman who would become a public speaker than the cultivation of the memory. Its pleasures and joys are no less than its importance and usefulness. Well might Richter exclaim: "Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out." How it brings back to us joys of sights, sounds and emotions. One has been thrilled with a gorgeous landscape, a brilliant and vivid sunset, a majestic mountain, a vision of feminine beauty, or an inspiring exhibition of physical prowess. He has seen the proud march of armed men, or the gathering of gay and happy throngs in the public play-grounds and parks. A thousand memories of sights bring back joys and delights of other days. So is it with the memories of sounds—concerts, symphonies, stirring songs, martial music, and the sweet voices of loved ones passed away.

It can readily be seen that memory is the practical basis of all knowledge. Indeed there is no conscious knowledge without memory. No man can think without it; there is no business success; no writing, no poetry, no literature, no oratory, no conversation, no music, no art, no psychology, no *anything of mental life* without memory. Without memory there is no identity. If I cannot remember myself of an hour ago, of yesterday, of many yesterdays, I cannot be a personality. Life would be disconnected and therefore incoherent and useless.

A poor memory is ever a hindrance if not a positive curse. It is as if one's legs should fail to bear him up when he starts

to walk, run, leap, or as if his eyes should refuse to see, or saw but dimly when he wished to observe. It is a never-ending cause of confusion, embarrassment, irritation, and loss. No man in any walk of life ever yet succeeded without a good memory, and many a public speaker owes his success to his always ready power over this faculty. Abraham Lincoln is a striking example of this truth.

STOKES'S GOLDEN RULE OF MEMORY

Psychologists have not yet determined what the memory is, but all are agreed that it can be cultivated. A few general propositions can be laid down, which, if faithfully followed, are certain to bring desired results. Stokes, the great memory teacher of the Royal Polytechnic Institution of London, formulated his golden rule of memory as follows: "Observe, reflect, link thought with thought, and think of the impressions."


STRENGTHENING THE OBSERVATION

Careful observation is the basis of memory. To observe is to regard with attention, to note with interest, in other words *to see well*. How many people are there who see *well*? All persons who are not blind can see, but do they see *well*? It must be confessed that good observers are rare, and that is one reason why good memories are rare. The discipline of the observation is one of the most important ends of all mental education. Teach a child to observe and he can and will educate himself. Indeed he cannot help becoming educated. Without discipline of the observation one may pass through ten colleges and yet remain uneducated. What is the reason the Indian can follow a trail so much better than a white man? His life has depended upon his powers of observation. From the earliest days of his dawning intelligence his perceptive fac-

ulties were aroused and highly developed by the struggle for his very existence. He was compelled to watch the animals in order that he might avoid those that were dangerous, and catch those that were good for food; to follow the flying birds that he might know when to trap them. He watched the fishes as they spawned and hatched; the insects as they bored and burrowed; the plants and trees as they grew and budded, blossomed and seeded. The tracks of animals, whether upon the sand, the snow, the mud, or more solid earth, soon became familiar signs to him. All these and many other things in nature he learned to know thoroughly in his simple and primitive manner. This knowledge in his daily struggle for existence came by means of his attention to details. Hence to the untrained white man his powers of observation seem little short of marvelous.

Children from their earliest years should be taught with systematic persistence to cultivate this faculty. They should be urged to tell all they can see in pictures. A table spread with diverse articles covered with a cloth is also a good means of disciplining close attention and memory. Let the children stand around it and, after removing the cloth, give them a minute, or less, for observation, then re-cover. Then give each child a chance to tell how many articles there are; what they are; and what is their relative position to each other, etc. An intelligent teacher will invent a score of devices for cultivation of the powers of observation, and nothing will better repay her endeavors.

Henry Ward Beecher used to illustrate the difference between observers and non-observers by telling a tale of two city lads whom he once sent out into the country. One he called "Eyes" and the other "No Eyes." Each was to go to a certain place and report upon what he saw. The one on his return had seen little. The other—Eyes—was filled to overflowing with the things he had observed.



It is undoubtedly due to the development of this faculty that the hat-boys and hotel clerks are able to call the guests by name and return to them their own belongings.

Read the novels of Frank Norris, of Jack London, of Winston Churchill or any successful writer, the lines of any truly great poet, and the ordinary mind cannot fail to be impressed with the wonderful store of knowledge gleaned from a thousand and one sources possessed by their writers. Think of the wealth of observations poured forth by a Shakspeare, a Browning, a Goethe. Every page contains them by the score—observations of facts in nature, art, science, literature, human action, and indeed of everything under the sun. Hence, if you would be an educated man you *must* observe.

SUGGESTIVE METHODS TO PURSUE

To discipline the power of observation, begin consciously *to see* and then immediately to test your own remembrance of what you see. See slowly, see surely. Be sure you have seen correctly. There is so much uncertainty in all of our mental processes. If it is a pile of books you are seeing, be sure, positive, that there are eleven. Do not content yourself by saying there are about ten or twelve and let it go at that. Note their size, color of their bindings, and, if possible, note each title.

There are some librarians who seldom forget a book after once seeing it, and can tell not only its appearance, but its place on the book shelves, and the appearance of its neighbors on either side. This is one of the qualifications of an efficient library assistant. What is true of the librarian is likewise true of other people. What makes the difference between an efficient clerk in a book-store and one who is merely passable? It is this power of observation and memory which makes his knowledge of books held in stock reliable.

Let us continue our suggestions. In looking over a landscape be definite in your seeing. Be sure that the river is to the left, and not to the right; that a certain tree is a sycamore, and not a poplar; that the green on the hillside is the young, fresh green of the dawn of the spring, rather than the richer green of the summer. What is it that makes the landscape artist? His power to portray depends upon his ability to discern and observe. The poet and orator do the same, but they make their pictures with words and phrases instead of pigments and canvas.

In seeing anything, get hold of every fact possible—size, position, color, relative importance, and, then, before you conclude your observations, close your eyes and reconstruct the scene mentally. Do this over and over again, until you add and add to your mental picture things you had before failed to see. Do not merely catalogue mentally, but see everything in its own place, in full detail, and in its relation to every other thing. A comparatively short period of this kind of discipline will enable you to do things that will not only astound your friends, but will be a source of infinite pleasure and, if used intelligently in your business or profession, profit to yourself.

The same principle applies in reading. Read slowly. Be sure you understand. Grasp every idea thoroughly. To do this you must learn to picture mentally. You should compel yourself to make a mental picture of every scene described. You are reading Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." You come to his incomparable description of the battle of Waterloo. He tells us at the very commencement that it was the rain that gained the victory at Waterloo. Observation and reflection on Hugo's part made it possible for him to make this declaration. Carefully observe this statement and what follows.

Picture that great plain, the undulating sweep of ground. Place the two armies, and then see the attack begin on Houg-

mont. Watch the changing scene with your mental eyes. Follow Hugo as he describes the general confusion from noon until four o'clock in the afternoon. Now prepare yourself for a great picture of a tremendous day. See Wellington's disposal of his troops on the farther side of a long hill, on the crest of which was a deep trench caused by a road whose ruts during the centuries had worn down into the earth ten, twenty or more feet. On the near side of this hill Napoleon's cavalry are ascending—three thousand five hundred of them, colossal men on colossal horses. On, up, they sweep. They seem as irresistible as the passing cyclone. Just as they reach the crest, to their horror they discover this trench between themselves and the English. Let Hugo's own words now complete the picture for you:

It was a terrible moment. The ravine was there, unexpected, yawning, directly under the horses' feet, two fathoms deep between its double slopes; the second file pushed the first into it, and the third pushed on the second; the horses reared and fell backward, landed on their haunches, slid down, all four feet in the air, crushing and overwhelming the riders; and there being no means of retreat,—the whole column being no longer anything more than a projectile,—the force which had been acquired to crush the English crushed the French; the inexorable ravine could only yield when filled; horses and riders rolled pell-mell, grinding each other, forming but one mass of flesh in this gulf: when this trench was full of living men, the rest marched over them and passed on. Almost a third of Dubois's brigade fell into that abyss.

Take an illustration from the American novel—"Ramona." Get a real picture in your mind of the appearance of the country. See the sheep with their lambs in the fields under the trees. Determine what size, shape, and color these trees are. Picture Juan Can, the foreman or *major-domo*, listen to his voice, so that you can definitely sense what kind of impression it makes upon your mental ear. Do the same with the Señora Moreno. Can you see that mustard-field described by the

author, where Ramona goes out to meet the good Father Salvierderra? Have you got a picture in your mind of Ramona, and the father, and how they met, and how they returned to Camulos together? Picture, *picture*, PICTURE, mentally, until every scene, every landscape, every character is vividly before you.

This was the method followed by Macaulay, whose memory was so phenomenal that Sydney Smith called him "an encyclopedia in breeches," and who used to say that he owed much of his memory power to the discipline he used to give himself in mental picturing. He never read in a hurry. He always allowed himself time enough vividly to bring the scene before his mental vision, and once done, with him, it was ready to be recalled at any time.

Joaquin Miller used to say that he even pictured abstract ideas. If, for instance, he was thinking of the abstract quality of coldness, he would make a picture of some one suffering from cold, or some wintry landscape.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO OBSERVE PROPERLY

By this time, if you have faithfully followed these instructions about observation, you will have discovered that the mere observation of unrelated facts amounts to very little. You will begin to see that no observation of the mind is simple. While you are observing, you are naturally doing something else, for you are classifying facts, seeing their relation one to another, recognizing similarities or differences, contrasts and harmonies. The mind works as a whole, not the memory separately, nor the judgment by itself. Each part is dependent upon each other part: they overlap one another; the operations of one faculty imply the operations of all the other faculties. It is for this reason that the student must seek to discipline each apparently isolated faculty of the mind.

In observing, it is not enough mentally to picture what you read. You must go even more into detail than that. You must observe *words*. Did you ever read "Martin Eden," that wonderful study in mental development and self-analysis, written by Jack London, revealing in retrospect his own mental processes? It will more than pay you for the trouble of reading. Follow and practice what he therein describes. Words are things, but they are things only when you know them so intimately that they bring real concept to your mind the moment you see them. It is not enough that you can pronounce a word properly—that you *seem* to know it. Each word must *mean* something to you, and that something must be *definite*, so definite that no other can mean exactly the same thing.

One of the greatest dialecticians of our day was Monsignore Capel, the private confessor of Pope Leo XIII. Even in extemporaneous speech every word he used was the right word. No other word would have done just as well. He was once asked how he gained his power over words, and he replied to the effect that when he was a lad he had several tutors. One only, however, was a real and thorough teacher. He said: "My first day with him I shall never forget. He gave me a lesson in Cæsar, and then sent me away with six lines, which I was to translate and bring to him in the afternoon. That seemed easy. When I went to recite my lesson I followed my usual wont—gave a free and easy translation, which may have contained the sense of the original, or may not. He heard me through without a word. Then he began a dissection of my method of translation that made my hair stand on end, every drop of my blood tingle, every faculty of my brain respond, every power of my soul awaken to a sense of the hitherto untold, undreamed of, unbounded capacities of words. That man was a genius in quickening a lad's dormant faculties into living, driving, whipping forces for good. He took each word of the original and demanded that I find its equivalent in English, and

he showed me how to do it. I must never take to him an English word whose original parentage I could not trace. I must know all its mutations and their whys and wherefores. There could be no such thing as a *free* translation. It was either a strictly literal *translation* or *my version*, lazy or otherwise, in another language from that in which the author had written. From that day on, I began the study of words. I learned how to trace the history of words; the changes that had come into their meanings, and my teacher helped me to do it during the whole of the time I was in his hands. To him I owe whatever power I possess to-day."

Read Trench's book on words and then study John Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies." Get hold of all the modern books on the subject. Read Shelley, Keats, George Sterling, Browning, Swinburne—any author who has great felicity of phrase, rare delicacy of expression, and seek to discover his secret, and you will be amazed at the potent force of words. For, of course, while words themselves are to be studied, it is in their relation one to another when put into sentences that their power, sweetness, beauty, charm, and music lie.

And here we come to the real work of observing. All else is preparatory to grasping the *idea* of the author. In his idea lies his inspiration. The words he uses may be good, medium, or indifferent, but if we grasp his idea, his high, intellectual and spiritual conception and aspirations, we have gained the chief thing. Words are a wonderful help in this. His power to arrange them, to give them new settings, new and richer cadences, will not fail to quicken our own intellect to readier and keener appreciation of his thought. Hence words should be deeply, attentively and earnestly studied by all authors and speakers in order that they may be able to arrange them in this masterly fashion. For this personal arrangement of words and phrases, this flow and rhythm, is that marvelous thing we call style. Several times in "Martin Eden" Jack London refers

to this. He has his rude hero who is brought out of the streets, influenced by the love he feels for the heroine, determine to educate himself. He studies and begins to write.

He read to her a story [one of his own compositions], one that he flattered himself was among his very best. He called it "The Wine of Life," and the wine of it, that had stolen into his brain when he wrote it, stole into his brain now as he read it. There was a certain magic in the original conception, and he adorned it with more magic and phrase and touch. All the old fire was reborn in him and he was swayed and swept away so that he was blind and deaf to the faults of it. But it was not so with Ruth. Her trained ear detected the weaknesses and exaggerations, the overemphasis of the tyro, and she was instantly aware each time the sentence-rhythm tripped and faltered. She scarcely noted the rhythm otherwise, except when it became too pompous, at which moments she was disagreeably impressed with its amateurishness.

Just before this he said to her: "I hope I am learning to talk, there seems to be so much in me I want to say. But it is all so big. I can't find ways to say what is really in me. Sometimes it seems to me that all the world, all life, everything, had taken up residence inside of me and was clamoring for me to be spokesman. I feel—oh, I can't describe it—I feel the bigness of it, but when I speak, I babble like a child. It is a great task to transmute feeling and sensation into speech, written or spoken, that will, in turn, in him who reads or listens, transmute itself back into the selfsame feeling and sensation. It is a lordly task. See, I bury my face in the grass, and the breath I draw in through my nostrils sets me quivering with a thousand thoughts and fancies. It is a breath of the Universe I have breathed. I know song and laughter, and success and pain, and struggle and death; and see visions that arise in my brain somehow out of the scent of the grass, and I would like to tell them to you, to the world. But how can I? My tongue is tied. I have tried, by the spoken word, just now, to describe to you the effect on me of the scent of the grass. But I have not succeeded. I have no more than hinted in awkward speech. My words seem gibberish to me, and yet I am stifled with desire to tell."

That was her final judgment on the story as a whole—amateurish, though she did not tell him so. Instead, when he had done, she pointed out the minor flaws and said that she liked the story.

But he was disappointed. Her criticism was just. He acknowledged that, but he had a feeling that he was not sharing his work with her for the purpose of schoolroom correction. The details did not matter. They could take care of themselves. He could mend them, he could learn to mend them. Out of life he had captured something big and attempted to imprison it in the story. It was the big thing out of life that he had read to her, not sentence structure and semicolons. He wanted her to feel with him this big thing that was his, that he had seen with his own eyes, grappled with his own brain, and placed there on the pages with his own hands in printed words. Well, he had failed, was his secret decision. Perhaps the editors were right. He had felt the big thing, but he had failed to transmute it. He concealed his disappointment, and joined so easily with her in her criticism that she did not realize that deep down in him was running a strong undercurrent of disagreement.

Later he enlarges upon this, and also relates how he gained his mastery:

On the looking-glass were lists of definitions and pronunciations; when shaving, or dressing, or combing his hair, he conned these lists over. Similar lists were on the wall over the oil-stove, and they were similarly conned while he was engaged in cooking or washing dishes. New lists continually displaced the old ones. Every strange or partly familiar word encountered in his reading was immediately jotted down, and later, when a sufficient number had been accumulated, were typed and pinned to the wall or looking-glass. He even carried them in his pockets, and reviewed them at odd moments on the street, or while waiting in butcher-shop or grocery to be served.

He went farther in the matter. Reading the works of men who had arrived, he noted every result achieved by them, and worked out the tricks by which they had been achieved—the tricks of narrative, of exposition, of style, the points of view, the contrasts, the epigrams; and of all these he made lists for study. He did not ape. He sought principles. He drew up lists of effective and fetching mannerisms, till out of many such, culled from many writers, he was able to induce the general principle of mannerism, and, thus equipped, to cast about for new and original ones of his own, and to weigh and measure and appraise them properly. In similar manner he collected lists of strong phrases, the phrases of living languages, phrases that bit like acid and scorched like flame, or that glowed and were mellow and luscious in

the midst of the arid desert of common speech. He sought always for the principle that lay behind and beneath. He wanted to know how the thing was done; after that he could do it for himself. He was not content with the fair face of the beauty. He dissected beauty in his crowded little bedroom laboratory, where cooking smells alternated with the outer bedlam of the Silva tribe; and, having dissected and learned the anatomy of beauty, he was nearer being able to create beauty itself.

This latter quotation shows us how Jack London mastered a knowledge of that subtle thing called "style." Every student of English literature knows there are vast differences between the writings of Johnson and Carlyle, De Quincey and Coleridge, Ruskin and Newman, Browning and Tennyson. Yet each uses the English language and possibly it might be found that the vocabulary of each was not very different from that of the other. Then wherein lies the difference? It is in that marvelous personal quality, that individuality expressed in its use of words, that we call style, that the difference lies.

To aid your memory, study and observe *styles*. Ever be on the alert to discover why an author appeals to you. In reading Bret Harte ask yourself why his appeal is so different from that of Sir Walter Scott, Browning from Longfellow, Whitman from Swinburne, Pope from Sterling.

Observation also applies to hearing as well as seeing. How do you hear? Carefully, definitely, specifically, or indifferently, generally? Have you ever sought to disentangle the roar of noises you can hear in the city's streets? At first it is a dull confusion of sound that comes as one great, indistinguishable roar. Listen! Observe, and you will soon be able to distinguish the clatter of hoofs from the creak of the car-wheels; the whistle of the traffic-officer from the cry of the newsboy, or the honking of automobile-horns from the clang of street-car gongs.

Most people think that only a highly trained musician should be able to distinguish the various instruments as they are played

in a band or an orchestra, but any well-trained observer should be able to differentiate between the instruments if he so desires. And this brings us to a very striking discovery that we should not overlook; namely, that the powers of observation should be under the personal control of the individual. For instance, if he desires to observe the effect of the music of an orchestra of a hundred pieces *as a whole*, he should be able to do so. He should likewise be able to hear the different instruments, either alone, or in their relation one to another. The power to do this is one of the qualifications of a great conductor. His faculties of observation are highly developed, or are naturally acute in this regard; hence, when combined with other leadership qualities, he becomes a great director.

As applied to hearing a speech, lecture, or sermon, how shall one observe? Exactly the same as one observes in reading—by concentration of attention, seeing details, visualizing or mentally picturing every scene; listening to the speaker's choice of words; his power to make euphonic grouping not only for the sweetness of sound, but for their potency as well.

Hard work, this observing, is it not? It is intensive and perpetual. The athlete must keep in training so long as he desires physically to excel; so with the student or scholar. He must not lag, must not cease in his efforts, or he will lose his place or power. The will must be evoked to aid in such concentration of effort. The desire must be more fully excited, aroused, enthused, or the will will not respond. How many people go to church, to hear a lecture, an address, with the determination strong within them to allow nothing to interfere with their observing to the full what is said by the speaker? Note the turning around as late-comers take their places. Watch how easily the major part of an audience's attention can be diverted. It is pitiable and even ludicrous were it not so lamentable, because it reveals that in the training of our youth strict attention has not been demanded.

DEVELOP THE POWER OF REFLECTION

We now come to the second part of Professor Stokes's rule—*Reflect*. This word is made up of two Latin words, *re*, back or again, and *flecto*, to bend or turn. The meaning is thus made clear. By observation through one or more of our senses we perceive things; mental impressions are secured; these are now to be bent or turned so that we can see them again, but the process is to be purely mental. Reflection in itself implies recognition or memory, for without memory there could be nothing upon which to reflect. Every normal human being has the power to bend again, to turn back, and over and over again the impressions he has received through observation. Hence reflect continuously upon that which you wish to remember. Go over it in every possible way. Dwell upon it, let it develop within you until you are as familiar with every possible phase, detail, change, enlargement in it, as a fond mother is with the face of her precious baby. As you reflect, be sure your mind is not playing you false. Refresh it by referring to the original again and again if possible. In this way you deepen the original impressions, make them more lasting, more secure. Then, too, as you look upon a subject again—reflect upon it—you get new angles of vision. This enlarges your conception and provokes original thought. For instance: Newton observed an apple fall. There we have a simple fact of observation. He began to reflect upon this fact. As he did so, fresh thought upon the fact leaped into his mind and in due time the theory of gravitation was born.

Centuries ago men observed the fact that when a string of any kind was pulled tight and struck upon it gave forth a musical sound. In due time a man or many men in succession reflected upon this fact, and the guitar, the banjo, the ukulele, the violin and the piano were invented, born of the processes of observation and reflection. This is everywhere seen in

fields where the inventive genius of man is at play. It was John Dolland who observed that glass made of different kinds, or different properties of sand and silica, etc., had a different color, and produced a different effect when used in a sidereal telescope. He reflected upon this fact. This led him to experiment, and by and by he discovered that when he placed lenses together, one concave and the other convex, and one of crown and the other of flint glass, a telescope was made that eliminated the extra and confusing images of the object gazed upon, hitherto found on the outer rim of all telescopes. In other words, the achromatic telescope was born—one of the greatest helps to astronomical science—born of many careful observations and long-continued reflections.

Another case in point is that of Franklin, who saw the lightning in the clouds—a simple act of observation. He began to reflect upon his observation. His reflections suggested something. He sent up a kite to find out if there was any possibility of tapping that inexhaustible reservoir of electricity in the heavens. Our use to-day of the telegraph, telephone, wireless, electric light, electric power in the thousand and one ways it is made to do service to mankind is the result of those acts of observation and reflection. The same is true with Luther Burbank, who looked more closely, more attentively, with greater concentration, upon flowers, vegetables, plants, trees, than most men, observed that extra fine potatoes resulted when the flowers of the largest and best potatoes were cross-pollinated. He reflected upon this fact. The results have astounded the world in the development of improved and even new varieties of useful and beautiful growths. Also Darwin's observations, confirmed by those of thousands of others, duly reflected upon, enabled him to write his "Origin of Species"; and when Herbert Spencer read (observed) that book and reflected upon it, and others cognate with it, he formulated his

"Synthetic Philosophy," which absolutely changed the current of the thought of the world.

So it is with all sciences, all theories, all working hypotheses, all steps toward complete knowledge. They, each and all, invariably and unalterably depend upon the two powers of observation and reflection. There are no discoveries, no inventions, without these two mental operations. Hence is it not apparent that no memory student can *over*-estimate their importance? For, here is a fact that observation has revealed and reflection and experience confirmed; namely, that he who has carefully observed the most facts is the best prepared to reflect profitably. Or to put it in still another way; no one can properly, completely and successfully reflect unless his mind is stored with many facts accurately and minutely observed. How could Carlyle have written his wonderful "Heroes and Hero Worship" unless he had carefully observed, through his reading, the effect of a great man's actions upon millions of his fellowmen? His "Cromwell" and "French Revolution" still more fully reflect the wealth of his stored facts (observations) and the result of his constantly turning them over again and again (reflection) in his powerful, logical and imaginative mind. Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona" is a similar result of powerful observation of the California Indians and sympathetic and clear-headed reflection, as was also Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Hence, *Observe, Reflect*, with greater and increasingly greater care.

THOUGHT-LINKING

We now come to Stokes's third requirement—"Link thought with thought." Few things are seen isolated from other things. Indeed, unless one deliberately shuts out—inhibits—his observing faculties, it is impossible for him to see one

thing alone. Even the solitary star is seen in relation to the sky, and the solitary vessel, as it moves, in relation to the ever-changing surface of the deep. And it is this natural relationship of one idea to another—and its conscious recognition at the time of observation, or later, during reflection, that one's memory is aided. This is what psychologists have always called "the law of the association of ideas." It is a natural law, which even a child unconsciously recognizes. The baby subconsciously or instinctively knows that food and its pleasant sensations of comfort are associated with its mother's breast. Star and sky, sea and ship, automobile and swift travel, gun and war, cyclone and disaster, are instances of natural and simple association that all people recognize.

In the cultivation, discipline, strengthening of the powers of the memory, this natural law can be made to render marvelous service. For not only can man avail himself of faculties of the mind unconsciously exercised, he has the additional power of consciously directing their exercise. Just as our domestic water systems are the result of the conscious direction of the self-flowing water in the course we wish it to flow, so is the enlarged power of our memories the result of the conscious and purposeful direction of our observation, reflection, and thought-linking to that end. Drawn from personal experience there are five methods of thought-linking which have proved themselves of great help. These are: First, *Incidental*. Second, *Accidental*. Third, *Scientific*. Fourth, *Pictorial*. Fifth, *Constructive*.

THE INCIDENTAL METHOD

The events, the incidents, of the day occur in a natural order: one follows another. The days of the week with their respective incidents follow in natural sequence. A full recognition of this fact is of far greater help to the memory than

one would believe on first thought. Many a man has been able to recall a particularly important event by going back, step by step, incident by incident, over the occurrences of the day. It is related of Thurlow Weed, the eminent statesman, that, when he entered political life, he had so poor and wretched a memory that it was his bane. He determined to improve it, and, realizing the importance of observation and reflection, he decided upon the following method: As the incidents of the day followed each other, in natural sequence, he would consciously note *how* they followed. Then at the close of the day he sat down with his wife, and relating the incidents exactly in the order they occurred, he would review the events of the day, even to the most trivial and inconsequential act. At other times he would relate the incidental order backwards. It was not long before his memory so improved that he began to be noted for it. Before he died, he had the reputation of possessing a phenomenal memory. One will find this same method a great help in seeking to recall a sermon, a lecture or speech. There is a natural sequence in all well-thought-out addresses, and the listener, carefully noting the change from one thought to another—the progress of the address—will find it aid his memory development wonderfully to take the last thought given, say, and in reverse order, bring up the thoughts, the ideas given. Then let the address be “incidentally” gone over from the first thought to the second, the third, and so on to the end. Thus it can be recalled and put away in the memory securely for future use.

THE ACCIDENTAL METHOD

Another natural method is what may be termed accidental. It is purely accidental that Pike's Peak is 14,147 feet high, but see how this fact enables you to fix the figures in your mind. There are two fourteens and the last figure is half of fourteen,

namely, seven. It is a purely accidental fact that the two Emperors of Germany died in 1888, but the fact that they did die in that year, the one year in the whole century when the three eights occur, indelibly fixes the date in mind. Again the year 1666 might have passed by unnoticed were it not for the fact that that was the date of the Great Fire in London.

Now let us see how this accidental association may fix a relative date for many other important events. The Great Fire purged the city of London of the horrors caused by the Great Plague. This plague was made the basis for Eugene Sue's graphic novel, "The Wandering Jew." Wherever he went—so ran the legend—the plague followed as the result of Christ's curse. It was the Great Plague that brought into existence the peculiar custom of all the Latin, as well as the English, peoples exclaiming, "God bless you!" or its equivalent, upon hearing one sneeze. The reason for the custom is that sneezing was one of the first symptoms of the fearful plague, and one, hearing his friend sneeze, immediately felt afraid he was seized with the dread disease, and gave vent to this pious exclamation. The custom persists to this day, but few know its origin. This plague also brings to mind a noble example of heroism that is worthy of enshrinement in every heart. It was found by those who watched the progress of the plague that it went from place to place, dying out here as soon as it appeared elsewhere. It was this phenomenon that gave to Eugene Sue the dramatic element in his novel, for it appeared to the ignorant people of those days that the plague actually followed the cursed Jew. A country pastor, an humble but devoted and true servant of God, in a little Derbyshire village, had observed this fact. Although isolation for contagious diseases was not thought of by physicians at that time, this man seemed to grasp the idea. He determined that if ever the disease reached his village he would endeavor to isolate his people from all others so that it would stop there and no longer con-

tinue to slay its helpless victims. In due time the plague did appear in his village. He had already aroused in his simple-minded flock the spirit of true heroism, and they pledged themselves to second his endeavors. Food was brought from a near-by town and deposited near a watering-trough, in which a small stream was continually flowing. In this flowing water the villagers placed the money in payment for their food supplies. Thus there was no contact of peoples, no contamination. The villagers kept to themselves, no one going away and no one coming in. The result was that in a very short time the plague was stayed, and Europe breathed a great sigh of relief, attributing its cessation to the goodness of God, when we now know it was owing to the self-sacrificing wisdom of men.

But we are not yet through with our associations with the accidental date of 1666. The most remarkable account we have of the Great Plague is Daniel DeFoe's "Journal of the Plague," which for many years was regarded as the genuine diary of an eye-witness. As DeFoe, however, was not born until 1661, five years before the plague, he could have had but the faintest and most childish remembrances of that dread event. But it was he who wrote the world-famous, ever-enjoyable "Robinson Crusoe." This appeared in 1719, and, while the association of this date with that of 1666 is remote, it does approximately fix the date of the appearance of that masterpiece.

Another literary masterpiece appeared, however, much nearer the time of the plague. That was John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which was written in Bedford Jail during the actual year of the plague and fire.

One of the greatest lawyers of England was Sir Matthew Hale, and it is a help to fix approximately the time he was on the bench when we recall that it was he who sentenced John Bunyan to the twelve years' confinement that gave to the world his "Pilgrim's Progress." On the other hand, Hale was a great

personal friend of Richard Baxter, who, at about the same time, wrote the well known "Saints' Everlasting Rest." Here, then, hung on to this accidental peg of the year 1666, we find the following facts: First, the Great Fire; second, the Great Plague; third, Eugene Sue's novel "The Wandering Jew;" fourth, the custom of saying "God bless you;" fifth, the heroism of the Derbyshire villagers that stopped the plague; sixth DeFoe's writing of the "Journal of the Plague" and "Robinson Crusoe;" seventh, Bunyan's writing of "Pilgrim's Progress;" eighth, Sir Matthew Hale on the English bench; ninth, Richard Baxter's writing of the "Saints' Everlasting Rest."

Every novelist uses this law of accidental association, for it is habitually used by every class of people. Who is there who does not recall certain events because they happened on days when other and perhaps more important events occurred which fixed the date in the mind? For instance, if an event occurred on the day of her first child's birth, and the mother was aware of it, you may rest fully assured she would have no trouble recalling the date of the event. Its accidental association will guarantee its remembrance.

Lawyers use this law constantly in seeking to extract evidences from their witnesses. The dates of certain events are surely fixed in the mind. Other events, less securely remembered, occurred at, or about, the same time. The association once clearly established, the memory invariably responds.

THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD

This method is merely a phase of reflection, for during that process one naturally classifies his ideas, received through observation. As David Pryde says in his "How to Read":

See every fact and group of facts as clearly and distinctly as you can; ascertain the fact in your past experience to which it bears a likeness or relation, and then associate it with that fact. And this

rule can be applied in almost every case. Take as an example that most difficult of all efforts, namely, the beginning of a new study, where all the details are strange. All that you have to do is to begin with those details that can be associated with your past experience. In science, begin with the specimens with which you are already familiar, and group around them as many other specimens as you can. In history and geography, commence with the facts relating to the places and scenes which you actually know. And in foreign languages, start with the words and phrases for the most familiar objects and incidents of every-day life. In this way you will give all your mind a clear and safe foundation in your own experience. . . . The mind cannot master many disconnected details. It becomes perplexed and then helpless. It must generalize these details. It must arrange them into groups, according to the three laws of association—resemblance, contiguity, and cause and effect. This, it will be granted at once, must be the method in all rigidly systematic studies, such as the sciences, history, biography, and politics. But it is valuable to ordinary people as well to know that the same plan can be used in all kinds of descriptions. Every collection of details can be arranged in groups in such a way that they can be clearly understood and remembered. The following is the manner in which this can be done: In studying any interesting scene, let your mind look carefully at all the details. You will then become conscious of one or more definite effects or strong impressions that have been made upon you. Discover what these impressions are. Then group and describe in order the details which tend to produce each of the impressions. You will then find that you have comprised in your description all the important details of the scene. As an instance, let us suppose a writer is out in the country on a morning toward the end of May, and wishes to describe the multitudinous objects which delight his senses. First of all, he ascertains that the general impressions as produced on his mind by the summer landscape are the ideas of *luxuriance*, *brightness* and *joy*. He then proceeds to describe in these groups the details which produce these impressions. He first takes up the *luxuriant* features, the springing crops of grain completely hiding the red soil; the rich, living carpet of grass and flowers covering the meadows; the hedge-rows on each side of the way, in their bright summer green; the trees bending gracefully under the full weight of their foliage; and the wild plants, those waifs of nature, flourishing everywhere, smothering the woodland brook, filling up each scar and crevice in the rock, and making a rich fringe along the side of every highway and footpath. He then descants upon the brightness of the *landscape*;

the golden sunshine; the pearly dew-drops hanging on the tips of every blade of grass, and sparkling in the morning rays; the clusters of daisies dappling the pasture-land; the dandelion glowing under the very foot of the traveler; the chestnut trees, like great candelabra, stuck all over with white lights, lighting up the woodlands; and lilacs, laburnums, and hawthorne in full flower, making the farmer's garden one mass of variegated blossom. And last of all, he can dwell upon the joy that is abroad on the face of the earth: the little birds so full of one feeling that they can only trill it forth in the same delicious monotone; the lark bounding into the air, as if eager and quivering to proclaim his joy to the whole world; the bee humming his satisfaction as he revels among the flowers; and the myriads of insects floating in the air and poising and darting with drowsy buzz through the floods of golden sunshine. Thus we see that, by this habit of generalizing, the mind can grasp the details of almost any scene.

This desire to unify knowledge, to see unity in variety, is one of the most noted characteristics of great men in all departures of learning. Scientific men in the present day are eager to resolve all the phenomena of nature into force or energy. The history of philosophy, too, is in a great measure taken up with attempts to prove that being and knowing are identical. Emerson can find no better definition of genius than that it is intellect constructive. Perhaps, he says, if we should meet Shakspeare, we should not be conscious of any great inferiority, but of a great equality, only that he possesses a great skill of using—of classifying—his facts, which we lacked.

Herbert Spencer was a master at the classification of facts. By the classification of all the known languages of the world, the scientists are seeking to find out accurately, as never before, the relationships of mankind. Men have been writing the different languages of widely diverse people for centuries, but never before has an attempt been made on so vast a scale to bring all this isolated knowledge to bear upon the solution of one great question—the origin of the human race. All scientific knowledge is based upon the association of isolated and detached facts. These are then reflected upon, and, finally, theories begin to form themselves in the mind of the student, the philosopher. He then brings his facts and theories into close relationship and sees whether they “fit.” If he is as-

sured that they do, he presents his thought to the world, and, according to its reasonableness, it is received or rejected.

THE PICTORIAL METHOD

Most children make mental pictures with great ease, but, unfortunately, as they grow older, they allow this faculty to lose its power by disuse. In the cultivation and use of the memory, however, it can be of the greatest possible help. All books of travel and description, all novels, all history, are made up of a series of word pictures. Do not be content merely to *read* the *words* of these pictures. Go further! Actually *picture each scene in your imagination* and you will thus materially aid your original power of observation. Let your pictures be definite, positive, explicit as to details, for the more careful you are in making a picture real to your mind, the easier it will be recalled.

Now, if you desire to recall the whole course of a book, you will find these vividly-made mental pictures have a natural order of sequence, and one will recall the next following, and so on. There is great joy in learning to make pictorial thought-links, and then in the ability they give to the memory to recall them.

METHODS OF CONSTRUCTIVE THOUGHT-LINKING

We now come to the active making of artificial links as aids to the memory where none naturally appear. A thought-link of this type is the generally known doggerel:

Thirty days hath September,
 April, June and November,
 All the rest have thirty-one
 Save February which alone
¹ Has twenty-eight, and one day more
 We add to it one year in four.

¹ Here is a variant of the last two lines:

"Has twenty-eight and this in fine
 One year in four has twenty-nine."

In like manner how do we remember the order of the prime colors? Few there are who do not know the coined word, made from the initial letters of Violet, Indigo, Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange, Red—Vibgyor. Again, the student of geology, who forgets the order of his great epochs or eras, might recall them by formulating a sentence that presents the initial letters of the names of these epochs. Thus, "Careful men pay easily," suggests Cenozoic, Mesozoic, Paleozoic, Eozoic. Of course no one of common sense presumes to assert that these constructive thought-links are any other than crutches, foot-bridges over streams too wide to stride or jump unaided. They should frankly be recognized as such, and only reverted to in case of necessity, or as a last resort. But it is equally foolish in view of the testimony of their almost universal usage and helpfulness, to deny that they are an aid to most memories.

THINK OF THE IMPRESSIONS

To "think of the impressions." This is the final admonition of Stokes's golden rule of memory. One word conveys his idea—review. The things to be remembered must be thought over. They must be re-collected—again collected. You will thus re-observe them, re-reflect upon them, re-strengthen your original mental impressions and the ideas that have grown around them. Experience demonstrates that all memory impressions are lasting. One may have forgotten something for twenty, thirty, forty years, when suddenly a chance word, sound, sight, or even odor, will recall it with an intensity and reality that are startling. All works on mental philosophy give illustrations of this asserted fact. The practical need of all men, however, is to cultivate the ability to call up mental impressions at will.

Ready recollection is the great desideratum. Hidden knowledge is of slight use. It is as if one had a fortune stored away

in some hidden dungeon, carefully locked up, but he had lost the key. Availability, readiness, promptness are essentials to efficiency. The hat-boy at the hotel dining-room would be useless did his memory not act promptly, instantly. To-morrow will not do. Now is the accepted time.

This efficient, prompt, responsive memory is the one you need and desire. It is worth striving for. The prospector wanders over the mountains, canyons, deserts, for years, seeking the precious ore in most unlikely places. He is always buoyed up with the hope, some day, of striking it rich. Are you as earnest in your desire for memory development as he? If so, careful, systematic, daily exercise of the various faculties of the mind and memory will give to you this golden possession. Reread here what has been quoted earlier from David Pryde's "What Books to Read and How to Read." The hints therein contained are worth their weight in gold to the really earnest student. But rest assured of this: If you would have a good memory, you must work for it. Give your whole attention to whatever you read or hear. Concentrate. Compare the parts of the composition with the whole. Seek its excellencies, study its deficiencies. Reflect upon it from every angle. Write out in your own language the facts, or the ideas of what you have heard or read. Then use daily what you have gained. Knowledge stored away in the mind is not only useless, it is positively injurious. *Use is the law of life.* Give your knowledge, your ideas, your reflections away. Tell them to your intimates, your friends. Write them to your correspondents. For the more you give the more you will find you have. There is a giving that increases and a withholding that impoverishes, and in nothing is this more apparent than in the giving of the riches of the mind or memory. Each time one recites a well-liked poem for the benefit and blessing of others, the more firmly he fixes it in his own mind. "There is that which scattereth, and yet increaseth." In the scattering of

your gems of mind and heart, you are increasing your own store.

Not only give freely, but give often. The daily use of what you have gained is an advantage. Avail yourself of every reasonable opportunity to use your newly acquired powers, and your newly acquired knowledge. Let me repeat, *use is the law of life*. To learn something new daily is a good motto, but to use what you have learned is even better. You gain ease of recollection by daily exercising the faculty of recollection. And if your memory balks, refuses to act, compel it to obey you. If you make a demand upon it and it fails to respond—you cannot remember—do not let the matter go by. Demand of the memory that it bring back that which you require. Keep the need before you.

In this constant, persistent, cheerful, willing use of the memory lies great happiness and content. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The more, in reason, the athlete uses his muscles the stronger they become. And think of the radiant joy that is the natural accompaniment of a healthy, vigorous body. What constant pleasure is his who calls upon a physical body which readily and willingly responds! Equally so is it with the memory and all the mind. Activity keeps it in health. In this glorious condition it readily responds to all calls, it is radiantly alive, and I know of no joy greater that can be given to man than that in body, mind, and soul he is a radiating center of activity, receiving and giving on every hand.

In conclusion, here are a few practical words upon the other side of the question, on forgetting, for there is a forgetting that is of great help to the power of remembering. Fix these precepts firmly in your mind:

Forget evil imaginations.

Forget the slander you have heard.

Forget the meanness of small souls.

Forget the faults of your friends.

Forget the injuries done you by your enemies.

Forget the misunderstandings of yesterday.

Forget all malice, all fault-finding, all injuries, all hardness, all unlovely and distressing things.

Start out every day with a clean sheet. Remember only the sweet, beautiful and lovely things, and you will thus be as a human sun of righteousness, with healing in your rays

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